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EVERY DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE

AND

THE FINE ARTS.

Au gré de nos desirs bien plus qu'au gré des vents.  
*Cæbillon's Electre.*  
As we will, and not as the winds will.

27,  
VOL. XXVII.

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NEW SERIES, VOL. VI.

JULY TO DECEMBER, 1858.

JOHN R. THOMPSON, EDITOR.

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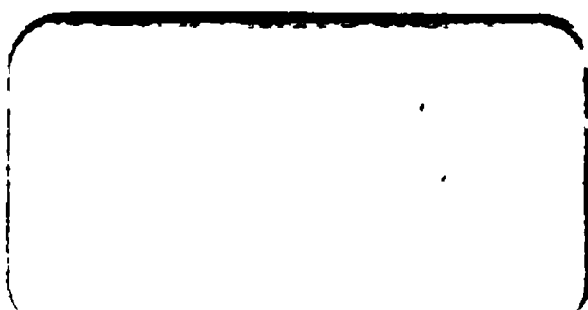
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# SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

RICHMOND, JULY, 1858.

## THE PROBLEM OF FREE SOCIETY.\*

The testimony of the numerous and unimpeachable witnesses whom we have mentioned, a testimony which might have been multiplied to any extent, has shown us that the mental and moral destitution of the people is equal to their physical misery; hence we cannot look there (in England) for the highest and best development of civilization.

But the advocates of free labour tell us that one of the evils of slavery is, that it prevents a rapid increase of the population. We freely acknowledge this, and we assert that this is an inestimable benefit. A large population is not a good *per se*. Beyond a certain limit it is a positive curse, as has been shown previously. The idea of the advantage of a very large population is a relic of barbarism. The warlike republics of antiquity and the monarchies of modern times, encouraged it; they gave premiums and pensions to the citizens who brought up large families, thinking thereby to multiply the numbers of the nation and consequently its strength. And they were consistent in this: because the main point of view with them was capability for military defense or aggression; and the more citizens a State possessed, the more soldiers it could bring into the field. But the progress of religion and civilization have led us to sounder views. The civilized nations of the world have found out that the earth was not intended as a great battle-field; that man was not created to be "food for powder;" that war is not the normal condition of mankind. And although they still resort to arms to de-

cide their differences, it is with a daily increasing reluctance due to their discovery of the fact that wars are ruinous follies, disastrous even to the conquerors. A swarming population, however favourable to calculations based upon the employment of brute force, cannot therefore be considered an element of happiness by the political economist.

We are told, however, that a very dense population increases the national wealth and develops the natural resources of the country.

This is no doubt true, but it proves nothing as to the advantage of such a density. National wealth and national happiness are not synonymous expressions. If a nation can with justice be termed happy, it is because the great mass of its citizens are so, individually. But the aggregate wealth of a nation may be immense, while its citizens are individually in the most abject poverty. Thus, the aggregate wealth of India is prodigious, while nearly every one of its hundred and eighty million inhabitants is on the verge of starvation. A tax of a few pence upon each produces a very large aggregate income, and we might think that population rich which is able to pay such a revenue; while the truth is that each is wrung to the uttermost to pay even his few pence. Again, the wealth and resources of England may be termed infinite compared to those of any county in Virginia. Yet, what county in Virginia is not vastly superior to England in the average comfort and happiness of its inhabitants? The mil-

\* Continued from Page 418—Vol. XXVI.

lions of hunger-driven labourers of England are as little benefitted by the prodigious accumulation of riches in their country as if they were the subjects of a bankrupt power. There is little doubt that the condition of the masses of the Spanish and Portuguese people is preferable to that of the English so far as comforts and happiness are concerned.

With regard to the development of natural resources, the favourite phrase of the day, we do not underrate its value; and we do not deny that a certain density of population is necessary to carry it out. But yet it is possible to pay too dearly for it. Laying aside the idea of military power, or political preponderance which amounts to the same thing, is it not better that a country should possess a number of inhabitants too small to develop fully its resources, but all enjoying an abundance of comforts and of the means of subsistence, than that it should have its powers developed to the utmost extent, when at the same time these are insufficient for the support of its overgrown population? Is it not better that half the land should remain an uncleared forest, if its few inhabitants live in plenty, than that every inch of it should be made to render its utmost yield if this is inadequate to maintain the vast numbers of its citizens? What benefit is it to the Lyonesse silk weaver, or the Manchester operative, dragging out his miserable existence and dying prematurely from the effects of continued privations, that his country is covered with an admirable net-work of railroads and canals, and that its mineral wealth has started into life thousands of industrial establishments? What advantage is it to the Chinese peasant that every foot of his native soil is cultivated with a skill and intelligence truly wonderful, when, out of the really prodigious aggregate of its products, the utmost that he can secure for his daily allowance is a handful of rice; and he is compelled to eke out his subsistence by having recourse to the most loathsome food? Better far that any country should be occupied by a few thousand citizens far above the reach of want, than by millions of beggars. It is possible that the more

rapid increase of population of the Northern States may augment their political preponderance; but in the superior standard of comfort and happiness of our people, we have an advantage far above mere political considerations.

The great problem of free society, and it is entirely independent of the form of government, is therefore this: *How can the existing social evils be removed or mitigated?*

The question is one of tremendous importance. Statesmen who see the toiling crowds, with rage and despair in their eyes, stand aghast and mute. Like the rash tourist who ventured too far on a reef uncovered at low tide, they see the swelling waves advancing with fearful certainty and there is neither retreat nor assistance. Yet a solution must be found, or society itself will perish in the awful convulsion.

What can—what should be done?

There is a large class of politicians who answer boldly: "Nothing. Labour is like any other commodity. It is worth just what it will bring in the market, and the labourer has no right to ask for more." We admit the truth of the assertion in the abstract. But suppose that the price of labour is not sufficient to enable the labourer to live, must he therefore die? Dare you tell—will it be safe to tell several millions of men, that whereas their labour is not worth enough to afford them a living, it is perfectly reasonable and in accordance with the sound principles of political economy that they should starve? and that they have no right to ask for relief at the hands of society or government? This may be true, but will they understand it and submit to it? Will they not rather rise in ungovernable fury and take by force the relief which you refuse? Or do you rely upon brute force, cannons and bayonets, to compel their acquiescence? If you do, remember that force is on their side for they are millions, and you, the holders of property, a few thousand.

Is there, however, no remedy?

He who asks this question is like the magician of old, who having unwittingly uttered the cabalistic word, found him-



self incontinently surrounded by the strange and fastastie legions of the Walpurgis Night. Nothing can equal the number of quacks and inventors of nostrums for the body politic, but the hosts of patent-medicine venders who have undertaken to cure our mortal bodies of all the evils that flesh is heir to. It would require a Homeric faculty of enumeration and epithet, to name and describe these cohorts of political tinkers; Fourierites, Owenites, St. Simonians, Communists, Socialists, Icarians and *id genus omne*; to which may be added, by way of variety, Spiritual-Rappers, Free-Lovers and Mormons. Yet it is wonderful to see how small is the number of leading ideas in the whole sum of their theories. A passing notice must suffice for most of them. It will be easily perceived that one of the chief causes of their errors is their forgetting the sapient aphorism of Christopher North, "that there is a great deal of human nature in man." They have framed beautiful systems, and described in glowing colours the felicity which would be enjoyed by all in the Elysian Fields of their Utopias; but they have overlooked the simple fact that in order to realize their captivating visions, men must cast off the evil passions of their hearts and become angels; a consummation devoutly to be wished for, but rather out of the bounds of probability.

We shall not consider, in this argument, any of the schemes which have for their object an equal division of property between the members of society. The absurdity, and absolute impossibility of such schemes, have everywhere consigned them to oblivion. We shall not go back to antiquity, for our business is with modern society; but our readers will easily see that the theorists of our day have sometimes borrowed largely from the dreams of Plato, and the legislation of Lycurgus.

The systems which have been proposed for the reform of society, may be divided into two classes. Those of the first, aim openly at the total subversion of the present order of things, substituting themselves in its stead. Those of the

second, pretend merely to modify the existing institutions; to improve and not to eliminate.

To the first of these classes belongs the theory of Morelly, a French writer of the last century, who has furnished nearly all the doctrines of the modern socialists. Here are the bases of his system, as laid down in his "*Code de la Nature*. Paris, 1755."

"To maintain the indivisible unity of common funds and a common residence.

"To render education equally accessible to all.

"To establish the common use of labour and of productions.

"To distribute labour according to strength; products according to wants.

"To unite a thousand persons at least, so that each one labouring according to his strength and his faculties, and consuming according to his wants and tastes, there is established for a sufficient number of individuals a means of consumption which does not surpass the common resources; and a result of labour which renders them always sufficiently abundant.

"To grant no other privilege to talent than to direct the labours for the common interest, and to keep no account in the partition of the capacity, but only of the wants which exist above all capacity and survive it.

"Not to allow pecuniary recompenses, because capital is an instrument of labour which should remain entirely available in the hands of the administration."

The fundamental idea in this system as expounded later by Mably and Rousseau, and also by the socialists of this day, is that men are unequal in faculties and wants, but equal in rights. Therefore, justice consists in requiring more from him who can do more, and in giving more to him on whom Nature has imposed more wants. They propose, as a model for the State, the family in which the division of posts is made according to the strength; and of the fruits, according to the wants of the members: in which there is a disinterested command on the part of the father, and a voluntary obedience on the part of the chil-

dren. The advocates of this system assert that this principle would put an end to the remorseless competition of modern society; for, say they, why should any one strive madly for the highest posts when these would bring only an increase of duties and labours, without producing any more profit?

Bring this doctrine under the test of reason and what is it? "*Vox et preterea nihil.*" To suppose that society is or ought to be only the family upon a larger scale is a grievous error. It is impossible that men should have towards other men, not connected with them by ties of blood, those feelings which animate members of the same family. If the father takes upon himself the most arduous labours and keeps for himself only the smallest part of the proceeds, it is because conjugal and paternal love make him find his happiness in providing for the wants of those dear beings who are dependent upon him. If we were to act upon the principle of requiring most of him who can do most, without rewarding him in proportion to his capacity, and at the same time, to give most to him who has most wants, irrespective of his deficiencies in talents or industry, we dare say that most men would find it extremely convenient to say: "Oh, as to my capacity for work, it is exceedingly small indeed, but my wants are prodigiously large!" In reality, no surer plan could be devised to kill industry and invention, and all those splendid achievements which are the result of necessity or ambition.

"Oh, but if man, in the present state of society, does not love his fellow-man as much as his children," exclaim the advocates of this system, "it is because society, as it is constituted, has made him selfish. If he is fond of indolence, it is as Morelly says, because 'of social distinctions, which casting some into sloth and effeminacy, inspire in others a disgust and an aversion for forced duties.' In our renovated society, benevolence will take the place of selfishness, and the love of labour will supplant the disposition to self-indulgence."

"*Credat Judæus Apella non ego.*"

Human nature must be changed before all this can take place. Horace was much clearer sighted than our theorists when he exclaimed:

"*Naturam expellas furcâ, tamen usque recurret.*"

We easily recognize in this theory of Morelly, the basis upon which the chiefs of socialism have reared their systems. It was there that Fourier found his *phalanstères*, and he connected with this idea some kind of vague and mystical, or rather unintelligible Christianity, of which he pronounced himself the apostle. Pierre Leroux has done the same thing. Proudhon has, in addition, proscribed money from his republic; and in this he was logical. For in a society where all things are common, there can be no change of values. Every man brings to the supreme authority (whatever this may be) the products of his labour, and this authority distributes these products to each one "according to his wants." Therefore money, the only purpose of which is to serve as a means of exchange, must be perfectly useless in such a community. Louis Blanc and the St. Simonians, have also adopted the idea of the *Phalanstères* in connection with their own peculiar views.

In his "Enquiry into the Principles of Political Justice," Godwin, a well known English author of the last century, reproduces the main features of the theory of Morelly. The refutation of his doctrines, by the celebrated Malthus, is so complete that we cannot do better than to give an outline of it. Godwin having laid down the foundations of his system of communism, expatiates upon the beautiful results which are to flow from it. "The spirit of oppression, the spirit of servility and the spirit of fraud, these are the immediate growth of the established administration of property. They are alike hostile to intellectual improvement. The other vices of envy, malice and revenge, are their inseparable companions. In a state of society where men lived in the midst of plenty, and where all shared alike the bounties of Nature, these sentiments would inevitably expire. The narrow principle of selfishness would van-

ish.(?) No man being obliged to guard his little store, or provide with anxiety and pain for his restless wants, each would lose his individual existence in the thought of the public good. No man would be an enemy to his neighbours, for they would have no subject of contention; and of consequence, philanthropy would resume the empire which reason assigns her. Mind would be delivered from perpetual anxiety about corporal support; and free to expatiate in the field of thought, which is congenial to her, each would assist the inquiries of all."

This is indeed a glowing and captivating picture. But let us examine it a little more closely. Let us suppose the theory applied.

We will grant, for the sake of argument, that human industry will not be diminished by a system which removes the greatest incentives to action. All men are now equal, and as labour is necessary, *all* must labour; there can be no more drones in the social hive. Production is immensely stimulated. The proceeds go into a common fund, upon which every one has a right to draw according to his wants. For a time, all swim in plenty. But now the principle of population (page 8) begins to act with corresponding energy. Every one being free from all anxiety as to the support of himself or a family, will marry as soon as the inclination prompts him. All those checks upon marriage, imposed by the necessity of acquiring a trade or profession, or a little capital, or even a dwelling, will be swept away. Now if there is anything perfectly established and admitted among the acknowledged facts of human knowledge, it is that, under such circumstances, population will double in less than twenty-five years; it has sometimes done so in fifteen, without the aid of immigration. It is just as well established, that in old settled countries where there are no new regions to open, the productions of the earth increase only in an arithmetical ratio instead of a geometrical. This being so, twenty-five years after the establishment of this new order of society, the population will have doubled; and we will admit, for the sake

of argument, that the means of subsistence have doubled also. In twenty-five years more, the population is four times its original number, and subsistence is only three times what it was. The great plenty begins to diminish. Twenty-five years more; population is eight times and production four times what they were. The proportion of products coming to each is only half what it was at the start; and at the end of one hundred years, (a brief period in the history of a nation), you would have a population sixteen times as great as at the beginning to support upon means only five times as great. The plenty of former years has been exchanged for scarcity. That delightful reliance upon unfailing supplies is now converted into harrowing anxiety. Will not pressing want hold out a temptation to each one to secure and conceal more than his slender share of the common stock; and there being no law to protect private property, will he not be compelled "to guard by force his little store," which will become a sufficient cause of contention between him and his neighbour? How long will it be before "the narrow principle of selfishness" drives out once more that of universal benevolence? How long will men "abandon their own individual existence in the thought of the public good?" Will not the final result be an equality of frightful misery, which will suddenly check population by universal famine? Only two alternatives will then remain. Either to re-establish the institution of private property, and then you will have all the evils which you had hoped to avoid, and you will have them multiplied in proportion to the increase of population produced by your experiment;—or else you must relapse into barbarism, in which force is the only law. If any one thinks this dilemma would not spring up so soon, let him prolong the period to 200 years, and he will find that if nothing checks the operation of the law, there will be a population 256 times as large to be fed upon products only nine times as great as at the start. But in reality, if the experiment could ever be tried, it would end in universal starvation in less than 60 years.

Not only are the theories which contemplate the abolition of private property impracticable, but they are contrary to the essence and nature of man. To suppose that there ever was a time when man had no property, nothing that he called his own, is as absurd as to suppose that there was a time when he lived out of society. What has been called by some writers like Rousseau, the state of nature, is in fact the most unnatural of all states for man to be in, and it is a state in which he never was, according to their understanding of the words. Property and society, however limited, distinguish man from the brute. "Man," says Lieber, "cannot be, never was, without property, without *mine* and *thine*. If he could, he would not be man. In all stages of civilization, at all ages of life, we find him anxious to individualize things, to rescue them as it were from indefinite generality—to appropriate."—(Political Ethics, vol. 1. p. 120.)

"The idea of a chimerical fraternity realized upon earth," says Lamartine, "leads by a direct consequence to the suppression of the family. Without personal and hereditary property, this family, the source, the delight and continuation of humanity, has no foundation to germinate and perpetuate itself here below. The man is a male, the woman a female, and the child a young one of the human flock. The soil, without a master, ceases to be fertile. Civilization, the product of wealth, of leisure and of emulation, vanishes. The destruction of the family is the suicide of the human race!"—(French Revolution of 1848, vol. 1. p. 48.)

The next system to which we shall direct the reader's attention is one which, to the superficial observer, might appear identical with the preceding. It will be perceived, however, that there is an essential difference between them. Before examining the system, let us say a few words of its author.

Among the few noblemen of really ancient race, whom the course of time and revolutions spared until the nineteenth century, was the Duke of St. Simon, the descendant and heir of his famous namesake, the historian of the

reign of Louis XIV. Notwithstanding the aristocratic splendour of his birth, he made it his object to attack rank and privileges, and all artificial distinctions. Convinced that before composing a code for mankind it is necessary to have attentively analysed both men and things, he passed the first half of his life in studying society in all its aspects, practising, as an observer, vice as well as virtue, deriving a lesson from each of his falls, making a study of his own follies, lavishing prodigally, but with a purpose, a vast fortune; then poor to excess, living by a miserable employment as a mere copyist at the very time that he was governing the world in dreams; a sage in the estimation of some, a madman in that of the majority; ardent to enthusiasm, then desponding to the degree of attempting suicide, at last reduced to beg his bread, he who had so often assembled at his table, in order to judge them, the most brilliant artists and the most celebrated *savans*. Such was the life of St. Simon. Let us pass from him to his ideas.

He first divided society into workers and idlers; and believing that the future belongs exclusively to the first, he occupied himself with them alone. He sought the most exact classification to be introduced among them.

Man feels, thinks, acts. From the consideration of this triple function, he concluded that the whole work of the world is to be done by those who address themselves to the feelings of man, those who cultivate his intellect, and those who direct his powers of action. Hence three classes of workers: Artists, men of science, and men of labour and traffic. He adopted as his motto, "Everything for, and through industry." He declared that the time had come to inaugurate the reign of labour. He whom the men of labour looked up to, as the first man of labour among them, was to be the king of this new reign.

St. Simon died before his theory had been fully expounded. His disciples elaborated it as follows:

They occupied themselves with verifying, by historical inductions, the law

of progress, which constituted the basis of their belief.

With regard to the order of the feelings, they observed that the course of humanity was from hatred to love, from antagonism to association. Thus the conqueror began by exterminating the conquered. By and by he merely made him a slave. The serf succeeded to the slave, and the freeman to the serf. Again, they found a single family enlarging itself until it became a city; the city swelling itself into a kingdom, the kingdom becoming a federation of kingdoms, until, by degrees, a good number of nations united under the law of Christianity. The march of humanity was then towards the principle of universal association founded upon universal love.

With regard to the facts which concern science, history afforded them instruction of a no less valuable nature, for the development of civilization had continuously augmented the importance of the intellectual man to the detriment of the strong man. Humanity was then advancing towards an organization in which there shall be given *to each according to his capacity*.

With regard to industry or labour, the progress was manifest. Habits of industry had been gaining the ground which habits of war had been losing. War had not yet been banished, but its object was no longer the same. Where nations formerly armed themselves for purposes of devastation, they now armed themselves in order to establish marts of trade. The commercial conquests of England had been substituted for the triumph-conquests of old Rome. Napoleon himself, the man of battles, had held out to the ambition of his armies, commerce and peace as the objects for which they were to contend. Humanity was then marching on towards the organization of industry.

As the result of these historical investigations, came the three following formulæ:

Universal association based upon love; and as a corollary, no more hostile competition.

*To each one, labour according to his capacity, and to each capacity rewards (or*

*products) according to its works; and as a corollary, no more hereditary possession.*

Organization of industry; and as a corollary, no more war.

When they were asked who was to be the judge of the capacities, they replied: "He shall govern who shall feel himself the most capable, and shall be able to procure his reception as such." So that they had in view a personal and pacific dictatorship, having its source in the perfectly voluntary adhesion of the governed; or in their own words, their chief was to be "the most loving and the most beloved."

We have taken and abridged this exposition of the doctrines of the St. Simonians, from Louis Blanc's "History of Ten Years." Should these doctrines appear rather vague and obscure, we can assure the reader that they are clear as noonday and the quintessence of good sense, when compared to the moral and religious dogmas which were advanced by the leaders of the school. These set themselves up as the apostles of a sect which they called New Christianity, and in that character published and propagated such an amount of blasphemous nonsense and mystical immorality as would surpass belief, were it not for the fact, that when man, forsaking the light of revelation, ventures to solve for himself the great problems of his existence and his relations to his Creator, there is nothing too absurd for him to fancy, nothing too monstrous for him to advance.

The difference between the St. Simonians and the followers of Morelly, Owen and Fourier, or the Communists, is one of principle. The latter said: "To each one, labour according to his capacity; products according to his *wants*." The former said: "To each one, labour according to his capacity; and to each capacity, rewards according to its *works*." Hence the bitter hostility between the two schools. To distribute rewards according to the capacities, was, in many cases, to give more than what the actual wants of the individual required; it was therefore to rebuild the institution of private property, for if any member of



the social body received more than his wants demanded, what would he do with the surplus but to accumulate it? The St. Simonian formula was pronounced unjust and subversive. "For," said their opponents, "whether inequality, the mother of tyranny, takes her stand in the world in the name of mental superiority, or in the name of physical conquest, what matters this to us? In the one case equally as in the other, charity disappears, selfishness triumphs, and the principle of human brotherhood is trampled under foot. Give to each according to his capacity! What then is to become of the idiots, the infirm, the incurably helpless, the old? Are these to be left to die of hunger? It must be so if you adhere to the principle that society owes nothing to its members beyond the value of what it receives from them. The St. Simonian logic was then a homicidal logic! No: it was merely inconsistent; for elsewhere it admitted of hospitals for the disabled and asylums for the insane. To assert it as proper that a man should adjudge to himself, in virtue of his intellectual superiority, a larger portion of worldly goods than to other members of society, is at once to interdict ourselves the right of execrating the strong man, who in the barbaric ages enslaved the feeble in right of his physical superiority: it is a mere transference of tyranny. Wants are the indications given by God to point out to society what it owes to individuals. The faculties are the indications given by God to individuals to show them what they owe to society. Then, according to the Divine law, written in the organization of each human being, higher intelligence is called upon to contribute more extended and useful action, *but is not entitled to more remuneration*; and the only legitimate rule with reference to inequalities in aptitude, is that, from those who are less apt for the duties of society, less duty shall be required. Adjust the social scale according to capacity; this is well, it is productive of good; but the distribution of the public means, according to capacity, is worse than cruel; it is impious!"— (Louis Blanc. History of Ten Years.)

This commentary on the St. Simonian doctrines, by the chief of a different school of socialists, illustrates the facility which every system-monger possesses of demolishing the theories of everybody else. We will examine presently what this one proposed as his nostrum.

The St. Simonians attempted to propagate their dogmas by publishing several newspapers, and to illustrate them by the establishment of associations for labour on the model proposed by Morelly and Fourier. Their teachings about the right of inheritance which they denounced most bitterly, about the relation of the sexes, the rights of women, their so-called priesthood and their religious extravagances, called upon them the attacks of government. It must be confessed that they had not much of the spirit of martyrdom. A very little persecution sufficed to scatter them and sink them into obscurity. Their last experiment was the establishment of a colony of "*Icarians*" at Nauvoo, under the direction of Mons. Cabet. It proved a complete failure. It is probable that although the chief of the colonists, he was not "the most loving and the most beloved:" or else, they were dissatisfied with his classification of their capacities. At all events, like the personage from whom they took their rather ominous name, their wings seem to have failed them in their trans-atlantic flight, and they have plunged headlong into the sea of oblivion, not leaving behind them a Daedalus to mourn their untimely fate.

We come now to a system which avows as its object, not the destruction but merely the modification of the present order of society. This is the "Association or organization of labor," advocated by Louis Blanc and his disciples.

It is evident from the historical works of Louis Blanc (and they are of high order) that he adopts very fully the doctrines of communism; and the great formula, "To each one, labor according to his capacity, products according to his wants," seems to him the sum of social ethics. The family is to him the model upon which the state should be framed. "Let the state," says he, "model its proceedings after those of the private family.



If it does not, there can be nothing but violence and injustice." This is a consummation which he looks for in the distant future. But what he urges as immediate is the organization and association of labour. It must be acknowledged that it is no easy matter to determine accurately what is meant by these terms. It would appear that, well knowing the attraction which mystery presents to the ignorant masses, this school of sophists has endeavored to envelop its doctrines in misty definitions and formulæ. This seems to be the sum and substance of the whole matter.

The march of modern industry having put the labouring man entirely at the mercy of his employers and the unlimited competition between them, having for its effect to debase more and more the condition of the labourer, let the latter make himself independent of the employer who grows rich by his misery. Let the workers associate together and labour in common for their own account, and let them thus receive the profits which have hitherto gone to the capitalists. This is the association of labour.

Here, we have again the Phalanstères of Morelly and Fourier, and the St. Simonians. We must take it for granted that in order to put this scheme into operation, government, or society, or somebody is to furnish each association of labourers with implements, machines, workshops, capital, &c.; for as these labourers have nothing, they cannot start unassisted. We will not stop to consider the objections which suggest themselves to this plan; but we will merely observe that if it were once realized, that unbrikked competition which it aims at abolishing, would merely be transferred to the associations of labourers instead of the capitalists.

The "organization of labour" is different. This is what Lamartine says of it in his History of the Revolution of 1848, (vol. 1st, page 237,) "Being only the enslaving of capital and the sovereign rating of wages by the state, it suppresses

liberty on the part of the employers and the interest of labour on the part of the labourer, and consequently, it suppresses capital, labour, and wages at a single blow." (Vol. 2d., page 34.) "It was the theory of wages to be fixed absolutely by the State."

The idea is so absurd, that it could never have been advanced but for the purpose of making political capital with the labouring classes. It was saying to every employer: "You shall give your workmen such an amount of wages, whether it leaves you any profit, or involves you in loss and bankruptcy." No other result could follow than the closing of every factory. The advocates of the system were too clear-sighted not to perceive the consequence to which it led, although they kept it from the public view. But they held in the back-ground this other doctrine: That Society is bound to furnish work to all its members; and here is the development of this doctrine by the high-priest of the sect, (Louis Blanc. French Revolution, vol. i.)

He points to you the competition for employment which exists among the labourers, and the restrictions upon the right of labouring which had been established by guilds and corporations; such as enactments about the number of apprentices which a master workman could take; the number of years during which these apprentices were to serve without wages; the amounts that they had to pay before being received as journeymen in their respective crafts, &c.; all tending to keep down the number of labourers in all those trades which require any degree of skill. Then he shows you the progress of society, breaking down these restrictions, especially in France by the Revolution, and extending more and more to the poor man the "*right of labouring*."

Hear him in his own words. Speaking of Turgot, a political economist of the last century, he says: "It was the *right of labouring*, which he admitted, and not the *right to labour*. (To employment.)\* A capital distinction, and one whose

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\* "C'était le droit de travailler, and non le droit au travail qu'il admettait." The French expression indicates the distinction between the two ideas much more clearly than the English.

depths have not yet been sufficiently dug.

"What was the use of saying to the poor man: 'Thou hast the right of laboring,' when he could reply: 'How can I profit by this right? I cannot sow the earth of my own account, I found it occupied at my birth. I cannot take to hunting or fishing, it is the privilege of the proprietor. I cannot take the fruits which the hand of God has matured along the path of men, they have been appropriated like the soil. I cannot cut wood or mine the iron which are the necessary instruments of my labour. I cannot therefore labour without submitting to the conditions which the proprietors of the instruments of labour choose to impose upon me. If by virtue of what you call the liberty of contracts, these conditions are exceedingly hard; if they exact from me the sale of my body and soul, or if even having no need for me, the distributors of labour repel me, what am I to do? Shall I believe myself free while the slavery of hunger is upon me? Will the right of labouring appear to me a very precious gift when I die of want and despair on the bosom of my right?'"

Hence the definition of liberty quoted above:

"Liberty consists, not in the *right*, but the *power* granted to man to exercise and develop his faculties under the empire of justice and the safeguard of the law."

Hence also the doctrine that society is bound to furnish labour and consequently subsistence to all its members.

It is said that a witty Parisian author, seizing upon the ridiculous side of this doctrine, has written a clever vaudeville; in its opening scene is perceived a wealthy gentleman, comfortably seated in his library enjoying his Sherry and Havanna. Suddenly, a tailor enters and proceeds gravely to measure him for a suit of clothes. The astonished gentleman resists and declares that he has clothes in abundance and wants no more. Our tailor insists and invokes his right to demand employment from the possessors of capital. After the man of measures, a physician comes in with medicines all prepared. The poor gentleman protests that he never was better in his life, but

Esculapius silences him by quoting the great doctrine, and pours his doses down his reluctant throat. Hardly has he vanished, when a dentist appears, who appealing to the same principle, proceeds to deprive the unfortunate wight of sundry grinders of unimpeachable soundness. We do not know but that the piece concludes with the entrance of an undertaker who insists upon burying him in the exercise of his right to employment.

To avoid the difficulties which are sure to result from the interference of government between capital and labour, and to secure to every one the exercise of his right to employment, Louis Blanc and his school look to the gradual absorption by the State, of all industrial enterprise. When their social polity shall have reached perfection, the State will be the sole possessor of all the land, all the capital and all the instruments of labour. Private property will disappear. Then will the great maxim become the supreme law. The State will be the only employer distributing to all the citizens labour and wages; and each shall have given him, "labor according to his capacity, products according to his wants;" so that we are led back at last by a more circuitous route to the old theory of Communism.

It is not a little amusing to see how easily Louis Blanc could perceive the impracticability of the St. Simonian system, and yet be blind to the difficulties of his own. He pointed out very forcibly the impossibility of classifying the capacities in a manner satisfactory to all, when rewards or compensations are to depend upon this classification. But he seems to think that because in his republic products are to be distributed according to wants, there can be no difficulty in the way. But who is to decide of the capacities and consequently of the kind and amount of labour to be required of each one? Who is to decide of the extent and nature of the wants? Does he mean only the physical wants? He certainly means more than that; for in his definition of liberty, he says that it is the power given to man to exercise and develop his faculties. Now, the use of rare and numerous books, or of costly means of scientific in-

vestigation is a very pressing want with many men; with vastly more men than the State would find it possible to supply with these means. Who shall decide as to whose wants of this nature shall be supplied and whose shall not? Who shall decide that such an individual who thinks himself a Raphael or a Blackstone in embryo, is fit only to make shoes or guide the plough? But indeed it is useless to pursue the subject. If such a state of things could ever be established, it would be at last nothing but *slavery*. The utopia is most nearly realized upon a Southern Plantation, where each slave has his labour distributed to him "according to his capacity," by his owner; and receives products, or rations, lodging, clothing, &c., "according to his wants." In the commonwealth of Louis Blanc, there would be no private property, therefore no accumulation of wealth, therefore no leisure; therefore no development of civilization. Each citizen, (if such a name could apply to such a being,) would be the slave of an indefinite sort of power which the theorist calls the State without seeming to attach any determinate or intelligible meaning to the word. This State would be compelled to give to each the means of subsistence irrespective of his works; and by its very constitution would be prevented from encouraging him by any rewards beyond the satisfaction of his actual wants. Under such an arrangement, considering the natural indolence of all men when the pressure of want is removed, and even when it is not, it seems to me that some means of coercion would be necessary to force the citizens to labour according to the full measure of "their capacities." Instead of a portion, all would be slaves. This would be equality but it would be produced by levelling downwards instead of upwards.

It must be observed that Louis Blanc, being a member of the Provisional Government of France, after the revolution of 1848, had an opportunity to procure the most favorable hearing for his theories. A large party favored them. The revolution was in fact produced by social as much as by political causes. The crisis which it produced in commercial affairs,

had thrown out of employment one million of working men. As a temporary expedient to save them from starvation, or the land from plunder and civil war, the national workshops were established. This was construed by Louis Blanc into a recognition of his dogma, that the State was bound to furnish employment to its citizens; and it seemed to be the first step towards its application. Daily did he preach his doctrines in the workshops and the clubs. But in spite of his eloquence, the common sense of the masses rebelled at the absurdity and was confused by the obscurity of his theories. "There is neither capital, nor wages, nor work," said they, "without the liberty of contracts. If we deprive the manufacturer of liberty, and the rich man of capital, we shall all be equally wretched. It is the equality of hunger that they are preaching to us." All the impossibilities promised in the distant future, had no effect upon men who could not postpone the necessities of each day.

What is really astonishing is, that men of great intellect and eloquence, and lofty conceptions, such as Godwin, Morelly, Fourier, St. Simon and Louis Blanc, should have been so ignorant of the plainest principles of Political Economy. The great cause of the evils of the working classes is over population. There is in any country only a certain portion of its capital which is available for the payment of wages. If the number among whom this amount is distributed is so great as to make the share of each too small to support him, the only remedy is to diminish this number, or to augment the fund available for distribution. To take this fund from private hands, and to make the State the only employer and paymaster, will make no difference and can bring no relief. But while we condemn the errors of those theorists and their disciples, let us acknowledge as justice requires, that they were animated generally by pure motives. They were themselves men of education and talents, who could have acquired wealth and position in any other career. But their souls were filled with sorrow at the misery of their fellow beings; and in spite of persecution and

mockery and failure, they laboured earnestly though erroneously: and surely, their labours have not been entirely without result for the good of the labouring classes.

Among those who have suggested remedies for the existing evils of society, we would mention here the author of the publication called "Sociology for the South." The writer considers Free-trade as the great cause of the sufferings of the labouring classes? Indeed, he seems to be opposed to all international commerce. "Free-trade," says he, (page 18,) "occasions a vast and useless, probably a very noxious waste of capital and labour, in exchanging the productions of different and distant climes and regions. Furs and oils are not needed at the South and the fruits of the tropics are tasteless and insipid at the North. It is probable if the subject were scientifically investigated, it would be found that the productions of one clime when used in another are injurious and deleterious."\* He seems to think that the abolition of Free-trade would put an end to that merciless competition, that war of the rich against the poor, and of the poor against each other. For our part we cannot perceive how any restriction upon trade could produce any such result. He quotes a number of Blackwood in which the Reviewer says: "This we do say, and with these words we nail our colours to the mast. Protection must be restored, or the British Empire will be dissolved." These words are quite in accordance with the usual doctrines of Blackwood, the organ of the Ultra-Tory party in England. But we cannot understand how Mr. Fitzhugh could see in them a solution of the question. The protection demanded by the reviewer is, of course, in favour of the only article in which the English labourer has any competition to fear. That is grain. Other nations may fancy that they need a protective tariff to defend their manufactures from the irresistible superiority of British fabrics. But the English manufacturer has nothing to fear from the introduction of foreign fabrics in his country.

There is one thing, however, which other nations can produce cheaper than England. There is grain. The high tariff which forbade its importation, having been modified and broken down, the 30,000 land owners of England saw their profits diminishing. *Hine illae lachrymae!* The country was going to ruin! "the British Empire will be dissolved!" But wherein would protection benefit the labouring classes. It may be said that the profits of agriculture being greater, the wages of the rural labourers would increase also. This might be the case for a short time, and even this is doubtful. But how would it be with the industrial classes who form the majority of the labourers? The first necessities of life would have risen in price, and the demand for manufactured goods would have diminished. It is an undeniable truth, that nations purchase products only with products; and if you exclude from the English market, the wine and grains of France and America, you exclude *pro tanto*, the British manufactures from France and America. Protective tariffs may be of advantage for a short time and under peculiar circumstances to an agricultural people, striving to establish their own manufactures, but they are utterly incompatible with the interests of great manufacturing nations.

In a subsequent portion of the same work, Mr. Fitzhugh seems to think that the reduction of the labourers to slavery would be a remedy. But besides being in this age entirely impracticable, where no physical difference exists between masters and slaves, the change would not be productive of any good. If the number of labourers is too great for the work to be done, if consequently their labour is unprofitable, and the amount of capital which is available for the payment of wages is too small to support them all in a state of freedom, how will their reduction to slavery alter the case? The Southern slave-holder is able to support all his slaves in comfort, because he keeps no more than can be profitably employed; but if you force him to keep ten times as

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\* How is it about sugar, cotton and coffee, not to mention tea and tobacco?

many, will not master and servant come to starvation? It is this very self-protecting power against over-population existing in slave countries, which is wanting in free society. This is our safe-guard, as we will show hereafter.\*

With a juster appreciation of the causes of social evil, Sismondi, the eloquent historian of the Italian Republics, advanced the idea that, as the manufacturers derive the benefit of the labour of their operatives, it is upon them alone that the charge of supporting these operatives should fall at all times. But as it is manifest their number might become intolerably large if they were sure of their subsistence, he proposed that the manufacturers should be invested with the right of restricting marriage among them. Surely, this is a form of slavery which to most men would appear worse than chains and the lash. It is evident in addition, that if a manufacturer is bound by law to give subsistence to his workmen under any circumstances, he ought, in justice, to be allowed the means to *compel* the indolent and the refractory. There would be none but physical punishment in some shape. This would be a slavery infinitely worse than negro slavery; for the people held in subjection, instead of being stamped by nature itself with inferiority, would be entirely equal to their masters in every physical and mental quality. It is idle to suppose that such a plan can ever succeed.

All the systems and theories which we have hitherto been considering have been mere utopias, never put into actual practice. Or if a beginning of application has been made, the experiment has terminated in speedy failure. The system to which we now call attention differs in this particular: It is one of great importance. It comes to us mellowed by age and sanctioned by practice. It has been thought for a long period to be a sufficient remedy for the evils of free society. It is the only one which has not

burst asunder like an air-bubble at the first trial. It behooves us, therefore, to examine it carefully, and to see whether it is not a sufficient palliative, (we do not say a complete cure,) for the social disease. What recommends it specially to our consideration, is the fact that it has been imported, and engrafted upon our legislation; and that consequently it is here among us, a part of our institutions. Whatever there is of evil in it, is still undeveloped, but it waits only for the same combination of circumstances to produce here the same bitter fruits that it has produced elsewhere. We allude to the English Poor-Laws. For the following sketch of their origin and history, we are indebted chiefly to an article in the Edinburgh Review for October, 1841.

So long as the labourer was a serf or villein, he was nearly in the same condition as our slaves, except that he was *adscriptus glebæ*, bound to the soil. He owed his lord his labour and his assistance in time of danger, and the lord in return owed him subsistence and protection. The serf had no care for the future, for the master's estate was bound to support him in some shape. The lord could regulate the number of his serfs by the number of habitations which he allowed to be built and the restrictions upon marriage which he generally had at his command. But when the villein became a free labourer this was all changed. The lord was no longer bound to support those who had been his serfs; and if he had no need of them, or if they were infirm and helpless he had only to turn them out. The law having taken away his rights over them, had also released him of his duties to them. The maintenance of the infirm and the helpless, and also of those for whom no employment could be found, had now to fall upon society, upon the State. Accordingly, we find that the first enactments extended to regulate the condition of the poor, appeared shortly after the

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\* While we take the liberty of pointing out a few errors into which we think Mr. Fitzhugh has fallen, we are happy to add the feeble tribute of our praise to his ability and zeal in the cause of the South.



abolition of serfage. They appear to have had for their object, not the benefit of the poor, but the protection of the masters against what was called the extravagant demands and the fickleness of the labourers. This class of enactments extends from 23d Edward III., (1349,) to 39th Eliz, (1597.)

The 23d Edward III. requires servants to accept the wages which had been usually given for five or six years before, and to serve, not by the day, but by the year; forbids persons to quit in the summer the places where they had worked in the winter, or to remove from one county to another. A few years later, the 34th Edward III., adds to the penalties imposed upon the labourers or artificers, absents themselves from service, that they should be branded on the forehead with the letter F, and imposed a fine of £10 upon the mayor or bailiff of a town, who did not deliver up a labourer or artificer who had left his service. (People had not yet heard of the "higher law," it seems.)

The 12th Richard II., (1388,) has been regarded as the origin of the English Poor-Laws, in consequence of its providing that impotent beggars are to remain where they are at the time of the proclamation of the act; or if these places are unable or unwilling to support them, they are within forty days to repair to the places where they were born, and there to dwell during their lives. This enactment makes no provision for the support of the impotent poor; but by commanding them to be residents in one place the rest of their lives, it seems to assume that they shall be supported there. As to the labourers, they are prohibited on pain of imprisonment from quitting their residences in search of work; and because labourers will not serve without outrageous and excessive hire, wages are fixed every half year by the justices of the peace, according to the price of food; and punishments are decreed against the labourers who receive and the employers who give more. It is evident from these statutes and multitudes of others extending down to George 1st, that their principal object was the

suppression of vagrancy and mendicancy, the confining of labourers to their own parishes and the compelling them to labour at a rate fixed by the Justices of the Peace, so that the employers might always have a sure and abundant supply of cheap labour. "To effect this object," says Dr. Burn, in his History of the Poor-Laws, "the English statute book is deformed by enactments against able-bodied persons leaving their homes, or refusing to work at the wages offered them, or loitering, that is to say, professing to be out of work, which make this portion of English history look like the history of savages in America. Almost all severities have been inflicted except scalping." A new class of criminals was created by these sanguinary laws, designated under the names of "sturdy rogues," "vagabonds," "idle persons," "serving men having no masters," &c.

The first attempt on the part of a person dependent on his labour for support, to assert his free agency by changing his abode or by making a bargain for his services, or even by refusing to work for bare meat and drink, rendered him liable, by the law of 1536, to be whipped and sent back to his place of birth or his last residence for three years, there to be at the disposal of the local authorities. For the second attempt, he lost his right ear; for the third, he was hanged as a felon. Under the milder (?) rule of Edward VI., branding on the shoulders, slavery for two years, slavery for life, with grievous whippings, burning through the gristle of the ear, branding on the forehead, and finally death, were introduced as supplemental punishments. It would seem that these British Dracos shared the sentiment of a modern Dives, who, being told that poverty is no crime, answered, "Certainly not; it is a great deal worse!"

We perceive that these enactments make no provision for the support of the poor. They assumed that the impotent would be supported in their several places of residence, by voluntary alms. And as respects the able-bodied slave, for such the labourer was to the local authorities, they assumed that he could al-



ways be made to earn his maintenance. Thus the 27th Henry VIII., (1536,) requires the parishes to which the able-bodied should be sent, "to keep them at hard labour, in such wise that they may get their living by the labour of their hands." It directs the church-wardens of every parish to collect alms and broken meat for the support of the *impotent* poor, and forbids the giving of alms to any other.

It soon became apparent that voluntary charity was an insufficient dependence for the maintenance of the impotent poor; and that if private individuals had not found it profitable to employ a number of the able-bodied, neither would the local authorities find it so. It became, therefore necessary to raise a fund for the support of the impotent poor and for the purpose of supplying the deficiency in the returns of the labour of the able-bodied. To effect this object, was enacted the celebrated 43d Elizabeth which has been called the charter of the English poor, and which has had heaped upon it mountains of praise and of blame, without deserving either. We find in it first, the principal of *taxation* for the support of the poor. It provides that the church-wardens, and two or more householders appointed by the Justices, shall take order with the consent of the Justices, for setting to work children and all persons having no means to maintain themselves, and using no ordinary or daily trade to get their living; and to raise a fund, by taxation of the inhabitants, for such setting to work, and for the relief of the lame, impotent, old and blind poor, who are not able to work.

Far from being dictated by charity, this act was but a part of the scheme which imprisoned the labouring classes in their parishes, and dictated to them their employments and their wages. But on the other side, it is not justly chargeable with the mischievous consequences which brought England to the verge of ruin.

Subsequent enactments were made at different times, one of which was construed as giving the justices (without

consulting the church-wardens or householders) the power of ordering relief to any applicant who showed reasonable cause. This was taking the administration of the fund out of the hands of those most interested in guarding it, viz: the rate-payers. Charity becomes very easy to practise when all that is to be done by A, is to order B, to be relieved at the expense of C. Hence it was found that the Justices ordered relief to be given, in a very indiscriminate manner. At last, in December 1795, the 36th George III., cap 23, authorized a *single Justice*, "at his just and proper discretion, to order relief to any industrious poor person or persons, at his, or her or their own home," without limit and without appeal. To show what were the doctrines held by the most eminent British statesmen of that period, we have only to state that Mr. Whitbread introduced a bill authorizing the Justices to fix a *minimum of wages*; Mr. Fox supported it on the ground that the magistrate ought to protect the poor from the injustice of a griping employer. Mr. Lechmere said that no labourer could support himself and his family in comfort, and that it was the *duty* of the legislature to relieve the industrious poor. Mr. Pitt introduced a bill in 1796, which entitled the poor labourer to an allowance *in proportion to the number of his children*, and authorized the parochial officers, if they thought his wages insufficient, to make up the deficiency from the parish rates.

Is it not a little surprising to find Pitt, the great champion of conservatism, advocating the identical doctrines now advanced by Louis Blanc, viz: that the labouring classes have a right to a support from the State, (whether for labour given in exchange, or not,) and that the poor man is entitled to relief according to his wants, since he is to receive allowance according to the number of his family?

The whole system of the English Poor-Laws rests upon this principle: that society owes every man a living. It gives every one the right to claim it from the

State as his absolute due.\* Let us consider the results of this principle when put in practice.

One of its first and most fatal consequences, is the multiplication of pauperism. It has contributed more than any other cause to increase the evil which it was intended to cure.

The relief which is given to the impotent poor, is not liable to abuse; for, however comfortable we may render the condition of the blind, the insane, the cripple, this will not increase the number of those unfortunate recipients of public charity. It is not probable that any one will destroy his sight or maim himself for life, for the sake of obtaining public assistance.

But the relief of the able-bodied poor involves very different consequences. If it be given without being coupled with some onerous condition, labourers will simulate distress and give up hard work to obtain the gratuitous relief. To prevent this result, all kinds of devices have been employed. The first idea that suggests itself, is to require labour in exchange for the relief. It is evident, however, that when the labourer does not depend for his living upon his industry and skill, but is sure of receiving his allowance whether his task be performed well or not, his work will most probably be very unprofitable, unless you make him labour under the lash or the fear of it: that is to say, unless you make him absolutely a slave. For we must observe that with men reduced to the condition of paupers, there is no mode of compelling them to industry but the infliction or the fear of bodily pain. Confinement would be no punishment to the previously overtasked labourer who comes on his parish for subsistence. He would welcome it as a season of repose, unless you

were to establish a law that whoever becomes a pauper is to be a prisoner forever; and we will see that this experiment has been tried in another country.

It might be supposed that pauperism might be checked by giving to the pauper less abundant or less palatable food than to the independent labourer. But this has been found impossible and inconsistent with humanity and the purpose of preserving life; for the independent labourer is already reduced to the minimum which will keep soul and body together. Thus we find it asserted, and upon abundant proof, that when relief is given in kind, as in the parish work-house, the nourishment is both of better quality and more abundant than the independent labourer can procure. Any proposition to reduce it has been frowned down by every one as savoring of absolute cruelty.

There are other difficulties in the way of requiring labour as an equivalent for relief. That it is unprofitable, as we have already shown, might be borne with, if the loss which it entails were limited. But this loss is continually increasing, as if endowed with a self-reproductive energy. Public bodies are proverbially the loosest task-masters in the world. Parish labour being therefore less rigidly enforced than labour for a private employer, the labourers have a constant inducement to abandon the latter and to cast themselves on the parish.

But this is not all yet.

The labour of eleemosynary establishments necessarily creates a competition which no other kind of labour can withstand. The object of such establishments is not profit, and they are generally satisfied to dispose of the products of their industry for less than the actual

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\* We have seen the same doctrine advanced within the last few months, by the Chief Magistrate of the first city in the Union. The Mayor of the city of New York asserted in an official document, that it is the duty of governments, whether monarchical or republican, to afford to all the governed, employment, which means gratuitous subsistence if no profitable employment can be found. This fact shows that the system of free-society works out the same results in all countries and independently of the form of the political constitution.

cost of production, leaving out of the calculation the interest upon the cost of the buildings and implements of labour. The loss which would consequently fall upon them is made up by charity, or in the case of the parishes, by taxation. Hence the disastrous effects of conventual industry upon the manufactures of the surrounding districts. The private manufacturer is ruined by such competition; or else he must reduce the wages of his hands to mere pauper wages, that is the bare support of the workman alone, whose family is thus thrown upon the parish. In either case an increase of paupers is the result. Where there exists a great superabundance of labour, every pauper whom you turn into a labourer deprives of employment some other labourer and turns *him* into a pauper. Suppose for example that the demand of the market affords labour to a certain number of weavers in a given district; if you set to weaving five hundred paupers in that district, you throw out of employment five hundred weavers who come upon you as paupers, not alone, but with all their families.

It was then necessary to have recourse to other means in order to prevent the mass of the labouring classes from throwing themselves upon the parishes for support. Be it said to their honour, the disgrace attaching to the name of pauper, and the honest pride of independence have been the most powerful checks. The ingenuity of parish officers has been exercised in inventing others. Paupers have been imprisoned in the workhouse, they have been harnessed to carts, they have been made to stand for hours in the pound; to attend numerous roll-calls, so that they might not use their labour for profit or amusement; to dig holes in order to fill them up again; to carry a ear of wheat ten miles in order to bring back a ear of barley.\* Any and every means, however puerile, has been employed to couple relief with some distasteful condition; but all has been in vain. The poor rates increased yearly.

In 1776, they amounted to \$7,600,000; in 1785, to \$9,560,000. In 1800, a year of great scarcity, they reached \$50,000,000. Since then, they have been fluctuating between thirty and forty millions of dollars. In 1834, the amount was \$37,555,000.

Yes! nearly forty millions of dollars a year have been spent to relieve the eighteen hundred thousand paupers of England alone, for Scotland and Ireland are not included in the estimate. Bear in mind that this vast sum is public charity, raised by taxation, and does not include the large amounts yearly given away by private and voluntary charity. Now, let Englishmen testify as to the effects of a system involving so great a pecuniary sacrifice.

"The radical defect of all systems of the kind," says Malthus, "is that of tending to increase population without increasing the means for its support, and by thus depressing the condition of those that are not relieved by the parishes, to create more poor."

This encouragement to the increase of an already redundant population is direct and immediate in its action. When the labourer has nothing to look to for the maintenance of his family but his skill and industry, he is generally cautious enough not to marry until he has some reasonable prospect of being able to support a wife and children. But when he knows that he possesses a legal right to demand aid from the parish, why should he be restrained by any such consideration? More than this; when the practice prevailed of giving an allowance of from one to two shillings a week for each child above two years of age, a large family became a source of profit; and the young pauper would marry at eighteen or twenty, looking directly to parish assistance for the support of himself and his family. Thus it is that pauperism has gone on, multiplying from year to year, until, in 1848, the number of paupers amounted to more than two millions in England and Wales, and 900,000 in Ire-

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\* *Edinburgh Review*, October, 1846.

land. To such a degree did the poor rates increase, that in some parishes they swallowed up the *whole* surplus product of the lands, that is to say, the rents; and the possessors actually abandoned their estates to avoid paying rates greater than their rents. Thus in the parish of Cholesbury, in Buckinghamshire, in 1833, the whole land was abandoned except sixteen acres.\* In Pulborough, Sussex, the rector was assessed at £2,032, an amount *double* the income of his benefice.

Another consequence of the poor laws is to impair more and more the condition of the labourer who strives to remain independent. If in a given parish there are able-bodied paupers, the usual practice has been to hire them out by auction for as much as could be got for them. "At Yardley, in Northampton," says Mr. Richardson, (commissioner,) "all the unemployed men are put up for sale weekly; and the clergyman of the parish told me that he had seen, last week, ten men knocked down to one farmer for five shillings. There were seventy men let out in that manner out of one hundred and seventy."

At Deddington, during the winter months, about sixty men apply every morning to the overseer for work or pay. He ranges them under a shed in a yard. If a farmer, or any one else, wants a hand, he sends to the yard and pays half the day's wages. The rest is paid by the parish. At the close of the day the unemployed men are paid the wages of a day minus two pence.

"At Burwash, in East Sussex, in 1822, the surplus labourers were put up to

auction and hired as low as 2d. and 3d. per day; the rest of their maintenance being made up by the parish. The consequence was that the farmers turned off their regular hands in order to hire them by auction when they wanted them."

The inevitable result of such a state of things is to compel the independent labourer to offer his services for the same price that the pauper receives from the employer. And as he cannot live upon it, he must also apply to the parish to supply the deficiency, and thus he is added to the list of paupers. In addition to this, there is another consideration. Every dollar that is taken from the employer in the shape of poor rates, diminishes just so much the sum which he is able to expend in wages. Thus if the farmers and manufacturers of a district have one hundred thousand dollars to expend in wages, and you impose upon them a poor tax of fifty thousand, they will have only fifty thousand to use in wages; and consequently they employ only half the labourers that they could before the tax was laid. The other half of these labourers must therefore become paupers; and an additional tax must be laid to support them; this further diminishes the ability of the employers to pay wages and adds more labourers yet to the poor list; and so on. The two things react upon each other and are part of the causes of the self-multiplying power of pauperism.

But the worst remains to be told: the effect of the poor laws upon the morals of the people.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

\* Mr. Jeston, the rector of the parish, wrote in the following terms to the poor law commissioners: "At the present moment some of the proprietors, in answer to communications from me upon parish affairs, have confessed their intention *to abandon altogether their property in the parish*, rather than give themselves further trouble about it, from their having actually lost money by it; *the rates having more than swallowed up the rents*."

"About October last the parish officers, not being able to collect any more funds, threw up their books. . . . ."

"The present state of the parish is this: The land almost entirely abandoned, (sixteen acres only, including cottage gardens, being now in cultivation,) the poor thrown only upon the rates, and set to work upon the roads and gravel pits, and paid for this unprofitable labour at the expense of *another* parish! I have given up a small portion of my glebe to the parish officers, rent free, for the use of the poor, (the rest is abandoned on account of the rates assessed on it.)" *Edinburgh Review*, October, 1846.

## AREYTOS; OR, SONGS OF THE SOUTH.

BY ADRIAN BEAUFAIN.

## I.

## "QUIET IS ON THE EARTH."

## I.

Quiet is on the earth, and in the sky,  
 The moon rides pale and high;  
 Silence is o'er the city, and the gush  
 Of the sweet South is all that breaks the hush;  
 Oh! wonder not, while Earth thus lies at rest,  
 If thy dear memory stirs within my breast,  
 And from my bosom's depths, my love should rove,  
 Still seeking thine, dear love!

## II.

How should I sleep, though daily toil be o'er,  
 Doom'd vainly to adore?  
 Like some heart-humbled devotee, I bow,  
 Yet the stern idol still rejects my vow;  
 Hopeless, like him, my erring prayer is sent  
 Into the bright, cold, loveless firmament;  
 Which, by its scorn, would seem to mock the prayer,  
 Whose worship is despair!

## III.

In the deep blue, how graciously the stars  
 Smile from their silver cars;  
 And earth, beneath the dewy-dropping gleam,  
 Sleeps, as if favor'd with some happy dream!  
 Oh! while all nature laps it in delight,  
 Why should'st thou rise thus coldly on my sight?  
 Thou marr'st the music in the scene I prove,  
 Yet O! be there my love!

## II.

## "RENDER THY TRIBUTE TO BEAUTY."

## I.

Render thy tribute to Beauty,  
 Nor question with doubt the decree,  
 That makes the sweet service a duty,  
 Though without seeming profit it be;  
 'Tis something to bend at the altar,  
 Where Beauty is Priestess, though still  
 The heart of the worshipper falter,  
 As the smile of the Goddess grows chill!

## II.

'Twere sadder, the Fortune which found thee,  
 From the bondage of Beauty set free;  
 For the fetters with which she had bound thee,  
 Did'st thou love them, were blessings to thee!  
 She might scorn the poor captive's devotion,  
 While holding him fast in her snare;  
 But the freedom of Earth and of Ocean,  
 Were but Exile, were Beauty not there!

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## III.

## "DESTINED TO SEVER."

## I.

Destined to sever,  
 Thrice hapless! for years;  
 Perchance again never  
 To meet, or in tears;  
 What, in the dreary hours,  
 Then, shall repay,  
 For the blooms, for the flowers  
 Fate tears away?

## II.

What shall restore thee,  
 That sweet sunny clime,  
 When life rose before thee,  
 Unshadow'd by Time?  
 When Hope, in glad bowers,  
 Sang like the young bird,  
 Born of beams, 'midst the flowers,  
 By childhood first heard?

## III.

To me, what can Being  
 Then bring to restore  
 Those young joys, once fleeing,  
 We win never more?  
 Those nights, when no sorrow  
 Brooded over Love's sky,  
 And no gloomy to-morrow  
 Stood frowningly by!

## IV.

With naught to endear us  
 To what is left now;—  
 With nothing to cheer us,  
 In the dark Future's brow;—  
 Where look we, sweetest,  
 For the pleasures that last,  
 The brightest—the fleetest?  
 Ah! me! to the Past!

## IV.

## "THE MOURNFUL GOD OF FLORID'S CAPE."

## I.

The mournful God of Florid's Cape,  
 Hath taught his woes to me,  
 And all the strains my fancies shape,  
 Must share his destiny.

## II.

He looks o'er weary wastes by day,  
 And with its mournful flight,  
 To mocking winds and storms the prey,  
 He moans throughout the night.

## III.

What other song should then be mine,  
 Thus doom'd in exile's blight,  
 O'er life's sad waste by day to pine,  
 And moan through memory's night.

## IV.

My lyre upon the sea-god's rock,  
 What should its music be,  
 Thus smitten by each tempest's shock  
 That sweeps across the sea!

## V.

## "AND YET, THIS LONELY REALM IS FREE."

## I.

And yet this lonely realm is free,  
 And here my lyre may wake,  
 Though all unheard, a song of thee,  
 Still precious for thy sake!  
 That lyre, so loved in better days,  
 May well recal the words of praise,  
 That soothed its infant fears;  
 When thou and hope alike were young,  
 And feeling, as each lay was sung,  
 Repaid the chaunt with tears!

## II.

These chords in mournful silence long  
 Reveal'd thy hapless fate;  
 Till memory came to wake the song,  
 For love grown desolate!  
 When thou wast silent, all grew dumb;  
 No fancy could the spell o'ercome,  
 Thy loss o'er life had cast:  
 Yet, as the sorrow grew subdued,

Thy image fill'd the solitude  
Though mocking all the Past!

## III.

Oh! memory still her charms renews,  
But not with former tone;  
She cannot now, and would not choose,  
Forget that she is lone:  
That, if thou hear'st her tribute strain,  
Thou dost not answer it again,  
As 'twas thy wont of yore;  
She dreams that thou art nigh, but sees  
No more as Hope and Fancy please,  
And looks, and sighs, the more!

## VI.

## "FORGET NOT THE TROPHY."

## I.

Forget not the trophy we made her,  
The country so glorious and dear,  
In the blood of the ruthless invader,  
Whom we slew with the bow and the spear,  
He came with the engines of power,  
And he uttered the Tyrant's decree;  
But we rose in our wrath, and the hour  
That saw us enslaved, saw us free!

## II.

We struck down the fool for his error;  
In the might of new freedom we rose:  
He shrunk from the combat in terror,  
Never dreaming how dread were our blows!  
Did he deem that so feeble a spirit,  
Though moved by such sovereign desires  
Could seize on the rights we inherit,  
From a race of such true-hearted Sires!

## III.

Forget not the trophy we made her,  
That freedom so fondly we boast,  
When we struck down the ruthless invader,  
And scattered his insolent host!  
When our banner of palm proudly waving,  
Shone out o'er the perilous plain;  
And our Eagle all destiny braving,  
Grew drunk in the blood of the slain!



## VII.

## “’TWAS A VISION FAIR LADYE.”

## I.

’Twas a vision of fair Ladye,  
Kept, and still must keep me here,  
Sadly sighing, when I should be  
Happier in another sphere:  
Such the fetter thrown around me,  
By her witchery, it hath bound me;  
That fair Ladye, that fair Ladye,  
Holds me fast in subtle snare!

## II.

Many a hope would sweetly woo me,  
And, in other regions blest,  
Love and Glory both pursue me,  
Seeking place within my breast;  
Yet I linger, never fleeing,  
Losing daylight, bliss and being—  
That fair Ladye, that fair Ladye,  
Makes a captive of her guest!

## III.

Like the Bird around whose pinion,  
Serpent spells have wrought a chain,  
I am held in close dominion,  
Seeking to be free in vain!  
Vainly words of wo I utter,  
In her bonds I fret and flutter,  
That fair Ladye, that fair Ladye,  
Laughs she not to see my pain?

## IV.

Yet with spirit uncomplaining,  
Would I in her bonds repose,  
Were she not the while disdainning,  
The poor captive in her close;  
Would she now and then smile on him,  
Though her bonds have still undone him,  
That fair Ladye, that fair Ladye,  
Still might keep him bound, heaven knows!

## VIII.

## “GO, THOU FAITHLESS ONE.”

## I.

Go, thou faithless one, go wander,  
Fickle heart with sunny brow;  
It were base in me to squander  
One poor thought upon thee now!

Far, in other regions roving,  
 It may be that thou wilt find  
 Nobler hearts,—but none so loving;  
 Brighter eyes—but none so blind!

## II.

Both are free, though one with Ruin,  
 Sits beside a lonely hearth;  
 While the other, still misdoing,  
 Revels in his wanton mirth!  
 Though I droop with broken pinion,  
 By the spoil'd, dishonor'd nest,  
 And thou soar'st with wide dominion,  
 Robbing other homes of rest!

## III.

Though my foolish heart be breaking,  
 Yet no plaint its breast shall show;  
 Not a nerve within me shaking,  
 While, with scorn, I bid thee 'go!'  
 Every maiden hope hath perish'd,  
 Yet no mortal eye shall see,  
 That my heart hath ever cherish'd,  
 One fond, foolish thought of thee!

## IX.

## "LOVE ON TO THE LAST."

## I.

Oh! fly; but remember,  
 We cannot forget;  
 They may rob us of rapture,  
 But not of regret;  
 They may tear us asunder,  
 Our hopes may deny,  
 But love's thought is free'st  
 Of all 'neath the sky!

## II.

They call thee a traitor,  
 And say when we part,  
 Thou wilt banish my image,  
 In scorn from thy heart;  
 But the love in thy bosom  
 I judge of by mine;  
 And enough, that my faith is  
 A sure faith in thine!

## III.

And were I to doubt thee,  
 And thou to deny,

To live on without thee,  
Were vain, I should die.  
But I wrong thee to whisper,  
A doubt which would blast;  
Hear my heart's only pleading—  
Love on to the last!

## IV.

I make thee no promise,  
I ask not for thine;  
Keep thy faith but as fondly  
As I shall keep mine;  
If like me thou dost cherish,  
This living regret,  
We may part—we may perish,  
But never forget!

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## X.

**"THIS FLOWER, IT BLOOMS 'MID A RUIN."**

## I.

This flower, it blooms 'mid a ruin,  
But its sweet is more precious to me  
Than the wreaths which thy fortune is strewing  
Round the shaft of thy family tree;  
For it speaks to my soul of the blessing  
Which in deepest of wo was my gain,  
That love, which mine own is possessing,  
And for which thine hath striven in vain!

## II.

Thou may'st joy in the splendour around thee,  
The state which makes gallant thy halls;  
In the crowd that with homage surround thee,  
And exult when thy enemy falls;  
I turn from the sting of their malice,  
And envy no pomp which is thine;  
I look from the lights in thy palace,  
To the one in this low cot of mine.

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## SELECTIONS AND EXCERPTS FROM THE LEE PAPERS.

MR. EDITOR—Excuse me, if, for the present, I send you but a few of the papers mentioned in our last interview—papers which have been so long in our midst and accessible to the curious, but of whose existence so small a part of that enterprising company seem to have been aware. The collection is large, and I must reserve for an hour of leisure the task of presenting you with a fuller account of particulars than is now possible. Meantime accept these, both as a specimen and an earnest of what is to come. For, I may venture to say, there is much behind, little if at all inferior in interest or value to the present. Is it necessary to add, that your readers may be assured of the genuineness of what is laid before them—the copies having been faithfully compared with the originals in my possession? C.

[Of the letters which follow it would be impertinent to offer more than a few words of explanation to the Virginia reader who is acquainted with our history. Four of them relate to two of the most stirring incidents in the greatest era of that history, and which are defended or narrated by the pens of the principal actors. The second, we need only say, vindicates a measure which was then thought to be rash or perilous, or of doubtful propriety. In another, the old hero of Point Pleasant, who—Washington said—ought to have been put at the head of all our armies, but whose statue is destined to occupy a pedestal below that of his friend—appears somewhat in address. Of the writer of the last letter, which gives his version of the same affair, we may hear more anon.]

PEYTON RANDOLPH TO A COMMITTEE, ABOUT  
THE AFFAIR OF "THE POWDER."

*Williamsburg, 27th Ap'l, 1775.*

GENT'N:

In compliance with your request, we give you a candid relation of the disturbance which happened last week in this city, about the removal of the powder from the public magazine. Early on Friday morning the inhabitants were universally and much alarmed, at the report that the powder had been removed the preceding night, under an escort of marines, and carried on board an armed vessel at Burwell's Ferry. The Common Hall assembled and presented the address, which we presume you have seen with the Governor's answer. The inhabitants were so much exasperated that they flew to their arms. This incensed the

Governor a good deal, and from everything that we can learn, was the principal reason why his answer was not more explicit and favourable. His Excellency has repeatedly assured several respectable gentlemen, that his only motive in removing the powder was to secure it, as there had been an alarm from the county of *Surry*, which at first seemed too well founded, though it afterwards proved groundless. Besides what he has said in his public answer, he has given private assurances to several gentlemen that the powder shall be returned to the magazine, though he has not condescended to fix the day for its return. So far as we can judge from a comparison of all circumstances, the Governor considers his honour as at stake; he thinks that he acted for the best, and will not be compelled to what, we have abundant reason to believe, he would cheerfully do were he left to himself. Frequent messages have been sent from the neighbouring counties to inquire into the state of this unfortunate affair, with the most friendly and spirited offers of assistance and protection. The city could not but hold themselves exceedingly obliged to those gentlemen, as they do to you, gentlemen, and the rest of our worthy countrymen, by whom we understand you are sent. We hope that you and the other gentlemen can have no doubt of our paying the utmost attention to the country's interest, as well as our own security in particular. If we, then, may be permitted to advise, it is our opinion and most earnest request, that matters may be quieted for the present at least; we are firmly persuaded that perfect tranquillity will be speedily restored.

By pursuing this course we foresee no hazard, or even inconvenience, that can ensue. Whereas we are apprehensive, and this we think upon good grounds, that violent measures may produce effects which God only knows the consequence of.\* We beg that our thanks and best wishes may be presented to the several gentlemen of the country who have interested themselves in our behalf, and are gentlemen,

Your much obliged hon. servants,

PEYTON RANDOLPH, for self  
and the Corporation of Williamsburg.

To Mann Page, Jr., Lewis Willis, and  
Benjamin Grymes, Jr., Esquires.

PATRICK HENRY TO FRANCIS LIGHTFOOT  
LEE.

*Hanover, May 8th, 1775.*

DEAR SIR:

For several facts relative to the transactions of the Hanover Volunteers, who marched in consequence of the Governor's conduct in the affair of the powder, and the reprisal made by us, I refer you to the public papers, which I expect will give a true recital of that matter. I find it is now said by those who opposed the measures we took, that the powder belonged to the King. And it is very remarkable the Governor, in his late proclamation, seems to rely upon that as a principal fact on which he is to be justified. But I rely on the address of the city of Williamsburg and his answer to it, also, to prove the contrary. Why does he promise to return it in half an hour? And again, what powder was he to return, or did he take? I answer, the powder mentioned in the address; to wit, that which was provided for the safety of the Colony, and for the loss of which Williamsburg was so much alarmed. But I ask, suppose it was the King's, what right had any one to deposit it in the magazine built expressly for the pur-

pose of receiving such ammunition as was at any time necessary for our safety? His Majesty can have no right to convert the houses, or other conveniences necessary for our defence, into repositories for engines of our destruction. So that the presumption is, that the powder being there, it was ours. 'Twas a trespass to open that place for the reception of any other. Add to this what is contained in his Lordship's answer referred to above, and no doubt can remain but that the pretence of the Crown having a property in it is a quibble. For the sake of the public tranquillity, as well as of justice, I chose to be active in making the reprisal. And having designedly referred to the Convention whether any of the money ought to be returned, lest presuming too much might be alledged against me, I trouble you, sir, with this to be an advocate for the measure if you think it right. I suppose my attendance at the Congress may prevent me from being present at the Convention, when perhaps an attempt may be made to condemn the measure and misrepresent my conduct. I trust that the moderation and justice of the proceeding will fully appear from a great variety of circumstances. And that my countrymen will support me in it, especially when we consider the hostilities to the Northward would have justified much greater reprisals, which I chose to decline as the Convention might probably so soon meet. To the collective body of my country I chose to submit my conduct, and have to beg you will excuse the trouble I have given you by this long letter. I only mean to beg your attention to the subject, that you may not be surprised by some objections against my proceedings, which I fear will be made by some gentlemen from below.

Will you be so good as to excuse inaccuracies? Hurry obliges me to use the pen of a young man to transcribe. The few reasons hinted above are indeed unnecessary to you whose better judgement

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\* From his subsequent conduct we may presume that the writer of this letter very soon thereafter abandoned all hope of a peaceable settlement of the controversy to which it relates.

is able to inform me. You will readily perceive the absurdity of the pretence, that the king can have a property in anything distinct from his people, and how dangerous is the position that his protection (for which we have already paid him) may be withdrawn at pleasure. If any doubt remains as to the fitness of the step I have taken, can it lay over until I am heard? I can mention many facts which I am sure will abundantly warrant what is done. Wishing you every good thing, I remain with sentiments of the highest and most perfect esteem and regard,

Dear sir,

P. HENRY.

—

THE SAME, TO RICHARD HENRY LEE.

*Williamsburg, May 15th, 1778.*

I beg leave, my dear sir, to give my most cordial congratulations on the late happy events that have taken place. May we be wise enough to improve these favourable occurrences into the permanent happiness of our country!

Yours of the 7th come to hand last night. I have got one swift boat now ready to sail. Another shall be provided in some short time. Ocracock is blocked up pretty much. The boats will go out of our capes. The Assembly is sitting: 500 horse were voted yesterday. Some may quickly be got. However, the affair will be suspended a few days on hearing the enemy are preparing to leave the continent.

God bless you, sir,

Yours,

P. HENRY.

—

ACCOUNT OF THE AFFAIR OF GWYNN'S ISLAND—AS CONTAINED IN A PRIVATE LETTER OF GEN'L ANDREW LEWIS TO HON. R. H. LEE.

*Williamsburg, July 15th, 1776.*

DEAR COLONEL:

Give me leave to trouble you with some of the particulars relative to our engagement with the fleet, the troops, and ban-

ditti on the island. On the 8th instant, in the evening, I got to the camp before Gwynn's Island, and found that by employing a number of men to work in the night our battery might be opened in the morning. On the 9th, at 8 o'clock, the fleet lay in a range that suited our purpose. We instantly opened our embrasures, which to that moment were secret to the enemy. The *Dunmore* lay near and very fair, when she was saluted by our 18 pounders; our other battery of five guns was opened on them at the same time. Their amazement and confusion was beyond description. The *Dunmore* waited to fire only five guns. She slipped both her cables and was towed off by three boats, both batteries playing on her all the time of her retreat. She is prodigiously shattered, her cabin torn to pieces and several men killed. The shot that missed her could not fail taking place on some of the other vessels. The *Otter*, *William*, and the *Fowey* were so peppered that they were obliged to slip their cables also and tow off. The whole fleet were in confusion and moved to a safer distance. We are told that all the armed vessels and several others lost men. The guns of both our batteries were then turned on their camp, (the shot crossing each other in the centre of their camp,) this set them to scampering. The next morning we collected all the canoes that could be got in that neighbourhood, which did not amount to more than thirty. We then turned our thoughts to clearing the haven, and by making use of two six pounders, (brass pieces,) on travelling carriages, made a sloop of six guns and a schooner (well armed with some carriage guns and swivels) move their stations. They grounded; we manned canoes and took them. This step threw some of our men on the island, which being observed by some of the enemy, who were placed on lookouts, ran to their camp and greatly alarmed them by saying that the lower end of the island was full of "the d—d shirt-men." This struck them with a panic, and set them to the trot. Before we could, with our trifling canoes, land 250 men on the island, the vast multitude of boats be-

longing to the fleet (which consisted of upwards of 80 sail) took them on board. They left in their battery one excellent six pounder, and a considerable quantity of baggage in their camp. We shall have at least £1000 worth of cables and anchors, and 266 bars of iron, articles very useful to us. They burnt four vessels, one of them large; some took her for the Dunmore, but I think they were mistaken. The inhabitants of the island say that Dunmore received a reinforcement of 150 Tories from Maryland, and a considerable number of beef cattle, some time before they were routed. Fifty head of the cattle fell into our hands. I am told since I wrote the above, that after the fleet sailed, a large ship, taken to be the Dunmore, returned to the Otter, which lay near the mouth of the Rappahannock. The ship was buoyed by a number of empty casks lashed to both sides, and that after putting her loading on board the Otter she sunk and totally disappeared.

On Sunday evening Col. Charles Lewis, with four companies of his battalion before Gwynn's Island and three at Burwell's Ferry, had orders to march to Potomac, in order to afford quiet and protection until Dunmore should fix himself on some spot; after which we must take our measures accordingly.

I am your most obed't serv't,  
ANDREW LEWIS.

—  
FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*Camp on Horn Point, }  
July 30th, 1776. }*

SIR:

Last Sunday I expected to have the pleasure of seeing you at Col. Richard Lee's, where I dined. I should have been glad of your opinion with regard to the stationing the 3rd battalion, which for the present are ordered to be posted between the rivers Coan and Nomini, with orders to be very attentive to the motions of the enemy; and that if any of the vessels move up the river Potomac (especially the armed ones) to detach men and prevent their diabolical attempts. As the enemy have no foothold on land,

their stay here, I think, cannot be long; some sailed out of the river last evening. Col. Thornton is to put two companies of his battalion above Nomini, one of them at or near your house. My return to Williamsburg is necessary, especially as the enemy avoid giving us any opportunity of attacking them, either on this or the Maryland shore. It is here reported that two companies of the militia, at the house of Col. Brent, on seeing a much inferior number of the enemy land (without firing a gun) threw away their arms and fled in the most shameful manner, and suffered all the gentlemen's houses to be burnt. I am afraid it is true, yet loath to believe it, as it casts a stain on the colony, and may invite our enemies to make many attempts which otherwise they would not think of.

I am with great regard, dear sir, your most obed't and very humble serv't,  
ANDREW LEWIS.

—  
FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*Williamsburg, January 10th, 1777.*

DEAR SIR:

In consequence of a Resolve of the Honourable the Congress, which with some others came to the Governor and Council of this State, I have put the second and seventh regiments under marching orders, though I have received no orders from Congress. How to account for my not receiving orders on this occasion is out of my power. I have sent Brigade Major Johnson, from whom you will receive this, in order to procure instructions, that I may no longer be kept in a disagreeable state of suspense.

The manner in which we lost Gen. Lee is so differently related, that I shall (if you can spare a moment) be thankful to you for information on that head, as well as the manner in which he has been treated since his unfortunate captivity. Pray let me know what prospect you have of his being returned to us, or if there are any proposals made on this subject. The glorious and well-timed stroke General Washington gave the enemy at Trenton will, I hope, be attended with



the best of consequences. Pray take the trouble to present my compliments to all our worthy Delegates from this State.

I am, with great esteem,

Your most obed't servant,

ANDREW LEWIS, B. G.

The Honourable RICHARD H. LEE, Member of the Honourable Continental Congress.

COL. ADAM STEPHEN TO COL. RICHARD HENRY LEE—RELATES THE SAME AFFAIR.

*Williamsburg, 13th July, 1776.*

MY RESPECTED FRIEND:

The 9th of July I arrived, with Gen'l Lewis, off Gwynn's Island. I disdained the gutt that had been deemed impassable since Dunmore's arrival, but was unhappy to find that no provision had been made or necessary steps taken towards passing the gutt, or making a descent on the island. Suspecting the General took me and some other officers rather to dissuade and spare the public censure, than to attempt an attack upon the works or fleet; but fond of the 9th of July, and willing to please you as well as to the business, an attack was immediately made on the fleet and encampment of the enemy. The camp was put into great confusion, one battery drove them into the water, and with the battery of 18 pounders we drove them out again.

The Dunmore was the ship nearest to us; with the first gun we spoiled his Lordship's china and wounded his leg with a splinter. The next shot cut his boatswain in two, put an end to his whistling, and carried off the thigh of his gunner. In short the ship was so much damaged that she and two others were burnt that night. We are not certain what damage the rest of the fleet received; but we have taken three tenders

and drove the fleet to sea without a biscuit or water. Some vessels, we are informed by the Pilots, had not a gallon of water aboard. They have plenty of flour, taken in the prizes, and plenty of Irish beef. I am in hopes you will prevent further exportation of flour and we shall starve them. It is uncertain which way they are gone. They have left the small pox and pestilence upon the island, and twelve negroes dead and unburied. Tom Bird was carted aboard, sick of the fever. There are 150 graves.

If we had been happy enough to have had boats or canoes to carry us over as soon as they were put in confusion, we would have possessed ourselves of all their cannon, ammunition, baggage and negroes.

His Lordship intended a long stay, which appeared by his new works planned—ovens built and a windmill begun; but this turned out a castle in the air. The Governor is still very ill, and his disease is like to degenerate into a long nervous fever.

I am, with the greatest respect and gratitude, dear sir, your most ob't humble servant,

ADAM STEPHEN.

I congratulate you on the success Gen'l Lee has met with in S. Carolina. It is remarkable that so powerful a naval force made so little impression on our works. Sullivan's Island lies four miles N. E. of Charleston, is about a mile and a half square. To the N. E. of Sullivan's Island, and separated by a narrow gutt lies Long Island, on which Gen'l Clinton's troops are landed and attempted to cross the gutt while the ships were attacking the fort; but they were opposed and repulsed by about 800 riflemen, commanded by Col. Thompson on the Island Sullivan.



## OF THE SALLY MAGANN.

The name evinces that the Sally Magann is a female, biped, human. It is found in all civilized, but is especially numerous in enlightened countries. A savage Sally Magann is a thing inconceivable; for this reason, viz: that the *ens*, or, Swedenborgically, the *proprium*, of a S. Magann, is an innate rage for millinery ware—not, however, the most exalted kind of millinery.

The necessary environment of the creature is a boarding house, of the \$5 a week species; it may rise as high as \$6 or \$6.50, and even \$7; but beyond that, and beneath the V per week establishments, it ceases, or rather is transformed into other beings. Victualling thus, its character follows by natural evolution; also its manners, its customs, its destiny.

If the limits of its environment are strict, the annuary circle to which it is admissible and subjected is no less exact. Registrar-Generals, were they even indifferently instructed in the science, now for the first time inaugurated, of Pathological Sociology, might enable us to state the age precisely at which the initiatory processes of Sally-Magannization are instituted. This point is at present extremely obscure, is of the highest interest, and will attract a mass of competent investigators at a not distant future.

The proper Sally Magann is twenty-two years old. It is in the first stages of itself (proper) at twenty; after twenty-three and before twenty-four it escapes into another better defined and more popularly comprehended form. Socially, the Sally Magann is the unpleasant, nay, the intolerable mean between the extremes, tom-boyishness and old-maidism. Intellectually, it is a ninny. Colloquially, a giggly-gabbler. Practically, it is a useless something that reaches the final term of the botherrational.

It never has much hair on its head, and being below the pecuniary level of pomade and other costly greases, it kindly submits its phrenology to clean lard-intermixed cologne, which it buys in long bottles. The colour of its hair may perhaps be found in the shops of the sign-

painters, but it is not named in any language. This hair is dressed *invariably* in the latest style.

Of the face of the Sally Magann, beyond its shape, little, or nothing is known. Its originality is entombed in art. It is by all means an angular face, of the loveliest pink-saucers and chalk-balls hues. The eyes are pale, and stick like a fish-bone in your throat. The nose is needled, and predestined to snuff. A shallow and quarrelsome opening, three inches long, puckered with *vinaigre rouge*, subserves the uses of a mouth; beneath it lie an irregular collection of translucent cutting instruments, somewhat inlaid with gold, which are its teeth. It does not follow that a chin of a S. Magann must of necessity be sharp or prominent; on the contrary, an ovoidal re-treating nub, something like the end of a darkish egg, constitutes the general appearance of this feature. Nor need the neck be stringy; it is irregularly fluted; aiming at a stringyness not yet attained.

Its frame is lean, its digestion feeble, and its flavor sour.

In dress, the Sally Magann labours to be tasteful. Its attempts would not always prove failures, if its body could be remodelled, and it could wish not to be noticed. It has a passion for silks of all sorts, but chiefly for those of a striking pattern. It haunts places where what are called "wet goods" are disposed of, and is there being constantly cheated. If in its cheap researches it could only light upon a "real brocade" and wheedle it out of the shop-keeper "for a song," it would go immortal.

A dress to a Sally Magann *never* fits in the back where the skirt is gathered. Since the advent of hoops this impossibility is greatly apparent, and it is a good mark by which to detect one of them.

Thus much for the physical S. Magann. The intellectual follows, and the moral.

Its views of life are three in number.

I. It will marry.

II. Whom will it marry?

III. Matrimony will be an un-ending ocean of dresses and joy.

Its mental operations being bounded by this triangle, its acts are immediately co-ordinated thereto. For young males boarding in the same house with itself, it has a body ever willing to be treated to ice-cream and theatres; and such of them as are disposed to do the gentlemanly to said body, find out the following in regard to the Sally Magann.

First. It may be kissed without much difficulty.

Second. It does not pay to kiss it.

A Northern Sally Magann, in select circles of its kind, always objects to the medical student who lodges on the third floor, but is privately infected with the madness of believing that the student aforesaid is a "wealthy Southerner." It therefore revolves in its mind the vexed question of slavery, and concludes that it will reluctantly yield to the impassioned importunities (not yet offered) of the student, and do its best to ameliorate the condition of sundry negroes upon the hypothetical plantation in Alabama.

As to the day-boarder, the dry-goods clerk, that dresses so nicely, and has given it four pairs of kid gloves, its mind is never sound. "He may get to be a partner. He may never get to be a partner." A dilemma like this is enough to unhinge the highest order of female intelligences; its effect upon a Sally Magann is such that the dry-goods clerk concludes that it is singularly unstable in its notions and affections, and, in consequence of this conclusion, he is often lost to the S. Magann. It grieves over his loss, sometimes to the latest hour of its life, with secretly commingled tears and snuff; deploring the folly of its youth, when it had "lovers by the dozen," while it titillates its Schneiderian membrane in impotent revenge.

But it is only its small shot that the Sally Magann wastes on callow youths. Its heavy artillery is reserved for the bland, portly, middle-aged "gentleman," (boarder,) who does a very large mysterious business, and who does not always prove to be a scoundrel and a swindler, but occasionally marries the S. Magann and disappears with it, none knows whi-

ther. For *him* it sings its best falsetto, and plays upon the piano its five or six good-for-nothing little tunes with its divinest unction. And *he*—he pronounces it "the sweetest little thing," and more need not be said of him.

The morals of a Sally Magann are—preachers. These it adores. For these it discovers its small capacities of needle and thread; and concerning these, next to "wet goods" and theatres, its giggly-gabbling is affluent beyond all measure. To sew on a button for a preacher, to visit his wife, to embroider a pair of slippers for him, to be spoken to by him when it affectates along the street, to kiss his children to death, is the finest joy of the S. Magann. If the preacher is unmarried, then is his divinity complete in the eyes of a S. Magann. How it hangs upon his lips, as it sits in a pew, and pushes up its bonnet slipping from the back of its head! Its fervent prayers that the Lord will deliver him into the hands of a suitable help-mate! Its anonymous letters of gratitude for his refreshing sermons; its incog bouquets! Could it be privileged to make a *robe-de-nuit* for a right young minister, it would willingly die.

But its destiny rarely comprehends the better-halving of pulpit joys. Generally it advances by distinct but rapid metamorphoses to old maidism; in which case, the sour element in its nature is seriously increased and aggravated, for a Sally Magann acidulates fiercer than any other variety of female. On the other hand, it *may*, as heretofore intimated, marry. Its destiny then includes early widowhood, an unpromising, unkempt child or two, and a most dreary after existence of untidiness and paregoric.

This is the end of it. Amid the dregs of the demi-semi-genteel societies it noiselessly dissolves, without exciting a remark from anybody.

The purport of its coming into this world never has been, and probably never will be known. It appears to be a disease of shabby-genteel streets—an entozoon of cheap boarding-houses.

## VERNON GROVE; OR, HEARTS AS THEY ARE.

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## CHAPTER XXIV.

His love is hidden, like the springs  
Which lie in Earth's deep heart below,  
And murmur there a thousand things  
Which nought above may hear or know.  
'Tis hid, not buried! Without sound,  
Or light or limit, night and day,  
It, (like the dark springs underground)  
Runs, ebbs not, and can ne'er decay.

*Barry Cornwall.*

The burial was over, the grave had received its own, and still Sybil mourned. Those who watched and were interested in her, could not fathom the cause of her deep and almost increasing sorrow, and many a pitying glance rested upon her now. She had exchanged the tasteful dresses, in which Isabel had delighted in arraying her, for the sombre habiliments of mourning, and never had her beauty, though more ethereal than formerly, appeared to such advantage. She was paler than usual, her form had lost much of its roundness, and her eyes seldom had any other expression besides one of deep seriousness.

Ineensibly she had taken her accustomed place in the household, the servants coming to her for counsel and assistance, and, apparently, the inner lives of the trio who dwelt at Vernon Grove, were as peaceful and systematic as the outer arrangements, and a looker-on would have thought that Sybil, especially, was a happy person to have found such a friend as Vernon, and such a man as Albert Linwood to be her protector through life.

But no one knew the secrets of that young heart, no one knew of the struggle that she hourly underwent. Each day she felt that Albert was not to her what she desired in one who was to be her companion nearer than a friend, whom she was to cherish for better or worse, and though she could not define in what particular lay the deficiency, and blamed herself for her want of appreciation, still she could not overcome the insupportable repugnance that he inspired, and

which she felt was undermining her very existence. True, his tenderness was almost womanly; true he guarded her against the shadow of an evil, and loved on madly and blindly, content with a cold "I thank you," or a barely suffered caress; still Sybil grew each day more unhappy and silent, and the glad promise of her youth, the blessing of a cheerful spirit, seemed departing from her.

The one object in her life, and that in which she exerted every power, was to try to hide, at least, from Vernon what she suffered, and even though she failed, to accept the lot which he had marked out for her with uncomplaining patience. Though he had never explained or alluded to his conduct in regard to the brief note which she had received from him when she was at Mr. Clayton's, he had pressed her so earnestly to remain under his roof until her marriage, or after, if Albert's engagements permitted, that Sybil had almost forgotten that terrible fiat of banishment; or remembered it only as a painful dream. One thing besides her own immediate troubles gave her cause for weakness, and this was a change which had come over Vernon since her return; he was no longer the Vernon of old, impetuous and imperious, but gentler and more sad, avoiding the presence of his guests, and never intruding upon them unless in the civilities which his position of host entailed upon him. He no longer enlivened their home circle by his wonderful conversational powers, nor was his laugh, that winning, contagious laugh, which bespoke a heart at ease, overheard as Sybil had sometimes heard it in the days that were past. Morning after morning, after having been led to his favourite haunts by his servant, he would spend long hours alone, and at twilight, that hour which he and Sybil had ever enjoyed as the crowning happiness of a happy day, instead of the brilliant positions which he used to improvise, he would strike a few dirge-like notes upon his piano, and pour out his soul in strains

as touching and as sad as the instrumental music which accompanied them.

"Short, swallow-flights of song, that dip  
Their wings in tears and skim away."

And such was the life at Vernon Grove, monotonous, quiet, and too calm to be natural, for even Linwood's voice was toned down to a whisper, and his cheerful spirit imbibed somewhat of the prevailing solemnity which he felt, hung like a pall over them, and which was not exactly the "jubilee" which Sybil had spoken of as connected with his return from his wanderings abroad. But an event soon occurred which materially changed the state of things then existing at Vernon Grove.

One night after they had all retired to their rooms, Albert and Vernon to rest, and Sybil, as was often the case now, to the serious contemplation of her peculiar position,—as she was seated by an open window, she perceived a dense smoke arising from the wing of the house in which Richard and Linwood slept, and soon the conviction forced itself upon her that the building was on fire. Suddenly, as if to confirm her in her opinion, a bright flame shot upwards in the darkness, and Sybil, now fully aware of the danger, and with but one impulse in her mind, rushed towards Vernon's chamber. That she was the betrothed of another, that her duty should have led her first to the rescue of her promised husband did not occur to her; she simply obeyed the promptings of that strong, inward suggestion which overmastered every other, and which said as plainly as words, "He, Mr. Vernon, is in danger; *save him.*" Every thing was blank; her world contained but one individual; her heart beat but for one other besides herself; the prayer which escaped from her trembling lips breathed only for the welfare of one.

Speeding across the corridor, towards Vernon's room, she found that her passage to it was impeded by a cloud of smoke, and that the heat was so intense that it would be almost impossible for her to pass through it, but Sybil was a courageous mortal, and since she had given

up her happiness because Vernon had willed it, it mattered little to her whether she sacrificed her life also. For a moment she stood, irresolute; simply the yielding up of her existence for the welfare of one whom she loved was an easy matter to her, but the probable suffering which would lead to it, the sharp agony of the intense, scorching heat, the stifling suffocation, appalled her. The wavering only lasted for a brief time, however; drawing a shawl which she had thrown over her shoulders more closely about her, and covering as much of her head and face as was possible, she uttered a hasty prayer and plunged boldly into the thickening smoke, at last reaching Vernon's door. With a firm hand she knocked to awaken him, and told him in a few words, that the house was on fire, beseeching him to open his door as soon as possible, in order that they might think of some plan to gain assistance; she added that she could not retrace her steps, as the flames had crossed the corridor, through which she had just passed, but that she would wait patiently there until he opened the door.

Light and darkness being the same to Vernon, he hastily dressed himself, and was soon ready to admit Sybil and to hear further of the progress of the fire, but in the mean time the poor girl had suffered agony, for the flames gained upon her each moment, and her hands and arms seemed seared as with a hot iron. Her waiting there appeared to her like an eternity, and at last she thought of rushing back even through the flames, anything seemed preferable to the fearful misery of being slowly burnt to death where she stood, but at length the door opened and she sprang into the room with a glad cry of unspeakable joy, while Vernon, feeling the intense heat, knew in part, but only in part, what she had suffered.

"You must shut the door again," said she quickly, "or the draught will force the flames this way. God has been very good to you and to me, Mr. Vernon; if I had been one moment later I could not have come to you, and what might you not have suffered; perhaps in your un-

conscious slumber you would have been burned to death."

"I feel that you have saved my life, dear Sybil," he answered, "that life which I would willingly lay down for you, my child; but this is no time for thanks or congratulation;—where is Albert? You have aroused him, of course, and have warned him of his danger.

"No," said Sybil, in a low tone, "I came here first, I did not think of him."

A steady pulsation of joy, even in that moment of peril, throbbed in Vernon's heart, but duty was stronger even than the love which he felt for Sybil. His first impulse was to ask her to say those words once more, those sweet, low, musical words which seemed to give him the chief place in her memory; but in an instant he remembered how natural it was that Sybil should endeavour to arouse him, the master of the house, first; how habit had taught her, since her childhood, to refer everything to him which related to the judgment or a course of action to be pursued; and again, how custom had always led her to offer him her arm as a guide.

"Sybil, we must remain here no longer," he said, "I hear the flames roaring without, and human lives are in jeopardy. There is another entrance to my chamber which leads out upon the lawn. Through that passage we must go; then there is a second flight of steps which will conduct you from the basement up into Albert's room; when we have reached that, you must be a heroine once more and awake him; if he is not, as I suppose, already aroused by the light, and the unusual sounds, and in search of his treasure whom he will find flown away."

"*And leave you in your blindness alone!*" said Sybil in a passionate tone unusual to her; "how do I know but that the flames may reach you even at the foot of the staircase before I return. No; better let me die, leave me here and let me die before you send me away from you again."

"Hush, Sybil," he said, "be calm!"

They were passing down the narrow passage, Sybil guiding him out into the

starlight, and as they neared the entrance the damp night air came gratefully to Vernon in contrast with that hot stifling mass of heated smoke, but Sybil scarcely knew or felt the change.

"*Why must I be silent?*" she said in the same reckless, impulsive tone; "do you wish to make me remember what I cannot very easily forget, that my life belongs to another, that I am bound even as a slave? But I will not be silent; I will say now what I have not dared to say before—"

The sentence was finished with a groan, and Vernon knew by the dead, heavy weight that fell against him that Sybil had fainted, and her strange words he concluded were nothing more than delirium occasioned by the excitement through which she had passed, the bewildering experiences of the hour.

They had reached the foot of the steps, and the way was free from impediments to him now; he knew that he was upon that green, soft sward, and every inch of it was familiar to him, and that he had only to proceed forward a few paces to gain a garden chair in which to place her.

It was clear to him that Sybil had fainted, and he judged rightly, but he little dreamed that it was from pain; that her delicate hands and arms had been scorched and blistered by the fierce heat as she stood waiting at his door. He only knew that his beloved was in his arms once more; that he held her there for the last time ere another claimed her for his own; that her breath was upon his cheek, and her heart near his. All the evils in the world seemed light while thus she lay. Even God would forgive him, he said to himself, for calling her his own then, and bending over her insensible form, he addressed her in many a name of endearment, and with a reckless kind of frenzy, he kissed her brow, her cheeks, her lips, and called heaven to witness that he loved her as never man had loved before.

Soon he became conscious of approaching footsteps and voices, and among the rest Albert's.

"God of mercy," exclaimed Albert,



"we have found her at last; speak, Vernon, tell me that she is not dead or dying that she lies thus."

"I trust not," said Vernon, trying to be calm, and resigning her to Albert with a sigh; "in order to rouse some one, for I believe that she was the first to discover that the house was on fire, she came to my room, and the confusion, the responsibility, the fright proved too much for her, and caused her to faint. She has been in this unconscious state once before to my own knowledge, and it will be sometime before she recovers."

"Thank God!" said Albert as he bent over her, thank God that it is not death;" then folding her in his arms, he tried to wake her to consciousness with burning accents of love.

The old demon of passion pulled hard at Vernon's heart. Linwood's words maddened him, and the desolating, fearful scourge of jealousy raged furiously in his breast.

"What of the fire?" he asked impatiently, "leave her to me, Albert, and follow the men who have gone to try to extinguish it. As I can be of no use, I will sit here with her until she recovers, while you can direct the hands, and if possible, save a portion of the house."

"The right wing of the building," returned Albert, "I fear must be consumed; I left a portion of the labourers trying to extinguish the flames on the other side, while I brought a few this way in my search for Sybil, whom the servants and I failed to discover in any portion of the house, although we concluded in the end that as both your and her rooms were vacant, you had sought shelter where we found you at last. As you suggest, I will go and try to give some system and order to their endeavours, but even with their best exertions, I fear that the house will not be habitable for some time, and to prepare you for the worst, Vernon, it may, possibly, if the wind rises, burn to the ground, and then what could we do with Sybil—where could we find the nearest shelter for her?"

"Leave that to me," said Vernon, "I have already thought of a plan. I pur-

chased the cottage in which she lived formerly, not long ago, and it is in the care of a trusty servant—if you will remain here and do what you can to assist those brave men, I will take her there, John driving us in the carriage. Save everything that you can belonging to *her*, and tell Mary to follow after us in your vehicle with every comfort which she thinks Sybil may require, and if we start immediately, I hope that the poor child will open her eyes upon a more peaceful scene, and one of a less exciting nature than this."

"Your plan is the best that could be imagined," was Albert's answer. "Vernon," he continued solemnly, taking his hand, "it is not for me to tell you, her protector, her friend, the guardian of her childhood, the faithful watcher of her maturer years, to shield her as you would the best treasure in God's giving, but oh, my friend, when I say to *you* be gentle with her gentle nature, be patient with her in her helplessness, you will realize how much, how entirely I love Sybil Gray."

And so it came to pass that Sybil, leaving the stately mansion of Vernon Grove a mass of thick, smoke and desolating flame, was bound on a pilgrimage to that humble homestead, the cottage in which she was born.

The rocking motion of the carriage and the current of cool night air, soon restored her to consciousness, but far better would it have been had she been insensible, for she awoke to experience a burning fever in her veins and a sensation as though liquid fire were playing over her hands and arms. Though her gaze could not penetrate through the thick darkness, she knew that her head was pillowed upon a beating heart, and that an arm was supporting her form. She knew that but one cared to hold her there and thus, and but to one belonged the privilege.

"Where are we going, Albert?" she questioned faintly, "when will this dark, mysterious ride come to an end?"

"It is not Albert, it is I," said Vernon in a voice trembling with emotion. "Albert is with the men trying to extinguish

the fire. Are you better, Sybil? Are you in any pain? Can you lie tranquilly until you have regained your strength, or until we reach the little cottage where you and your grandmother once lived?"

"Awhile ago I did feel pain," she answered, "fierce, intense, burning pain, for the flesh upon my hands and arms is all scorched and shrivelled away; but it was in a good, a righteous cause, and now there is no pain, for *you* are safe,—only a perfect, perfect rest."

Vernon thought that her mind was wandering still, and realized the cause in the horrible truth that her hands and arms were in the condition which she had described, and the agony made her delirious. He thought, too, that he might be cruelly bruising them by the rough clasp of his own rude touch, and by a gentle movement he released her in a measure from his supporting arms.

"Are you tired of me," she asked reproachfully, "do I weary you? do you want to put me far away from you still, needing as I do now, more than ever, a heart, a home, a resting place?"

"Tired of you, little Sybil!" said Vernon in a tone of the deepest tenderness and tempted almost beyond endurance to tell her all; "tired of the light of my life, my only hope and joy? God knows that I never should tire of you; I am only wretched and forlorn, for soon my Sybil will leave me, and my home lies in ruins behind us. But what right have such as I," he asked bitterly, "to Sybil or home?"

"And is our beautiful house at the Grove a ruin, and is this the reason why we are taking refuge at the cottage, and shall you be poor now, Mr. Vernon, with no home but that humble one?"

"And what if it be so, what then?" asked Vernon moodily. A sudden sharp pang of bodily agony elicited a groan from Sybil; the torture of those fearful burns was almost more than she could bear; then that sudden anguish passed away somewhat, but not entirely, and the paroxysm left her calmer when it was over, and she gasped out a few hurried words.

"Soon—some other time—when this

agony is less, I have something to say to you, but not now."

"Is there any thing that I can do for you, any evil that I can avert?" said Vernon anxiously, drawing her tenderly towards him again, as though to protect her even then, "tell me; will you not let me help you with my advice or sympathy?"

The answer came in a way that he was all unprepared for.

"Yes, Richard."

The words were slowly and deliberately spoken, and thrilled him through; the tender tone brought the hot blood to his cheek; he could not believe that he was awake, but thought himself under the influence of a dream and was silent.

Like a poverty-stricken man who has prayed for relief and suddenly finds himself struck, bruised and felled to the ground with heavy showers of massive gold, so felt Vernon; the precious metal lay within his very grasp and yet it was denied him to gather it.

"Ah, Sybil," said he, breaking the silence at last, "I must do my duty by you though keen suffering to myself be the penalty. Though you promised to call me '*Richard*,' when you returned, and though the sound is sweeter than any that ever came to mortal ear, you must do so no more now that you belong to another. If he were here, Sybil, do you think that he would regard with complacency or any approval whatever that word spoken from your lips to me?"

Recklessly came her reply, a mad whirlwind in contrast with his calm, deliberate, cautious utterance; mad enough, strong enough, to demolish any barrier between them, powerful enough to bend, ay, to break even his iron will.

"I know not, care not, Richard."

But he kept his vow: love and honour made him strong; love for Sybil, whom he now scarcely regarded as a responsible person, but as one tortured into delirium by pain, and that strong chain of friendship by which he was bound to Albert, and which, rather than sever, he would have encountered death. Still something further must be said, and that he spoke desperately.

"Sybil, Sybil, beware; you have redeemed your promise given under other circumstances than these; but if you do not, Albert would care had he heard you give utterance to the word which you used just now. Think you, if you were to me what you are to him, loving me and beloved by me, that I could calmly hear you call him '*Albert*'? Think you that I could spare a tone, a whisper of tenderness? Why, Sybil," he continued, eloquently pleading for another's right, and advocating another's cause, "were you mine, think you that I could bear you from my presence? no, you would be mine—mine exclusively, my treasure, my joy, my religion, my life, and next to the God whom you have taught me to love, my all. It is thus with Albert, his affection for you is as jealous, as requiring as this. Ah no, welcome as that word is, I must not hear it again; once, I might have wished it, but oh, not now, not now."

"Thank you for reminding me of my duty," answered Sybil, with something of her old dignity of manner, though in a bitter tone. "If I can, mark me, Mr. Vernon, *if I can*, I will be to you what you would have me, cold and distant," then withdrawing herself entirely from his support, she uttered a piteous moan of exhaustion and pain, and added in a voice of anguish that long vibrated in Vernon's ear, "but you are too cruel, almost too cruel to your poor little suffering Sybil."

These were the last coherent words that Sybil said for some days, for when they lifted her from the carriage and placed her on the bed where she once as a child lay, a brain fever, added to the severe injuries that she had sustained, brought on a raving delirium, and the kind and skilful physician who was sent for, plainly told Vernon, who besought him to be candid, that he feared that all his care and experience could not raise her from her desperate state to health. And then with as much delicacy as he could, he informed Albert and himself that they must be prepared to see her, whom they loved so well, the victim of a painful and lingering death; neverthe-

less, while there was life, there was hope, and that much depended upon unwearied attention to those dreadful burns, and careful watching.

Careful watching! the dove watches not her nestlings so jealously, nor the mother her child more exclusively than did those men, Vernon and Linwood, watch the poor sufferer who raved in delirium in that little chamber, not indeed in any words which could betray the secrets of her heart, but as if the mention of her cottage-home had brought back old memories in her unconsciousness, she fancied herself a child once more, roaming in freedom there among the forest birds, and gathering wild flowers in her path. Both were bound to her, Vernon and Linwood, by a triple cord, and all jealousy, all envy were laid far away. Were she to die, Linwood felt that the world would be suddenly deprived of all interest and beauty, and rendered a gloomy place; he dared not contemplate the possibility of a future, even though it brought to him fame greater than mortal had ever won before, without the light of Sybil's smile. *Sybil and Death!* It was madness to breathe the two words in connection. After a life spent together, a life of perfect happiness and congeniality, he could fancy her hand in hand with himself, calmly journeying onward to the grave, and should the summons come to her first, being willing to part with her only because it would be an earnest of his soon rejoining her to part never more.

*Sybil, dead!* said Vernon in communion with himself, in thoughts which he scarcely dared to breathe to the winds, she who, to save him, had brought herself low even unto the gates of death: she who had counted suffering but a slight thing, so that he suffered not! Oh were she to die, willingly would he make his grave beside her, welcoming the pall, the bier, and even the dreaded uncertainty of the hereafter as a happy exchange for the positive pangs of acute suffering which such an event would bring.

*But Sybil did not die.* Youth and strength triumphed at last over that terrible attack, and she awoke to conscious-



ness. Now that her fearful and incoherent ravings were over, and all immediate danger past, the faithful housekeeper, who had been devoted to her through her illness, persuaded Vernon and Linwood to leave her entirely to her care, as the excitement of seeing them and conversing with them might occasion a relapse, and as it was nearer to their precious charge than the cottage sitting-room, they spent the greater part of their time in the little entry which communicated with her room, pacing to and fro, watching for the tidings which were brought them at intervals of the welfare of the invalid, and in arranging offerings of fruit and flowers or other little gifts which they thought would amuse or interest Sybil, the sending of which was accompanied always with cheering messages of affection.

As Sybil became convalescent and once more was interested in external objects, when the ticking of a clock attracted her as something which broke the monotony of that long season of confinement; when a stray ray of sunshine playing upon the wall assumed to her almost the significance of the real presence of some cheerful visitor; and when even the reminiscences of her old attendant, whose early years were any thing but eventful, acquired a vast importance in her lonely patient's estimation, it is not to be wondered at that she often found herself trying to catch the tones of Vernon's and Linwood's voices, or that it entertained her if she but heard a word now and then from the little neighbouring entry.

One morning—one Spring-promising morning, her attendant had purposely left the door which led from Sybil's room into the passage open, in order to accustom her somewhat to the fresh air ere she returned into it, and leaving Sybil alone for a short time, she went to attend to some household arrangement. As she lay there feeling stronger and better than she had done for many days, she heard the voices of her watchful guardians in conversation, and though she heard her own name mentioned, and knew that it was almost a breach of trust

to listen, still she had neither the strength nor the will to let them know her proximity; a kind of trance-like spell enveloped her faculties and kept her mute.

But that hour achieved more for her than her physician's most devoted attention, and while she listened with a smile upon her pale face, and her eyes bedewed with grateful tears, it seemed to her as though some heavenly visitor stood before her and softly whispered, "*Sybil, behold your reward.*"

"This is the third week that she has lain there," she heard Albert say, "uncomplaining and gentle; what patient endurance is hers, what true Christian forbearance."

"Yes," replied Vernon, "Sybil acts out her principles as one would have the truly religious do; when one thinks of the pain of a single trifling burn, and then reflects on what she has to bear, that excruciating agony, that tedious dressing of the wounds, that retaining for hours the same position without a murmur of impatience, one cannot but be struck with her fortitude. Then add to these, that, through which, thank God, she has already passed, the chill of ague, the burning thirst of fever and its terrible restlessness, all borne as though they were but a feather laid upon her,—the life which she has lived since that fearful night is a sermon preaching better things than a thousand eloquent discourses."

"Hers is indeed a patient spirit," answered Albert, "and it is with no little self-congratulation that I think that she who is the fairest creation I have ever seen, should also be the purest and best, and that the example of the woman who is to be my life-companion must ever be a gracious one to me. What an unenviable fate would mine have been had I, with my love of the beautiful, chosen a wife whose attractions were merely in the outward adorning and not in the perfection of the inner life."

"You are fortunate," replied Vernon, scarcely repressing a sigh, "and when I resign her to you, it will be with this testimony, that it was she who first planted the germ of resignation and religious

feeling in my breast. Often the poor child has seen it wither and fade, but by her prayers and tears she has guarded and watered it until it has grown into a wide-spreading branch; not that I boast of it, Linwood, for we are talking now as man to man, with freedom and unreserve, but because I rejoice that her prayers are answered, and that she, with her innocent trust, has made me almost what her aspirations have aimed at, one who humbly, and with a need of His mercy, loves and fears God."

Sybil crossed her bruised hands upon her breast and raised her eyes upwards as though her glance could pierce the inner heaven, and though she felt happier than she had ever been on earth before, she longed at that moment for the power to take wings and to utter her gratitude and delight for the words which she had heard from Vernon, at the very throne of the Almighty Father.

It was thus that her attendant found her on her return with that rapt angelic look, so much more beautiful than ever, so luminous with purity and joy, and remembering that she had promised to allow Vernon and Linwood to come in for a few minutes to see her young charge, now was the time she thought, when a faint colour blushed in her cheeks, and her eyes glistened almost with the brightness of health, to redeem that promise.

Telling Sybil that her faithful friends desired to congratulate her upon being so much better, she asked her permission to allow them to enter.

"Yes," said she gladly, "let them come in; how faithful, how constant they have been."

"But only for a few minutes," said the careful nurse, charging Sybil not to exert herself by conversation, and with another look at her patient to see if the rosy flush still remained, she went to acquaint Vernon and Linwood with the joyful intelligence that her patient would see them.

She was the Sybil, and yet *not* the Sybil that Linwood had last seen; the first was of earth, the other a vision from heaven.

She was lying half-propped up by pillows, with her face in full relief against

their snowy whiteness; her brow was marble-like in its pallor, her lips like those of a carved statue, not crimsoned as Sybil's had once been with the rose-bud hue of health, but almost colourless, while her cheeks were so faintly tinged with the rose that one might have thought their blush a reflection of the skies at dawn. Her hair, always floating in natural curls on either side of her brow, was now put back from her face in a smooth mass like a cluster of pale, golden threads, while over her bosom in graceful folds, lay her white robe, with its delicate edging of lace, giving additional softness and purity to the whole.

Sybil was the first to speak.

"How good, how kind you have been," she said, looking from one to the other with moistened eyes. She *glanced* over at Linwood, but upon Vernon her gaze rested with lingering fondness.

Led by the sound of her voice, Vernon stepped forward to take her hand, the common, every day act of the blind man's life, something that stood in lieu of a sympathizing expression which others could throw into their eyes.

Sybil stopped him as he approached. "You forget," said she playfully, "that a burn is a long time in healing, and no lily-white hand can I offer you as did the dames in days of old. My faithful knights must live in hope that one day I may fasten a favor on their shields, when the bandages from my poor, disfigured hands are removed."

"Forgive me for my thoughtlessness," replied Vernon while he turned away from Sybil that she might not see on his face the anguish that he felt. "I forgot for one moment that terrible experience in my joy at hearing your voice again. Would to God, Sybil, that mine had been the fate to perish that night in the flames if it would have saved you from a single instant of suffering."

It was far from Sybil's thoughts to awaken any sad memories, or to have that visit aught but a cheerful one, and hasting to change the conversation, she dwelt upon the pleasures which were in store for her, and listened gladly to the plans which Albert and Vernon had

been laying for her, until the minutes allotted to them by the nurse passed swiftly away, and she warned them that the time had expired. While she was guiding Vernon out into the passage, Sybil beheld with a terrible sinking of the heart that Albert remained behind.

"Sybil, my own, my beautiful," he whispered, "I thought I loved you once, but my love for you was weak compared with the almost worship that I feel for you now. Could you not speak one word of affection to be to me a memory, a joy, until I see you again?"

Her lips tried to articulate, but no word reached his ear, while a spasm like that of pain crossed her face, and her white lids closed helplessly over her eyes.

"You must go now, Mr. Linwood," said the affrighted attendant, who glanced at Sybil as she returned, "am I not right Miss Sybil?"

"Yes, yes," was the impatient answer, and when the door was closed upon him, Sybil alarmed her nurse, who had no key to her words, and thought that her delirium was returning by her wild manner, and wilder expression.

"This cannot, shall not last," she said, "I must end it, or I must die."

## CHAPTER XXV.

"Farewell; farewell; may never come to thee

These bitter tears now sadly crushing me,  
*I give thee up*,—thy good requires my pain,  
And thou shalt never hear from me again  
Affection's words—nor shall thy eyes e'er see

One look that speaks a lingering love for thee,

For I have given thee up."

"'Tis better to have loved and lost  
Than never to have loved at all."

Health came once more to Sybil, as the rosy dawn overspreads the morning sky. First with a pale flush, then a rosier gleam, and then a blushing red. She was waiting for her full strength to perform a duty, the neglecting of which haunted her like a nightmare, and which she knew must not long be deferred, and at last she felt that the hour had arrived.

Vernon spent most of his time at the Grove, endeavoring to lay plans to remedy the ruin which reigned there, and it was well that he thus had an object to distract him from gloomy thought. He tried to cheat himself into the idea that he was becoming more light-hearted and cheerful, when in fact he was only endeavoring, for the sake of those whom he loved, to cultivate cheerfulness, and when he returned to the cottage at evening, though a heavy and sad heart lay beneath, his was the merriest laugh, he the most buoyant of the trio there.

One morning when Vernon had thus left Sybil and Albert together, to enjoy, as he imagined, as fond lovers, the sweet freshness of the day, the coming Spring time, and the luxury of quiet interchange of thought, Sybil proposed a drive through the beautiful woods which surrounded the cottage as a sure means of entirely restoring her to her wonted strength. She had not miscalculated the effect which she thought it would produce, and it was after her return, when her limbs were stronger, her blood bounding healthily through her veins, her heart, even, braver for the fresh morning air, that she said to herself—"Now I will do what I must do, even though to Albert I bring a sorrow incurable, and gain coldness and disapproval and a second banishment at Mr. Vernon's hands, for I will not be false to myself and God another day."

There were in the little cottage parlor, Sybil and Albert. The season was that of late winter, when the mid-day is a foretaste of Spring. The evergreen trellised vine, which Sybil had trained as a child, hung through the open casement into the room, and the sunbeams flickered through the leaves and played lazily upon the floor at Sybil's feet. The air brought with it a drowsy influence unfitting one for action; the birds hopped noiselessly from branch to branch; the cattle in the distance were passively lying in the fields; everything breathed of the *fulness of rest*. All nature seemed plotting against Sybil and the work which she had to do. In the still air, the cloudless sky, the silent earth, there seemed to be a pause, but had an angel appeared beckoning her out

to wander in Paradise, she would have said calmly—"By and by; now there is something for me to do."

She sat in a low chair by the window with the dreamy influence of that brilliant noon upon her, with no remains of her illness lingering about her, save a faint scar upon her hands, which she almost hoped for the sake of the memory it brought would never entirely be effaced. Albert leant over her and was saying something playfully about her brilliant colour, and how well it would contrast one day, not far in the future, with white orange blossoms. They looked happy lovers—they were—what? Their words will show.

She could not mistake his meaning, and with a start she woke into life.

"Sit down, Albert," she said, "here before me; I have something to say to you."

So seldom did Sybil express a wish in Linwood's presence, that ere it was well uttered, he dropt the ringlet of gold which he had caressingly coiled around his finger and obeyed her, and sitting full in the light of her eyes he awaited what would follow. Then she gazed quietly, steadily at him as though she would read his very soul and measure what he could bear mentally, he who loved her so.

Albert took her hand, while she scarcely observed the action, so absorbed was she in thought, and pressed it to his lips.

"Ah, this little hand," he said fondly, "this little, scarred hand; tell me, Sybil, when shall I have the right to call it my own?"

Sybil, still gazing down into his eyes with that searching glance so unlike every other glance of hers, which had ever before been turned away from his, firmly drew her hand away.

"Albert," she said, "you must bear patiently with me, you must listen calmly to me. I am about to tell you something which will make us both sorrowful all of our lives, but not to say it would bring to me, madness. Promise me that you will not frighten me by a violent expression of disappointment, for I feel that any undue excitement might carry me back

to those fearful hours of delirium through which I have so lately passed."

"Anything that you have to say," he answered with assumed calmness, "I am ready and willing to hear."

"Then I will say it at once," she replied, turning away from him at last the fixed gaze of her eyes. "It would be hypocrisy to act towards you any longer as if I did or ever could love you. For Mr. Vernon's sake whose wish it is, and for yours, I have tried with earnest prayers to accustom myself to the idea that in you, I should at last find that peace and happiness which one would naturally expect, situated as we have been. I have schooled my heart, I have put fetters on my free soul in vain. That the fault is altogether independent of yourself, that you are all tenderness and goodness, and that I am ungrateful and wicked, almost, I humbly confess; but why waste words upon the prelude? Albert Linwood, I can never be your wife."

Linwood's face had gradually assumed an expression of mute despair, and then when the whole truth came, he bent his head slowly and held his hand before his eyes as though to avert some horrible doom which would crush him to death. He did not weep, he did not moan; Sybil would have been glad had he done either; any thing was better than that deep, dead silence, that upraised arm and deprecating look, the quivering which passed over that strong man's frame.

"Albert," she said softly, removing his hand from that fixed posture of despair and looking upon him pityingly, "let me be to you a sister, a friend; speak to me; tell me that what I have done has not made you hate me."

"Hate you!" he answered in a voice of unutterable tenderness, "it would be hard to do that, beloved." Then changing his tone and looking at her fiercely, he continued—"And yet I ought to hate you; I ought to hate one who, by a few utterances, things called words that have the power to blast a life forever, has taken away in an instant of time hope, joy, happiness, and left me desolate, ay, desolate, Sybil, take it, in its full, wide meaning and bring it home to yourself. Re-

verse the case," he said, with increasing excitement, grasping her wrist and compelling her to listen to him, "suppose that *you* had learned to love some favoured one with your whole being, that never prayer was uttered by you which included not that other, that you looked forward to a life spent with him as a consummation of bliss not ending here, but continuing on into eternity;—then imagine some terrible fate coming between you and the loved one, more terrible than if the man dying of thirst should be denied water, the weary man rest. Would you not be tempted, mind you, only *tempted*, to curse that fate?"

"And so you curse *me*, Albert?" she said mournfully, "*pray* rather, for those who despitefully use you and persecute you."

"No, no," said he, drawing her towards him with inexpressible tenderness of manner, "how can I curse what is mine, and you know that you are mine, Sybil, now and forever. There is no escape from a promise given calmly and willingly as you gave yours. Sybil, I cannot let you go, you are too precious, too much a part of my very life; yes, thank God, *you are mine.*"

Alas for Sybil, her task became more difficult each moment; it was almost as hard to gain her end as to live the false unnatural life of the past few months, but she had plunged boldly into the stream, and nought remained for her but to seek, with what strength she could, the opposite shore.

"I know," she said, "I know that you have my promise to be yours, *and that you love me.* It is because you do love me so fervently that I make this appeal to you. Oh, Albert, you would never be quite happy, with your exacting nature, in a life without affection on my part; there would always be a cloud over our home as if God had forgotten us in dealing out his sunshine; our mornings would be cheerless, our evenings gloomy because of the want of perfect sympathy, and I feel, I feel in my inmost heart that ours would not be the true life. There is a better, a happier state of being, when the pulses bound at the sound of a beloved

voice, when the blood runs swifter at the approach of a coming step, when the heart, satisfied with its destiny, says, 'I am content! This could never be our united experience,'" said Sybil, her cheek kindling at the picture she had called up. "Then let me appeal to the very love which you have for me, to release me from the promise, which I gave before I had a realizing sense that I was acting out a grievous wrong, a sin. Say but four words, Albert, four simple words spoken because of your generous nature; if only breathed in a whisper I shall hear them; say to me, '*Sybil, you are free.*'"

In the earnestness of her appeal, she arose and laid her hand upon Albert's, while her beseeching eyes were raised expectantly to his. She might have said as other women had said before, after a solemn promise to be constant,—"*Go,*"—one word having the power and significance of many, but the memory of perjury would have haunted her through a lifetime. She wished him to resign her by an act of his own will.

There was a pause, a long, painful pause; a mighty struggle raged in Linwood's breast; he felt like a shipwrecked mariner who sees that the frail plank to which he clings must inevitably be swept from his grasp, and yet with the certainty of his doom hanging over him, is loath to loosen his frantic hold.

"Have patience with me, dearest," he said at last, "you have appealed to my *love*, that strong, absorbing, second nature of mine; have patience with me awhile; I would be alone with my thoughts, and make the trial in imagination, to see if I can do what you ask; like the martyrs of old, I would measure my strength of endurance and consider if I could bear unflinchingly the cruel tortures, the fierce devouring flames which assail me and which at last *must* reach my heart."

Saying these words he put her away from him gently, and paced the room restlessly, as though he were a criminal pacing his narrow cell. His eyes rested upon her not for a single instant, he seemed to be oblivious to her presence; his thoughts all introverted, *himself* was the one subject of his contemplation.



At last there was a cessation in that quick, nervous tread and he stood before her and gazed at her long and earnestly. His look was haggard, his whole expression was changed and years of suffering seemed to be stamped upon his face.

"Sybil, look up," he said; "if upon the outer man is pictured what I feel within, then there will be something for you to remember in all the years of the future. Not, dearest, that I would have the memory a suffering, a sorrow, but because I would have you feel that it is no light thing to which you have appealed, no passing fancy, but a principle of my life mingling with my being, as the heart throbs in my breast, or the blood flows in my body; had my love been less, had it been selfish, did I not count myself as nothing in comparison with your peace and happiness, this sacrifice would never have been made, but since you wish it, dearest;—*Sybil, you are free!*

Her joy told itself in her suddenly clasped hands and an inadvertent, "Oh! Albert, I thank you."

"She thanks me, Oh! God," he exclaimed bitterly, "she thanks me, she might have spared me *that*."

"Forgive me," said Sybil, her eyes filling with tears, "I only meant —."

"You meant what you said," he answered mournfully, "and I must not blame you for your truth; but Oh, my beloved, my own precious one, my lost treasure,—the years will be very dreary to me now; summer will bring me no sunshine, winter no joyous fireside, time no glad, elastic renewal of youth. Stars will shine, but not for me, Sybil, for you alone gave beauty to my life, and you alone can take that beauty away. Remember me, dearest, as ever thinking of you, ever praying for your welfare, and so mingling your memory with each noble inspiration, each successful effort, each triumph in my profession, that my love of you and love of it will be one and the same. Every blue sky will tell me of your eyes, dearest, those tender, soul-eyes that won me with their wondrous beauty; every golden sunset remind me of your wealth of rippling hair; every line of grace in earth or air bring me in thought

to you. Say to Vernon that I have gone, for I cannot see him with this weight of anguish crushing me, gone forever from him and you. Yes, I *must* go," he answered in reply to her appealing look, "for were I to stay, my eyes would haunt you ever with their mute sorrow, while turning upon you especially their old loving glance. And now, Sybil, farewell; if you ever think of me, if ever you say to yourself 'where is the wanderer now?' imagine me as toiling for fame, not for any joy it might bring me, but simply as an object in life, something to sweeten a bitter memory, something to blunt the sharp point of an eternal agony. Seated there with your head bowed and revelling perchance in your release like an uncaged bird, (I blame you not, dear love,) you little know at what a price you have bought your freedom; behold in it a crowning sacrifice of affection, the very perfection of love, yes, Sybil, you are *free*."

Softly he raised her head and kissed her brow, and smiling strangely that she wept, bade her not waste her tears upon his sorrows—then laying his hands lingeringly upon her fair, drooping head, he looked once again at her wondrous beauty, as though to impress it unfadingly upon his memory, and departed from her path forever.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

"The banquet and the song;  
By day the tourney, and by night  
The merry dance traced far and light,  
The masquers quaint, the pageant bright,  
The revel loud and long."

Rich? ask'st those if he's rich? Observe me, Sir!

His money bags are *torpid* they're so full!  
Crammed, glutton-like, with lumps of spend-thrift gold,

That swell their sides and sleep!

*Barry Cornwall.*

"Good resolves a moment hot,  
Fairly begun but finished not."

Mr. Clayton's house was still a central

point of gaiety, and Isabel a star that shed lustre over it, but at times there was an inexplicable expression of joy in her lovely face which was apart from and independent of the crowd who gathered nightly around her, a look as though she were listening to music unheard by other ears, or saw beautiful forms visible only to herself. But her secret, whatever it was, did not interrupt her life of thoughtless pleasure, for who so exquisitely attired, so bent upon enjoyment, so glittering with costly gems as the fair mistress of that palace-home?

Nor was its master changed in aught since the opening of our story save in the outward, bodily change that years had made. Now, as then, he was flushed with success; everything that he touched seemed to turn to gold; no speculation, however wild, but yielded him abundantly, no investment so extravagant but that it brought him a return ten fold.

Pale, hollow-eyed men, harassed with toil and failure, besought this flourishing Croesus for his assistance or simply his advice, since he was so successful in all that he undertook, but the last he was not always ready to give, because it might teach them his secret of luck,—the first never. Heads of Charity Societies appealed to him in vain. What had he to do with charity, when he paid an exorbitant tax to support the poor? Little bare-footed children pleaded with him for a penny for some starving mother, but he scowled forbiddingly upon their upturned faces, and sent them away empty-handed.

White hairs silvered his head, reminding him of the flight of time; death aimed a fatal arrow at friends and companions to tell him that the grave was the end of all, and still the toil was only for gold, no other treasure did he lay up than that.

Albert Linwood had entered like a shadow among them, and like a shadow had passed by. In a few words to Isabel he had told her what had come to pass, and then bade her farewell forever. Something like a tear dimmed her eyes as she listened to his touching words, but a thoughtless smile succeeded almost be-

fore he had passed from her sight; she had other things to interest her besides the story of another's sorrow.

To Florence, when Isabel carelessly related the account of Linwood's visit and its cause, the intelligence came like a death-blow. Her existence suddenly became a blank, for her schemes had proved useless, her toils futile, her life a wreck, made so by her own imprudence and folly. With no object to interest her, more and more restless she became, more and more repining and discontented, until even Isabel deserted her once intimate friend or welcomed her only when she could be entertaining and cheerful to her guests or herself.

The soft, mild, earnest of Spring which saw the parting between Sybil and Albert was followed by a spell of severe and almost unprecedented cold, one of those atmospheric phenomena for which there is no accounting, when the chilling ice and snow treading close upon a genial smile of Nature blight the fair promise of a season of fruit and flowers. The ice hung in long festoons upon the newly budding trees, the sod was frozen and hard, the sleet came down in one white, pitiless sheet, and the sudden change of temperature was a trying ordeal even for those who were housed and comfortable.

But upon the *poor*, especially the improvident poor, the visitation of another wintry spell was an unlooked-for event,—the more so because the unusual severity of the weather shut them out from many employments that it was their custom to be engaged in, but though neither help nor advice were withheld by those who had their welfare at heart, the demand for money to supply their necessities was so great that their friends almost despaired, under the new appeals which were made to them for succour, to satisfy even their moderate demands. In answer to one who was interested in their destitute condition, and who applied to Mr. Clayton for a mite from his overflowing treasury, he replied coldly that he had nothing to spare, inasmuch as if he gave to one he would be obliged to give to all of the applicants who daily bes-

ed his doors. Failing to move Clayton's stony heart, and knowing the thousands that he bestowed on useless luxuries, the zealous advocate was not to be discouraged, but sent his wife to the rich man's wife with a touching account of a family in utter poverty, whom she might relieve by a trifling amount spared from her superfluities.

The weather was cold, as I have said, and the day particularly so when the appeal was made. In a luxurious chair, whose downy cushions alone would have imparted warmth to a freezing body, sat Mrs. Clayton, when the friend of the poor was ushered into her presence. A glowing fire burnt upon the hearth, a foot-warmer supported the feet of the dainty lady whose form was wrapped in a superb cashmere robe, lined and doubly lined for warmth, and the cold air was excluded by every contrivance that art and ingenuity could fashion.

She was watching the snow-flakes as they softly descended with a dreamy smile upon her face; her eyes were directed towards the window, but her thoughts took a wider range and dwelt upon the future, the coming eventful latter days of Spring, when she trusted that upon her breast, as lightly as laid those feathery flakes upon the earth, a little child would rest as pure as they,—that long wished-for, long-denied gift of God, the secret of her happy, mysterious smile.

The door opened and a servant approached and said to her that a lady without desired to see her upon a matter of importance.

"Show her in," said Isabel, quite willing to be amused or interested by any one;" bring more coal and keep the fire glowing this freezing day."

The servant left her and ushered in the humble and conscientious pleader of the poor man's cause. Well-bred and refined as she evidently was, she could not repress a look of astonishment and curiosity at the luxury around, but soon remembering her errand she thus stated the case—

"They live," she said, "this poor family, in the worst hovel ever seen;

nothing but a crazy shutter excludes the cold, and when it rains, the floor, from the dilapidated condition of the roof, is inundated with water. They have no money because the father can obtain no work, and the mother is too ill to think of exerting herself in any way for their maintenance. The worst feature of the case is, that a little child, who might be relieved by timely aid, a bright-eyed nursling of only six weeks old, must soon die unless it can obtain the nourishment which the mother is too weak to give it."

"Ah, then, they have an infant," said Isabel, showing for the first time an interest in the recital; "and is it pretty, and attractive, and has it sweet, winning ways?"

"That, I scarcely know," replied her visitor; "all that I do know is, that the child is very near death, and we have had so many calls upon us lately, that it is impossible to assist these as effectually as we would like to. Could you not from your abundance spare enough to keep that father from despair, and the mother and child from starvation?"

Isabel's heart was touched; she expected her purse to be plentifully replenished in the evening when her husband returned, she said, and then would send an abundant supply of money to relieve their necessities.

Her visitor then carefully designated where the donation was to be sent, and was most particular in her directions; a neighbour she said, as poor almost as they were, who had rendered many a service to the suffering family, would be the recipient of the donation, and lay it out in a judicious way for their comfort. Then calling heaven's blessing upon Isabel's head, with grateful acknowledgments, she departed.

Mrs. Clayton passed the remainder of the morning absorbed in a new novel, and forgot, in imaginary griefs, the real ones of which she had heard, when the dinner hour arrived and her husband returned. He shook the feathery flakes of snow from his dress in a playful manner, and looked as though he had enjoyed the frore air without, so well had he



been protected by furs and the warmest garments against its severity. His spirits were high, too, and he entertained Isabel with an account of that day's glorious achievements, in which he had outwitted two sharp business men, and had come off victorious with several extra hundreds. The dinner passed cheerfully; then came Isabel's *siesta*, an hour of deep and uninterrupted repose, almost always necessary because of her late hours and evenings of excitement. On this afternoon, too, she had especial need of rest, in order to be able, with refreshed spirits, to attend a grand festival which had occupied her thoughts for many days, a Fancy Ball, in which she was to appear in the character of *Night*.

Her sleep was long and refreshing, and her first thought on awaking was to make arrangements for arraying herself for the long-talked-of, long-anticipated ball, in a toilet which, though exquisite in its simplicity, was remarkable for its richness and perfect taste.

Her robe consisted of black velvet of the softest and most silky texture, relieved on the bosom by a fall of the most elaborate lace which art could manufacture or money purchase. Her hair was combed plainly over her brow, and above its glossy smoothness rose a tiara of diamonds in the form of a crescent, from which descended a black veil almost reaching to the feet, and which, together with her dress, was literally studded with small stars composed of the same precious stones. Upon her arms and neck were glittering bracelets and a necklace of jet and diamonds, and never had Isabel so well deserved the epithet, "beautiful," as she did on this night, when she stood before Clayton in her imposing and radiant costume.

"You are magnificent," said Clayton as she flashed upon his sight in all her brilliant loveliness, "even the gorgeous *Night* will find a rival in you this evening."

"I knew that you would like me," she said with a smile of gratified vanity, "my mirror told me that you would approve of my dress and me, and now, Clayton, tell me if I am not right in thinking that

you would not love me half so well if I were simply attired as a village country girl?"

"That is not a hard question for me to answer," he replied, "but still one that I could not merely dismiss with a 'yes,' or 'no.' I could not love anything that I was not proud of, and Robert Clayton's wife is most loved when he is most proud of her."

"And are you proud of me *to-night*?" she returned with pretty coquetry.

"What a question to ask when you know that you are peerless, and when I have told you that the *Night* herself, the inspiration of song, the beloved of the poets, will look at you with envy through her ten thousand starry eyes."

Isabel was satisfied; she knew her power, she mistrusted not her fascination, but there was a yearning in her heart to assure herself that the mere externals were not what Clayton alone prized, a yearning which all women must have who possess that fleeting, perishable gift of perfect beauty; so dangerous in more than one sense. Nor is it a satisfying possession; there is a continual struggle to preserve it and to meet the expectations of friends, and when it fades,—as fade it must,—unless a mind is well regulated to bear changes and disappointments, its decline is a positive period of suffering to her who has owned it. Far preferable must be that happy medium state termed "good looking," upon which years make no impression, except in many cases to improve, and where not cognizant of any great falling off, one feels somewhat of an approach to the happy consciousness of "growing old gracefully."

"Suppose," continued Isabel, "that there had been some mark of defect upon my face, suppose that I did not possess the beauty which you give me credit for, or that my eyes had been blinded like poor Richard's,—would you have loved me then as now?"

"Your beauty first enchained me, I confess," said Clayton seriously; "that was to me all potent, and I was fortunate while I fell a willing captive to your charms and won you for my own, to find

you possessed of fine qualities of the heart. I fear that if you had had any of the defects which you have just mentioned, you would not have attracted my admiration, and that, alone, leads to my love. No, had you been blind or deformed, I would have passed you by as not in or of my world, for I have a dread of anything that is so constituted by nature. An accident, like that of Vernon's, I should view in a different light; when the beauty of one who is dear to you is defaced after you have learned to love him or her, habit is so strong that you are not repulsed but love on,—but this, Isabel, has nothing to do with your question, and I have been led into quite a little oration while the carriage has been in waiting for some time; why agitate such questions, dearest? Be satisfied that you are all that I could wish, and that I love you as devotedly, as exclusively as even your requiring nature can desire."

In this half playful, half serious converse, which they both had reason to remember for many, many years after, passed the half hour that preceded their going to the ball, and amid its brilliant scenes, where Isabel reigned triumphant, *her promise to the friend of the poor was forgotten.*

A late breakfast found them talking over the events of the night before, and as the same lady, whom Isabel had so cordially welcomed the day previous, desired to speak to her for a few minutes, the waiter ushered her in without ceremony as one whose visit would be acceptable.

Isabel received her with a conscious blush, and stammered out some apologies which her visitor did not appear to hear.

"I have come," she said hurriedly, "to inquire about the money which you sent yesterday; unfortunately it did not arrive at its destination, and it must have been taken to the wrong house."

Clayton looked from one to the other for an explanation.

"It is only about a poor and suffering family," said Isabel, "to whom I promised to send some aid."

"I am sorry," said Clayton gravely, "that misguided persons will persist in making their ill-timed applications for assistance here,—and more sorry, that at this time, Isabel, they should worry and distress you by their revolting pictures of the suffering of the poor, who, after all, seem to me to be surrounded by comforts without the trouble of toiling for them. You have promised, however, therefore you must perform; here is sufficient to keep them for some time from starvation, though I think it a superfluous donation, inasmuch as I have to pay enough away to-day in the shape of poor taxes to pave their floors with silver."

Isabel extended her hand to receive the comparatively small donation which her husband handed her.

"Stop, Mrs. Clayton," said her visitor, laying her hand with dignity upon Isabel's; "there is no need of your charity in the case I mentioned, as it would come just twelve hours too late, and your promise did not extend to others. After I left you yesterday, hope sustained the little group I mentioned to you, until the day wore into night, and then it merged into despair, and I learned this morning that after waiting in vain for the assistance which I told them they could depend upon as being sent from you, the husband, maddened by poverty and want, took refuge in the bottle, and is raving in the delirium of drunkenness; the wife, more shocked at his state than pressed even by hunger and disease, dying,—and the little infant whose frail thread of life was only held unbroken by its mother's devotion, far beyond pain and trouble—dead."

"Dead!" echoed Isabel. The word rang like a knell in her ear while her lips repeated it again and again. "The little infant dead!"

"Children die daily," said the visitor, unable to refrain from a parting word of reproach, "but scarcely under such circumstances as these."

Clayton frowned gloomily, Isabel trembled at the just rebuke, while, conscious of having done her duty, their unwelcome guest passed quietly from the room.

## A MAIDEN'S VISION.

A TRAGIC TALE OF THE OPEQUON.

A. D. 1858.

## I.

On the crown of the hill where the sunbeams lie,  
 Piled in golden drifts by the gleaning clouds:  
 Where the large oaks loom, and the noisy birds fly  
 At dawn from their coverts in light-spurning crowds;  
 Thick flowers behind, and a green slope before  
 In a gentle declivity drawn to the stream,  
 Stands a Mansion of peace with a wide-opened door,  
 And a perfume of pleasure as sweet as a dream.  
 From the porch in front your delighted eye  
 May sweep o'er a picture surpassingly fair;  
 The billowy fields and the mountains high,  
 Where the clouds rest to loop up their loose-flowing hair;  
 The knightly oak, and the minstrel-pine;  
 The laurel, so sweet to an aching brain;  
 The oak, and the tulip, whose bloom holdeth wine,  
 Wherefrom the bee drinketh an odorous pain.  
 Oh! fair are those woods in the Moon of leaves,  
 When the Spring sleepeth there with vine-hooded face,  
 But fairer are those, who, in purple-eyed eyes,  
 Mellow woodland and sky with transfiguring grace.

## II.

Whereof I would write 'tis the false-hearted May,  
 When meek Viola's eyes swam in tears of blue light.  
 There were seen on the green sunny flashes of white,  
 And the swell of proud forms, and cheeks envied of Day.  
 There were little feet tripping along the walks.  
 There were little hands busy among the flowers.  
 "Oh! Robin, pour song thro' the jessamine-bowers!  
 Oh! humming-bird, rifle the sweet-laden stalks!"

## III.

## 1.

Two accoutred horses champ before the door.  
 One is as white as the creamy spray, 'neath the Moon on the Ocean's shore.  
 Two accoutred riders walk along the sand.  
 One has a rosy-tinted neck and a lily-enwoven hand.

## 2.

Oh! the sweep of the swelling robe on the air that whistles y.  
 Oh! the flash of the clear-cut limbs, like arrows that seek the sky.  
 The nodding plumes, and the liquid laugh,  
 (So swift they pass you but hear it half)  
 Thrill each steed with a drunken speed.  
 They go through the valley and up the hill, like barbs on the desert's tread.

## 3.

Aha! 'tis the blood in the charger's veins: it soon will run less warm.  
 'Tis the thrill and the dart of a fiery pulse at the touch of that splendid form:  
 "The hill is steep; your eyes are blind with the shower of drifting mane.  
 "Sit firm in the saddle and tightly grasp in your right the too-loosened rein.  
 "Hurrah! we are down; the bridge is passed; now up the hill and away!"  
 He leaped from his horse with a lusty shout. At his feet the lady lay.

## 4.

Cold and white,  
 Like the snow on the Earth in the silent night,—  
 Shut eyes—closed lips—her head reposes  
 On a bed of curls, crushed like storm-trampled roses.  
 Will she not hear? He whispers near.  
 He breathes soft words in her very ear.  
 The angel who guards the buried child  
 Hears not the Mother crying wild.  
 She has passed away from this world of moan  
 To walk in a dream-world of pain alone.

## IV.

## 1.

What saw she in that world of swoon?  
 A summer land whereon a moon  
 Did pour its silver wo,—  
 Blue-waved skies with stars like shields  
 That glitter on tempestuous fields  
 When blustering bugles blow,—  
 A long and tremulous line of white,  
 That curved and gleamed beyond the sight  
 Between black streets of trees,  
 Upon whose banks wild roses blew,  
 And lilies spread, and poppies threw  
 Deep slumber on the breeze.  
 A silent night-bird, circling over  
 The wave's profound, disturbed a rover  
 Who floated in a barge  
 With silver oars that brightly shone,—  
 A solemn barge yclept "Alone,"—  
 Amid the lilled marge.  
 Slow was its course adown the stream—  
 The man leaned forward as in a dream.  
 The white-lipped ripples wound  
 In languid circles round the oars  
 That amorous stretched to reach the shores  
 Whereon a castle frowned.  
 It was a building dark, with walls  
 Such as when twilight round him falls  
 A child sees built in sky,  
 Grim, vast and terrible. High loomed  
 Huge towers wherein were secrets tombed  
 That with the dying die.

The dungeon-windows, black with bars,  
Closed mouldering argosies of wars,  
    Stark skulls and whitening bones.  
Along the halls there ran a clash,  
When winds burst through with roar and dash,  
    Of steeléd armour-tones.  
The old clock struck a mournful time.  
The Christmas bells scarce knew a chime.  
    The flag forgot to float ;  
The mountain-pile of wall, whose gates  
Once hurled defeat on hostile fates,  
    Now choked the hoary mount  
The bugle dreamed—the nasts of war  
No Eagles warmed—the fire of Mar  
    Died out long, long ago.  
Deep quiet settled on the towers,  
Like sleep on children lapped in flowers.  
    Only the stream did flow.  
The fierce old Lord of other days,  
Was lying 'neath the Summer's maze,  
    The Moon's scorn on his breast—  
And, it was said, his wraith each night  
Walked round the towers in armour dight,  
    Death could not give him rest.  
He had a daughter—never wed—  
A saint's sweet halo round her head,  
    A cascade of wild hair.  
Her eyes were marvellously clear,  
Fringed with long lashes, where a tear  
    Did sometimes make a lair.  
For years she had not crossed the moat.  
Only she poured her golden throat  
    Across the stream at night.  
And then, twas said, her father's shade  
Shrank back into the grave, dismayed,  
    And stars fell from their height.  
None guessed how she beguiled the time.  
Whether with pencil, skein or rhyme,  
    Whether with smiles or tears.  
They only heard her tender tunes  
Float out below the rising moons,  
    Like dirges over biers :  
Or, often in the evening late,  
Some reaper hurrying by the gate,  
    Looked with a sad amaze  
Upon her at the window sitting.  
Watching the swallows round her flitting,  
    Dreaming of other days.  
And then he thought how, when a child,  
Her beauty thrilled him on the wild,  
    A pale, slight youth beside her,  
And how the land flashed with the tale—  
Her father's wrath—his dying wail—  
    Her lover (wo betide her !)

Sprinkled with blood from duel-grounds,—  
Pursued afar by phantom hounds,

And this sad prophecy:  
*That never till his soul could meet  
On Calvary's mount or Salem's street  
Relief from torture—pardon sweet—  
Could they united be.*

Alas! full many a year had flown.  
Her trysting-tree to fruit had grown.

"She must be sadly worn  
With watching,"—So the people said.  
"Alack-a-day, if I were dead!"  
They sometimes heard at morn.

## 2.

The star-led bargeman, as in dream,  
Scarce touched an oar upon the stream.  
Lo! skyward rose her song.  
It sighed—it swelled—it sank—it soared—  
It shook a soul's most dainty hoard,  
In swelling cadence long.  
It was a tender tale of wo,  
With burthen wrung from long ago,  
Of watchings many a year.  
And thus it floated o'er the lilies:  
(Alas! for her. How very chill is  
Such grief sung slow and clear.)

## 3.

"He will not come. The breezes blowing  
"Among the roses faint and die.  
"Upon the fields the herds are lowing  
"Responses to the milkmaid's cry.  
"He will not come. The shadows creeping  
"Enwrap the dim plains in their gray.  
"The sun has set—the stream is sleeping—  
"My heart is dying with the day.  
"Ah, me! Ah, me!  
"Would I might die with this sad day!

## 4.

"He will not come. No more forever  
"His eyes will beam their love on me.  
"Our feet no more will press the heather,  
"Our steeds like wild winds sweep the lea.  
"But I will wait. In heavenly places,  
"Beside the streams whose waves are white,  
"I there will twine celestial graces  
"To fill his soul with deep delight.  
"Ah, me: Me, me!  
"My soul floats outward to the night.

## 5.

The water crept unto the banks—  
 The lilies raised glad eyes of thanks—  
     The roses woke the bees.  
 A shriek was heard within the walls—  
 The air was streaked with starry balls,  
     That crowned the emerald trees.  
 The boat shot swift unto the marge—  
 The name that shone in letters large  
     Was lit with mystic flame.  
 "Here would my soul find deep repose."  
 He plucked a burning spray of rose,  
     And kissed it into shame.  
 His purple mantle dropped apart.  
 The golden vesture near his heart  
     Disclosed a gittern sweet.  
 He struck the chords with fingers light,  
 And thus upon the hills of night  
     Song passed with slow drawn feet.

## 6.

"I come with the spice-winds over the sea.  
     "On the sea-gull's wings of foam.  
 "I come this night to be near to thee.  
 "Oh! open thine heart, from a shoreless sea  
     "Let the weary dove come home.  
 "My bitter wail, through thy Spirit's mail,  
     "Would stir thee to Love's early vows,  
 "To the tender thought of a whispered tale  
     "'Neath the blossoming April boughs.  
 "Dost think, lady fair, of the words spoken there,  
 "While my hand crept and coiled thro' the bloom of your hair?  
 "I came this night to be near to thee,  
     "To see but thy shadow and die.  
 "I've sought sweet-eyed Mercy on Calvary,  
 "I've found but a ghost's wailing cry.  
 "I would die to-night, 'neath the moon's holy light,  
     "By the gloom of the castle-walls,  
 "That perhaps I might hear when my lips grew white  
     "The beat of your dear footfalls.  
 "Oh! come and save, if your love be brave  
 "To grapple and conquer the hate of the grave.

## 7.

Up flew the casement-sashes high—  
 A garment fluttered 'gainst the sky—  
     A white sash floated out—  
 A step struck on the marble stair,—  
 He knew the music,—her wild hair  
     Swept like a banner's flout.  
 Across the court and through the gate,—  
 Like bird at night to meet her mate,—  
     Over the stone-choked moat,  
 She came with love-ensandled feet.  
 He sprang to meet her, and a sweet

Sound on the air did float.  
 The moon looked down the clear stream over.  
 She saw the maiden and her lover  
 Pass arm in arm along  
 The lilyed marge. "Both day and night  
 "I've waited for you at yon height,  
 "And poured my wail of song."  
 "While I," he said, "have knelt beside  
 "The tomb of kin who for us died.  
 "Or in Gethsemane  
 "Have prayed the slow-houred night away,  
 "And wept in morning's dewy gray,  
 "If mercy *there* might be."  
 "Oh! it is *here* and has been ever,"  
 The maiden said, "you wronged me never,  
 "But I could glad forgive,  
 "Love, like the sun doth never die.  
 "Through clouds obscure the azure sky,  
 "Or through a lightning-sieve  
 "The large rain sweeps in spectral lines,  
 "Some wild light floats—some rainbow shines—  
 "Some gushes fleck the lea.  
 "My heart, like old Manorial hall,  
 "Waits but to hear Love's bugle-call,  
 "From your heart's chivalry.  
 "I sound the bugle," then he said.  
 He clasped her to his breast—her head  
 Drooped on his shoulder broad.  
 Her eyes forsook their woeful look—  
 The sunlight darted from the brook—  
 "Her soul straight skyward soared.  
 "The oracle is sealed," he said,  
 "The ghost will slumber with the dead.  
 "We meet no more to part.  
 "Oh! stars, claim audience of the night!  
 "Oh! moon, make pathway with your light  
 "Unto the halls of glory bright,  
 "The halls of truth—the realms of Might—  
 "Where reigns supreme—the *Heart*."

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 V.

'Neath the rosy domes of June,  
 To the mocking-bird's wild tune,  
 We make love. Ah! well-a-day.  
 June may come and June may go,  
 Autumn gleam and Winter snow,  
 But Love maketh sweet delay.  
 Go, swift birds, from East to West.  
 Where you find a place of rest  
 Come and tell me. *There's my Love*.  
 She is here and she is there,  
 In the ocean, in the air.  
 Sweet, sweet heart that livest above!



## THE LETTERS OF MOZIS ADDUMS TO BILLY IVVINS.

## FIFTH LETTER.

*Mozis on Kansas. Inside veiw of Political Life. Miz Hanscum and Mayan.*

DEER BILLY:—Billy that warnt no Kongiss I seen, twarnt nuthin but the Spreame Kote, which I shood uv knode it in a minnit ef that ar loryer hader hiseted the saddil sheerts uv his mentil anemil and socked the rowels uv his vois intoo the intestins uv his argymint as is the fashin uv the mo notid as well as uv the yung and asspirin membus uv the wrooril barr. Uv the reeul Kongiss thar is a par uv um, bein 2, wun small wun calld Sennit, and wun bigg wun calld Hous. But lets furst igzamin the struckcher uv the Spreame Kote of the Yewnited Staits uv Emerryky, which it shall bee a breef expositchin, quite breef.

You buy a par uv plow lines from—we'll say Ned Sinker in Fomvil. They turns out to be wrottin in the twiss, and you refusis to pay fer um. You git sude, and jedgemint goes agin you. You apeals, and the sute goes on frum Kote to Kote, hier and hier, untwell it gits way heer into the Spreame Kote, sichyewatid under the Washintun Kongiss bildin, as afosed. Thar it stops, it's got too the verry lass knotch on the beem uv the mighty stil-yuds uv Jestis. Nine-humin turkils in silk gounds takes the kais in hand, and when they've sed thar say, nuthin mo kin be sed, you got to shet up, pay fer yo ole wuthless, ole plow lines, and a heap mo besides. At lees this ar Mr. Argruff's explaynashun which he gin it too me sune arftur the advencher wrelated in the finis, the eend uv a phormur epis-sill.

As to Kongiss, to retern. Thar's a par uv um, Hous and Sennit. Ef wun ar called Hous, the uthar orter be called Hut or ruther Volt, sais Oans, becos Sennit ar a meen littil gougout darkey hole, whar-as Hous ar a wresplendid and imments apartmint, got up without wregard to coss, and full of the finis paint and gil-din, jined together in the mose startlin and ixquizit tace, saim is a writch, a brite and a brilliyunt quilt, which a stewjus ole

made in the country, havin a igzistunts littrully bloated with spar time, she maiks it, and sends it, with menny aint-chent and vurginul tears, and phond hoaps uv glowry, to the Anyul Farr at Richmun, whar it taiks the pries or doant taik it, akordin too the mo or less pew-terifide cents uv the bewtyfull uv the Kummitty on quiltz fer the time bean. Thus seth Oans, and I fobar to add nuthin to the crittycism.

Sence heer I've bin, I've bin to Kongiss a menyer time, and ef I has lernt ennything, which I has my douts uv it, it ar this. Ef uvver I doo cum to Kongiss, which I shill nuvver doo it is long is I kin mall rails or eet persimmuns, the fust thing I intends to doo ar pintidly to interjuice a nact to amend a nact that nuvver wuz intitled a nact to permote the efeeshincy uv Kongiss; fur uv all peepil on the fais uv the erth to tauk, and tauk, and tauk, and do nuthin, they is the beet.

And Kanzis, Billy—goodness nose I wisht it wuz berrid under Willisis moun-tin. I doo think it's enuf to maik a man cuss out and quit the humin famly which has heerd what I has heerd on this drottid subjick; constunt, Billy, without no ses-sashin furuvver and furuvver mo. Nar a tiem has I gone to Kongiss but strait-way a man upriz and pode foth the viles uv his rath on Kanzis, howlin at it like a houn when you blow the hon fer dinner, yelping at it like a fice when he seas a straindge nigger cummin in the yard.

But I stans by my party in this heer matter, Billy. The gloyus dimmockraasy and Mister Wilyum Cannon (I hates the vulgly way uv callin uv him Mr. Buck Cannon) is rite, puffickly rite in thar psitshun. What is the facks in the kais? To witt, the folrin, naimly:

Kanzis is throwd opin fer settilment. The Noth rushis at it, an the South rushis at it, but the Noth havin uv mo wuthless peepil with nuthin to doo, and bean wre-

lidgusly deranged on the subjick uv slaivry, gits the upper hand of the South—thar is mo Nothun than Southun peepil in the Terrytory. Mr. Wilyum Cannon sais, “now gentmen, thar’s but wun pint uv diffrents betwixt you, and that ar the queschin uv niggers. Hold a lection and detummin fer yoselves whether you’ll come into the Yuneyun with niggers or without um.” Warnt that puffickly far, Billy? Puffickly. And the Southern men in Kanzis sais it’s far. But what duz the Northern men say? The Northun cretus in Kanzis sais to Mr. Wilyum Cannon: “You’s a derved ole fool. Aint we hide by onr fannytickles preechers and peepil, and our expentsis pade, to cum heer and make mischief? And you reckon we’s a gointer quit makin uv mischief jess becos you say so? Sposin we quit, what we gointer doo? We aint plantid no cropp, we aint ingaged in no reglar honiss business, we dun got used to travlin bout the kuntry killin uv the cussid slaiv drivers, and we *cant* quit—we aint got no tace, and we aint good for nuthin eltse. No sir ree, Mr. Wilyum Cannon, we’s a gointer keep on a makin uv mischief is long is we ken maik a livin by it, and taint no yuse fer to say nuthin bout it. Now you got it.”

Akordingly the Northun men wrefusis to vote at the leckshuns, and Kanzis cums heer a slaiv stait. Mr. Wilyum Cannon is ableest to let her in, evin if he didn’t want to doo it. He cant help it.

Billy, spouse you wuz the farther uv a famly, which I hopes you’ll have two duzzun uv childun, all boys, werkin out in the feel. Cum dinnir time, the boys all aproachis the house, drest in nuthin but thar sherts and britchis, dirty at that. Cumpny is in the drawrin room, ladies and gentmen. You goes to the frunt dough, and sais in a plesint vois, “my suns, go and dress yoselves nise and cleen and cum in, cumpny’s in the parler.” Part the boys goes and dressis, but the most uv um cussis you to yo fais, and sais they wont do no sech a thing; that they’ll cum in jess is they ar, and what’s mo they’ll cum in start nakid ef they want to. And then they goes off behind the kitchen and thar holes a meetin, and re-

solves that you is a meen, tiranicul man, and they intend to cum in befo all that nise cumpny start nakid or die in the atemp.

Spose this wuz to happin, Billy; what wood you do? Ef you wuz the rite sort uv a man, fit to be the hed of a famly, and to guvvun it proply, so is to hav the respeck uv yo childun and nabors, you’d pay no atenshin to the rezolooshins uv them nakid fellers, but you’d send a nigger into the woods for a arm full uv hickry switchis, an you’d whip evry nakid rascal uv um until they cum to thar sensis and assed yo pardun. That’s what you’d doo, Billy, and all the nabus wood say you did jest igzackly rite, and ef you wont abil to whip um yerself they’d help you.

Now the case uv Kanzis is jess like them boys. Uv koas the Noth stood by the nakid boys, becos they are the nakid boys themselves, and run madd enny way; but how enny Southun man shood uv hav stood by um is a mistry to mee. Perhaps they thot the nakid boys wuz too strong for you, and wuz a cummin into the house and take poseshun uv it and the hole plantation, in which kais, thinx the few Southun men that did stan by um, will cum in for sheers, and maybe they’ll make us ovesee, and we’ll hav the manidgment uv the whole istait. Self-intruss wuz at the bottom uv it, you may be boun, Billy.

But wun thing knox me about this Kanzis. Doant it apeer to you that them nakid boys, swarrin and declarin that they goin to doo jess is they plees, wrepresents what they call poplar sovringty? Certny. And yit, in Kongias, and all over the kuntry, gnuspapers and all, both them that went fer, and them that went agin Kanzis, includin Mr. Wilyum Cannon in his nogrul, *all* made thar argymint in the naim of the nakid boys, which is poplar soveingty, bowin down to um, complimentin uv um, tellin um they wuz the soace uv all powur, the vois uv God, and all that ar. Nar man has yit dared to heist his speach bold and squarr agin them nakid rascals uv poplar sovrings. When things is cum to sich a pass that we ar ableeged to carry on the guvnur-

mint and exekeut the lors, under falts pretentsis as it twuz; when we cant doo what we kno to be rite ixcep in the naim uv them we kno to be doin rong, then the grate hoss cart uv public afars is a gointer to stall pritty soon. It's bin a travlin uv a mitey ruff rode lately ennyway, the tail-bode is bustid, and the most vallybil kontents is a joltin out wun arfter another powful fast. Befo long, I'm afeard Mr. Wilyum Cannon will fine his hosses is goin too fast, and lookin roun to sea what's the reesin, will fine the waggin-boddy intiley empty, the lode all gone, cleen.

In Hous and Sennit, frum time to time, I've sea the mos distinguisht meu uv the nashin, and bin astonisht at thar close resemblunts to the rest of mankind. But menyer grate man livs in a common hous, like Unc Jim for igsampil; so tis with the soles of jeenyus, which most in ginrully speakin dwells in tennymints, badly bilt at ferst, and soly in knead uv new wetherbodin, white-wash, and mo brix on top uv the chimblys to bring um up to the standud uv granjer.

I has sed thar is a close resemblants between Kongismen and human nacher is you find it layin about ennywhar. To be kandid, Billy, they is wun and the saim thing, identykil, wrepresentatives and men is. Git jam up aginst um, you can't tell um apart to save yo life you can't.

I wuz struck with this remokabul fac freakwently when I has went into Honnerbul Mr. Swomplansis room, and a pompus and mo kunseetid ole fool than ole Swomplans nuver had pockits in a kote tail. Pusnally hees igzactly like Littleberry Huddilstun, igsept his hed ar ball, but his cacktur ar a mixtur uv Ganwy's Yawk and Bell. Now tuther nite.

Thar wuz thar in ole Swomplans' room three or fo yung Kongismun, and bewchiful spesmins they wuz. Nuvver in all my bawn dais did I heer sech cussin an swarrin and tellin uv joaks. They got to runnin wun nuther about thar reekods.

You sea, Billy, soon's a man gose into pollitix everything he sais and duz is kep akount uv, and that akount is called reekod. So ef a pollytishun duz ennything rong, his ennymis goes to his reekod and pints out the fac, and the very plais and time whar he dun it, and has got to tell mo lies than anuf to get shet uv it. So when they wuz all a talkin bout this, yung Mr. Joans he ups and swo he had the damdis mos butyfull reekod on erth. Then yung Bosin ript out and sed he wisht he may be teetotally swept into—I kant use the word, Billy,—ef *his* reekod warnt p'yo\* and spotliss is the senter page uv the sacrid album uv a virgin's sole. "D— it," sais Joans, "howd you vote on the Kanzis-Nebrasky bill?" "And cuss you, diddin you maik a speech lass Summer in favu uv distributin the proseeds uv the publick lans? You ar no better than an infunnil No-Nuthin ennyhow," replies Bosin. So they went rippin and cussin at each uther tel Swomplans he spoke up and tole um they wus compromisin the dignitty uv Kongreshnul carrickter. "What," sais he, "wood yo constitchyunts think ef they cood heer this undignifide, pofane, and vilent oltercashun?"

They both damd thar constitchyunts to the ole boy, and took a drink. They wuz cummentsin at it agin, when lettill ole Melloo stopt um, sayin uv: "Gentmen, you ar both equilly grate, and yo reekods equilly immachulet, but listin to this." He red frum a paper heed bin ritin, which went on to say that a telegraf dispatch just reseved frum the grate Dimmo-kratio Convenshun, then settin (imadjnin the year ateen-sicksty-ate) at Hayvanner in the Ilund uv Cuby, had anounst that eether the Rite Honnerbil Sennytur Bob Joans, or Guvor Tom Bosin had reeseved the unanmus nomnashun fer Pressydint.

"Uv koas you'll be electid," sais Melloo, "whichever gits it, and as things is goin on wun uv you will be boun to git it, and now I wanter know what you gointer doo for me, yo ole and valyud fren and intmit kumpanyun?"

Bosin spoak furst. He sais:

"I shell pursurve the dignitty uv my stashin. I shell say, Mr. Melloo, I'm not unmineful uv the past. I recall the plesint hous uv yuth, when we wuz frens togethur, as I'm yose now. But I o it to my kuntry and myself to make my adminnystrashun gloyus, and to that eend I inten to slekt for my constitewshunul advisers, and for the princepell wrepresentatives uv the wrepublikk abroad, the verry furst men in the knashin. My long akwaintunts with you will not justify me in assining enny uv thease psichins to Mr. Melloo. Nevvertheless you shell hav a poss uv honnur and uv proffit. Whereupon I'll hand you yo commisshin as consul to Livpool or Peekin."

Then Joans sed: "You aint goin to hear no such stuff is that frum me. Soon's you call on me at the White Hous I am a gointer say, 'Peter,' (that Melloo's givin naim,) 'Peter, ole feller, how ar you. I'm d—d glad to see you. Taik a seet and set down.' Then I'll send for a bottle uv green ceal, and we'll both git is drunk is d—. (Billy, you mus igskuse my koting his drefle pofannyty.) And befo you go way, I'm gointer say to you like Ole Buck sed to Forny, 'taik whatever you dam pleas.' And ef you ar smart like Forny, and go in fur the publick printin, you shell hav it. I'm not goin to refuse you nuthin. It'll then be wuth about two milyuns a yeer, and ef we dont hav the tallest kind uv a time you may take my hat. We'll liv like the Sardeens uv Annopolis,\* becos I doant inten to git marrid, but I'm a gointer to hav all the pritty wimmin in the Yunitid Staits bodin at the White Hous free uv charge; and we'll rip rite throo fo splendid yeers, certin an sho! Joans may talk about his adminnistrashin, but mine is gointer to leave behine it a streak uv glowry long is tail uv a comick and brite is a flash uv litenin. That's so. You may bet yo life on it. The way for a man to maik his administrashin glowyus is to stan up to his frens like ole Jacksin and taik the responsibillity. Twont do

for a Pressydint to be squeemish and consentshus. Consents be d—d! Ole Buck's tride that gaim, an it doant pay. Why the — doant he buy up about forty Black Republickins and put Kanzis thoo? He kin doo it eesy enuff. Peers wood uv dun it long ago."

Billy, them's his verry wurd. It's true he ware yung, both Joans and Bosin, but they ar upun a par with the ballance, jest is smart and smarter than wun haf uv um. And that's the way grate men, Dimmocrats and all, go on when they by themselves talkin bout thar kuntry, thar Pressydint, and the responsibil duties uv thar station like it warnt nuthin. Doant you say a wurd about this, you heer. Ef uvver it wuz to git out, the kuntry wood be ruined, ruinatid. Nuvver no members uv Kongiss wood cum heer no mo. Hoo cood truss um arftur talkin in that ar way? Why peepil in the kuntry, when they went to maik thar speechis at a preesink, wooddint dare to come anigh um. Wood they, Billy?

Heer I've dun run away with mysef agin, like a ole hoss arfter sum mischifus boy hav put a cuckly burrer under his tail. But pollytix ar a subject the mos pre-foun, requirin abundunts uv time and spais fer the proper treatmint and elucy-dashun uv it. Ef brevity ar the sole uv witt, lenth are the upper-lether uv lojick, which my mine ar verry cleer on this pint tharof.

I promist to tell you how I becum akwaintid with the ladis at the Mintzpi Hous, which the way uv it were in these wise. Wun day, goin in to dinner, my centsis compleatly absorbd in absents uv mine over the still mo futher puffleckshin uv my projick, rite at the dinin room dough I run agin Miss Saludy Prungil cummin a dantsin out as ushil, like a duck swimmin up to mill-wheel, and stumblin is I fell, I reecht out my han nachrilly to ketch sumthin, and getherd up sum tabil cloth and sum frock and sum cheer, which I think it muster bin the bac uv the saim, becos I upset Miz Hanscum backruds, brakin uv her plate

\* Can Mr. Addums mean Sardanapalus?

and spillin uv a salt-seller in my eye. Thar it wuz befo the hole cumpny, and how I got out'n it I suar ef I kno. I nuvver shell git over it when I thinx uv it. I kno I diddent eat nuthin that day, and were shamed to go to tabil tel evry-boddy had lef, tel laitley.

Oans—I doo like that Oans—he cum to me and cunsoled me, and when my mine grajually settled, tole me twuz my dewty to goe and apollygize like a gentmun. The perpriety wharof I perseevd at a glants. I assd him to give me a day to pepar my mine fer the undertakin, and when the day were past and gone, with grate delibbyrashun and fumness I adrest myself to the task, and dun it. Jest befo I lef hoam on this expedishun you reckollect I got me the finis kine uv a sute uv clothes maid in Fomvil, which I reckon they ar eekul to enny maid ennywhar, I doant keer whar. Rambut fer koats, and Forrer fer britchis, the wirl cant beet um. And I had a par uv boots maid by Tony; kin mo be sed?

Araid in theese garminits, I felt like a gentilmun, which I ar in sperrit ef not in apeerunts, and, with the help uv Oans, maid my apollogy soe satisfacktry, I soon becum a grate favrit with all the ladis, aspeshtly Miz Hanscum—powful atraktiv womun she is, Billy. Arfter a modrit amount uv ixperryminits, I felt as nachrul in the Mintzpi parler is a steer in a patch uv clover. I vissitid thar freakwintly, and sumhow or ruther I were alwais thode with Miz Hanscum, which were the okashun wun nite uv this hapnin.

Didje ever hav a par uv dough-skin broad-cloth britchis, Billy? How slik they is. Well I had on mine that nite, and whenuvver I has um on I cant help slidin my hans down um, it feels so good to the pam. Settin talkin to Miz Hanscum, she uberved my stroakin my britchis down to the knees, like they wuz the nakes uv two blak hosses jes curry-combd and rubd down—ubervin this, it atracktid her attenshun, and she sais:

“Those apeer to bee verry nise pantloons, Mr. Addums.”

“Yes'm,” I sais, “Forrer maid um.”

Then she assd me hoo Forrer wuz, and

I tole her, and that indewsd her to queschin me sum mo, and mo yit, tel finely I giv her my hole histry. I reckon twuz levin o'clock befo I got thoo, and everybody wore gone out'n the parler ixcept us, and we wuz settin plegg-takid clost together, she lookin so wurm and good out uv her brite eyes like she reely keered for my welfare, and I fealin fine and puffikly kuntentid to stay rite thar, and ef ennything a leetil closter, tel day. Jest then, the dough opened and in cum Oans, evvydently not ixpectin to find noboddy. I spect he wunted to look at hissself in the long lookin-glass they got thar runnin fum the flo clean up to the seelin. Ennyhow, the momint he seen us settin so intmit, he sais quick “ixcuse me,” and went rite out.

This kinder flustud me and I jumpt up, but Miz Hanscum she diddent mine it a bit, but sais in verry cam vois “set down,” and I set down, and we went on talkin mo intmit than ever. All uv a suddin, I jumpt up agin and sais “ixcuse me,” and run out and diddint hardly stop runnin tel I got into my oan room.

“What maid me doo so singly?” you sais.

*Billy, she wuz arfter findin out my seakrit, shose you born she wuz!*

You doant kno theese peepil in Washintun, and how keen they is arfter a vallybil thing. Haddint I heerd how the cunnin roskuls fum the North inveegils membus uv Kongis with pritty ladis? You cant fool me.

To tell the truth, Billy, this acurrants happened only lass nite, and I got a grate mine to stop bodin at the Mintzpi. It's danjus.

But this mornin I got up and tole Mayan the intire suckumunce, desirin to hav a intellijint veu uv a womun's dooins fum anuther womun. Mayan were dustin the mantil pees when I cummenst a tellin her, and she ternd roun and listined good til I got clean thoo. Then she ternd roun and cummenst dustin agin. I waited, but she diddint say nuthen. Gitin impaitent, I sais:

“Warnt I rite in my conjeckshur?”

She kep on dustin, and sais in the mos keerless manner:



"It's no seekrit the pritty lady's afther 'a tall, a tall."

"She aint so mitey dog-gon'd pritty," I sais, "but what were she arfter then?"

And reckon, Billy, she diddent say she were arfter *me*. That bewtifull, writch Miz Hanscum arfter me! The idee! Then I reekollectid Mr. Argruff sayin how all the ladies in Washintun wuz bleest to luv Mozis Addums, the bar cun-sepshun uv which giv me a pane in the eye-ball uv astonishtment. Verrily, the wirlde are straindge. Then I remembud the disparrity uv our suckumunsis in life, *at presint*, and sais out loud,

"Sher!"

But Mayan she went on rubbin uv the mantil pees—she dun rubd it all over two three times aready—not notesin me in the leese. Jest then my eye lit upun her han, and consoun me, Billy, ef it warnt the prittiest, lettlist, whitist, well form-did han in the wirlde.

S'I "Mayan. Look heer. Thar's sumthin rong about you. That aint no servunt gearl's han. That aint no han custumd to werk."

Soon's I sed it, she snatcht her han away like a bee had stung it, and hid it. Facin roun, she lookt at me white is a sheat, movin her lips, but sayin nuthin. Culler begins cummin to her cheek, yusuly verry rosy, and she broke out:

"Mozis Addums, you the biggis goos in the wirlde," an she phled, and wuz doun stars in a minnit.

The sentents abuv, she sed it in the verry bess uv English, like me an you speeks it, and it starkled me. I jumpd up and run arfter her, callin her:

"Mayan, Mayan." I sais.

"Surr," she wreplide, frum way doun the steps. It cum up coas is the teeth uv a whip-sor, and it hert me that bad I went and set doun on the bed fer a nour befo I gits over it.

Billy, thar's sumthin rong about that gearl you may be boun, and I'm not a gointer res tel I finds it out.

I shoold uv hav rit you this letter long ago but fer the arivil heer uv Oans' par, a scrowgin ole gentmun, long amost is the toe-line uv canel, havin uv ruther a pleee-in fais all kivered with har, and runnin all over toun like he wuz distracktid, and me and Oans kontinyul runnin arfter him in a stait uv painful mentil inziety and ankwish, fer feer heed loss himself or git hert. Peepil ort reely to be mo keerful how they low thees ole creturs to buss loos frum the wtraints uv the famly and fiside, and ixpose himself to the temtashins uv fashnubbil life in a sittu. It's hily injuyus.

So far yo wel, Billy, tel nex time,

Mozis Addums.

## ANALECTA SHAKESPERIANA.

We suspect that but few persons are aware how many of our familiar and household expressions are traceable to the writings of Shakespeare. All who read the bard of Avon, quote him, but there are millions that scarcely ever read a line of his works, who have his phrases upon their lips every day. Such expressions, for instance, as the "observed of all observers," "tell truth and shame the Devil," "suit the action to the word," and a great number of others, are of daily use by persons in every class of society. They are never thought of as quotations from Shakespeare, but have long been regarded as the common property of all

who speak the English language. You cannot take up a book, a magazine or a newspaper, that these Shakesperian proverbs do not meet the eye at every turn, and you cannot listen to an harangue in the Senate, at the Bar or from the Hustings, that they do not fall upon the ear. In conversation they are heard with even greater frequency, and indeed it is a rare thing for any tolerably educated person, to write, speak, or talk for fifteen minutes at a time without quoting Shakespeare, either consciously or unconsciously, so deeply are the thoughts of this author interwoven with the very structure of the our language.

We have collated from the dramas of Shakespeare some of these popular and commonplace phrases. The collection is very far from being a complete one, but such as it is, it will assist us to appreciate the prodigious impress which Shakespeare has made on the minds of men. No English writer, either in poetry or prose, has stamped the image of his own genius so deeply and indelibly on our language. Let the reader undertake to make up from Milton, from Pope, from Dryden, or from any other celebrated English poet, a list of proverbial expressions similar to that which we give below from Shakespeare, and he will soon find that his labour is spent in vain. The aphorisms which cluster so thick in the pages of the great dramatist, are to be found, if found at all, only at long intervals in the works of other writers, and we have not the slightest doubt that a larger dictionary of popular quotations could be compiled from the plays of Shakespeare alone, than from the writings of all the other English poets put together.

The "*disjecta membra poetæ*," which we here present to the reader, do not, of course, form the hundredth part of the quotations from Shakespeare, which are in common use. They are only the more trite and familiar ones which, as we have already remarked, have almost ceased to be regarded as quotations at all. We hold it to be a curiosity in literature, that a language should be indebted for so many of its axiomatic phrases to a single writer, and that the words of one uninspired individual should be echoed so often from the lips of millions.

#### ANALECTA.

Tell truth and shame the Devil.  
 More sinned against than sinning.  
 To go unwhipt of justice.  
 More in sorrow than in anger.  
 A custom more honored in the breach  
 than the observance.  
 Something rotten in Denmark.  
 Weary, stale, flat and unprofitable.  
 The times are out of joint.  
 There's method in his madness.  
 The ills that flesh is heir to.  
 A consummation devoutly to be wished.  
 To shuffle off this mortal coil.

The undiscovered country from whose  
 bourn no traveller returns.

Conscience makes cowards of us all.

The observed of all observers.

To tear a passion to tatters.

To tickle the ears of the groundlings.

To out-Herod Herod.

To suit the action to the word.

Lay not the flattering unction to your  
 soul.

The engineer hoisted with his own pe-  
 tard.

To what base uses we may return.

The head and front of my offending.

Moving accidents by flood and field.

Most lame and impotent conclusion.

To do the state some service.

Nothing extenuate nor set down aught  
 in malice.

Albeit unused to the melting mood.

A rose by any other name would smell  
 as sweet.

Let slip the dogs of war.

None so poor to do him reverence.

The unkindest cut of all.

The winter of our discontent.

A marvellous proper man.

The milk of human kindness.

Compunctious visitings of nature.

To buy golden opinions from all sorts  
 of people.

To screw one's courage to the sticking  
 place.

The snake is scotched not killed.

Cabined, cribbed and confined.

To make assurance doubly sure.

Fallen into the sere and yellsw leaf.

Curses not loud but deep.

Applaud to the very echo.

Fall of sound and fury signifying no-  
 thing.

To palter in a double sense.

To call spirits from the vasty deep.

Though last not least.

Could have better spared a better man.

Discretion the better part of valor.

Beggarly account of empty boxes.

The wish was father to the thought.

To flesh his maiden sword.

There needs no ghost to tell us that.

Under which king Benzonian?

Tedious as a twice told tale.

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily.

To burn daylight.

The baseless fabric of a vision.  
 Such stuff as dreams are made of.  
 Trifles light as air.  
 Jealousy, a green-eyed monster.  
 Strong as proofs of Holy writ.  
 To murder sleep.  
 To play fantastic tricks before high  
 heaven.  
 Dressed in a little brief authority.  
 The Devil can quote Scripture for his  
 purpose.  
 All that glitters is not gold.  
 A second Dapriel come to judgment.

I have thee on the hip.  
 I thank thee Jew for teaching me that  
 word.  
 Sweet are the uses of adversity.  
 All the world's a stage.  
 Chewing the food of sweet and bitter  
 fancy.  
 To live and die in single blessedness.  
 To roar gently as a sucking dove.  
 To shoot madly from its sphere.  
 To give to airy nothing a local habita-  
 tion and a name.  
 Comparisons are odious.

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## IGDRASIL.

BY CHARLES HENRY FOSTER.

Let me read the mighty inner meaning  
 Of that hoar and huge Icelandic myth,—  
 Holding the old Norse Thoughts' scheme of being:—  
 Let me find its deep and truthful pith.

Igdrasil! vast type-tree of existence,  
 Reaching over Nature, Space and Time,—  
 Grasping all the Universe, from Asgard  
 Down to dusk and sullen Iötunheim!

Rooted fast in dark, sepulchral Hela—  
 Thus the Life-tree springeth aye from Death:  
 There the Nornas, Present, Past, and Future,  
 Each her ministry of duty hath.

All its boughs high Epics bear of empire,—  
 From the elder foretime, grand and dim,  
 Every leaf, and bud, and knotted fibre  
 Singeth to us some world-battle hymn.

Words of sages, acts of fearless heroes,—  
 Men who show humanity divine,  
 Lives and deaths, events whose glowing issues  
 Throb in History's fair, unique design!

For one constant purpose blends in union  
 All the fitful throes of every soul,  
 Naught is lost, but each, or germ or blossom,  
 Tends forever to the single whole.

Life is onward, growth, a glad expansion,  
 No dull cycle through unwidening round;  
 'Tis a progress—no mere sterile movement,  
 To dead wheels and iron levers bound.

Honour now, to those believing pagans,  
 For their hopeful instinct toward the truth,  
 For their trusting, honest, prophet-spirit,  
 Keeping faith in Earth's eternal youth.



## BLAISE PASCAL.

There are mountains upon our planet whose snowy peaks, glowing in the rays of the ascending sun, foretell the day, long before it breaks, with splendor, in the east. So are there colossal and towering spirits, who catch, in advance of their generation, the light of those dawning truths which shall be unfolded, in their fulness, by the future. Such regal souls, thus gifted with prophetic thought, stand always on the borders of those eras of illumination, when the race, by some grand impulse, makes giant strides in progress.

Blaise Pascal lived about two hundred years ago. It was at the opening of the reign of Louis XIV, the Augustan Age of France. Just as he appeared, one splendid company of intellects was passing away from earth. Shakspeare and Cervantes had lately died, to be followed, at no long interval, by that august trio, Kepler, Galileo, Bacon. Already new lights were mounting in the firmament. Milton was then a youth of fifteen years. Cromwell, in whom lay burning the thought of the British Commonwealth, was twenty-four. Midway between these groups stood Pascal, linking that majestic constellation which was fading silently, star by star, with the radiant cluster just climbing slowly up the skies. It was an epoch rich with omens and prediction, the period of transition from the old to the new in Literature, Politics, Philosophy.

Even in his youth Pascal gave tokens of his greatness; making, while a child, a very pastime of the Mathematics; and later, by his triumphant confirmation of the Toricellian experiment, dealing a staggering blow to the Aristotelean authority, then grown strong in the undoubting deference of ages.

But the full measure of his genius was not displayed in these early labors. They were only the gymnastics of his profound and restless powers preparatory to an entrance upon a nobler mission. The far grander problems of morals and religion, even amidst the studies of his youth, had engaged his devout attention; and he found in them a dignity worthy of his highest efforts.

He now approached the spiritual crisis of his life, the memorable accident at the Bridge of Neuilly. There he met the last great enemy face to face, and stood for one moment upon the sombre threshold of eternity. After this ghastly glimpse of death, from whose fearful grasp he was snatched by a signal providence, he relinquished the vanity of human learning, and sought, in the quiet of his cloister, to realize the better life. His heart was now consecrated to the service of religion. Thenceforward, he beautifully blended in his being the elements of reason and devotion.

Although affected, like the masses of his fellows, by the leavening influence of the Reformation, Pascal remained a faithful Catholic. We may not blame his loyalty to the church of his filial love; for, doubtless, in this loyalty he saw his duty. The contests of theology into which he entered, show him consistently upon the nobler side. In the famous encounter between the Jansenists and the Jesuits, he wielded his Damascan blade in behalf of the more earnest party. The disciples of Jansenius were reformers but not heretics, for their teacher leaned firmly on the canonised and revered Augustine. They sought a deeper inward purity, and largely prized the exercises of an honest and healthy conscience. The Jesuits, however, perverting the sublime sentiment of Loyola, "For the greater glory of God," were grovelling in the basest casuistries. They were poisoning the fountains of men's souls. A searching, satiric intellect was needed to unmask them to the execration of the world. The company of Jesus had been gathering strength for a century; and was now a Briarean power, grasping Europe and the globe. Through its cardinal precept of Obedience, its tremendous energies could be called into play at a dash of the Superior's pen. Against these appalling odds, Pascal boldly pitted his single brain. We may read the issue of the struggle in the subsequent overthrow of that once mighty

Pascal strove persistently after that spiritual excellency which is the highest style of manhood. To his transcendent

institution. The *Provincial Letters*, exposing to the light of day the monstrous ethics of the Jesuits, unfixed their hold upon the masses, and brought about, in no long time, their prosecution throughout Christendom.

The literary merits of these *Letters* are of the highest order. Combining the diverse excellencies of Bossuet and Molière, they prove, to-day, the justice of Voltaire's emphatic praise in styling the writer of them the first of satirists. Even now they stand among the foremost of French classics. They are, moreover, monumental, as marking the formative era of that Literature through which France has led the nations in Philosophy and Civilization. Thus Pascal did for his own land, in subduing her language to the uses of the pen, what Luther had done for Germany.

Pascal now for a time returned to science; and, by a brilliant exploit, made good his claim to ascend the Olympus of her heroes. Geometry, the mistress of his boyish dreams, now came to him, with kindly ministry, in his sleepless nights of pain. The cycloid engaged his thoughts, and a felicitous conception led to the complete discovery of its properties. These results, although the highest thitherto achieved in Mathematics, and fixing the terminal pillars of its progress in his day, would yet have been forgotten had not the honor of the Christian church been made a plea for their publication—a plea to which Pascal could not but respond. He, accordingly, first challenged the geometers of all Europe to solve the problems; and, upon their failure, he published his own masterly solution.

A still higher toil awaited him to which he now addressed his undivided strength. He entered upon a work which dwarfs even his immortal triumphs in its exceeding grandeur of design. His labors were henceforth dedicated to the production of a great Apology for Christianity which should scatter that alarming Atheism already rising like an exhalation and covering the heavens.

The French scepticism, with all its political and social issues, has its root in the philosophy of Abélard. This great teach-

er of the twelfth century, made "provisional doubt," or the absence of positive opinions the basis of our reasonings while faith was recognized as their conclusion. Through a long series of disciples, this new Pyrrhonic school came down to Pascal. He, following the admired Descartes, adopted this theory which regarded not belief but doubt, as normal. His feet touched, very soon, those sacred boundaries which human inquiry may not transcend, and where reason loses herself in trust and adoration. He had explored the labyrinth of Pyrrhonism within the recesses of his solitary mind. He encountered at last an impregnable authority, and he knelt reverently before it. Having mastered the hidden things of Science, now, through Faith he laid hold upon the eternal mysteries. He looked about him and saw men bowed down beneath that bondage of unbelief whose fetters he had rent by a single throe. He burned to lead them out into the sunlight of his own glorious liberty. He essayed to shape the evidence, so clear to him, into a complete, convincing argument for sacred truth. Such was his lofty task.

He had but just entered upon this, the crowning effort of his life when the summons came for him to die. No hand has yet succeeded in rearing the materials he left behind into the structure he contemplated. Like those majestic though unfinished cathedrals, begun by the piety of the middle ages, but left to crumble into ruins, so may this grand attempt of Pascal remain forever a mournful memorial of unfulfilled endeavor.

Though there survive but fragments of that master work, whose consummation would have given an epic symmetry to Pascal's life, they do not wholly fail in accomplishing their purpose. The *Thoughts of Pascal*, isolated as is almost each of them, have a golden and perpetual value. Rich with suggestion and glowing with noble beams of truth, they can never perish nor grow old. In them reason renders to faith her highest homage. Of signal service this armory of weapons shall yet be in that portentous conflict, now closing fast around us, when Christianity shall finally encounter pantheism.

powers he added an innocence of life which was shiningly opposed to the vices of his age. Asceticism in him became transfigured. There is a saintly beauty in his self-abnegation, in his humiliation of his reason, with its wondrous forces, before the cross of Christ. While other monastics mortify the passions of the body merely, Pascal sternly mortified the eager cravings of the intellect. His was indeed a sublime surrender. Gloriously endowed as he was above his fellows, so much the worthier was the sacrifice.

interpret this matchless genius, as if the stately soul of Plato reappeared in Pascal. They had, both of them, the same clear insight into nature, the same deep intuition of superior laws. They had the same surpassing sweep of understanding, traversing in its range the total realm of knowledge and reaching out eagerly after the veiled verities that lie beyond. They had a kindred and divine simplicity of spirit, to which Pascal added what Plato had not, the virtues and graces of the Christian.

It has seemed to those who could best

CHARLES HENRY FOSTER.

### THE SMALL, WHITE LAMB.

The small, white lamb has strayed, mother, the small, white lamb has strayed;  
 I've sought to find it in the wood, and 'neath the hazel shade;  
 I've looked in every darkened dell, and in each forest nook,  
 And followed up, amid the reeds, the margin of the brook.  
 I thought it might have gone to drink from out the Shepherd's pool,  
 Where, underneath the birchen boughs, the water is so cool;  
 The pool was gay with lily flowers, the yellow and the white,  
 And in the brake, along its edge, were blossoms gay and bright;  
 I did not stay to gather them, for I was so afraid  
 The white lamb never would come back, that from the flock has strayed;  
 For sitting 'mid the daisies, where the oak-tree's shadow fell,  
 To-day I thought of all the tales Old Aleck used to tell;  
 Of courtly lords and ladies fair, and knights, on chargers bold,  
 And roguish, mischief-loving elves, which, in the days of old,  
 Around the grassy meadow-rings, their revel used to keep,  
 Till, thinking of these pleasant things, I quite forgot my sheep.  
 I wished the useless daisy flowers, upon their swaying stems,  
 Some fairy, with his magic wand, would change to burnished gems;  
 Would make each leaf an emerald, a pearl each blossom white,  
 And change the dew-drops on their leaves to diamonds glist'ning bright;  
 I thought of all the priceless wealth, which I would bear away,  
 And how I then might mingle with the noble and the gay;  
 And you, no more, beside your wheel, through all the day should keep,  
 Till, thinking of these pleasant things, I quite forgot my sheep.  
 I looked adown the dingle deep, I searched through all the wood,—  
 And, all in vain, I tried to make the best amends I could;  
 Then do not blame me, mother dear, nor chidingly upbraid,  
 Because, while I sat dreaming thus, the white lamb must have strayed.

I will not chide thee, Jeannie dear, the small, white lamb is here;  
 A good man found it in the field, far from the flock so dear,  
 And kindly brought it back to me; but, O, remember child!  
 And never more neglect your flock, to dream of fancies wild;  
 For wishes are like thistle-down; their wings are only lent  
 To bear about the noxious seeds of sin and discontent;  
 Then ever, like your straying lambs, your thoughts from wandering keep,  
 And ne'er, to muse on pleasant things, forget to watch your sheep. A. G. D.

## CHRISTIANITY IN THE LEGAL PROFESSION.\*

*The Forum; or, Forty Years Full Practice at the Philadelphia Bar.* By DAVID PAUL BROWN. Two Volumes. Philadelphia: Robert H. Small, Law Bookseller, No. 21 S. Sixth Street. 1856.

Our main purpose is not so much with Mr. Brown's book, as with a topic he has incidentally discussed—the ethics of the legal profession. We fully agree with him in the statement that his work has no pretensions to style. The frankness of the disclaimer will somewhat blunt the edge of criticism. As mere collections of anecdotes, and brief sketchings of legal biography, his volumes will prove to be passably interesting, and pleasant light reading; had their author claimed for them a higher position, they would unquestionably not have secured it. Humble, however, as are the claims of Mr. Brown's work, it should not go wholly unrebuked. We admit his perfect right to publish as many of his personal recollections as he may choose; and if designed and heralded as his own life, to mingle with it as much of egotism and self-laudation as may suit his taste; but we strongly question his right to devote largely more than a hundred pages of a work, professedly giving an account of the practice and practitioners of Pennsylvania, to a discussion of his own merits and position, while his recital of the character and life of such a man as Justice Washington is compressed into about twenty. The disproportion may not have been noted by Mr. Brown. He may possibly imagine that each has been treated according to his deserts—that the author of "The Forum" is entitled to fill a much larger space in the public eye, than the great, venerable and distinguished Justice; but Mr. Brown will scarcely get the reading public, either professional or non-professional, to agree with him. To

prevent mistake here, let us say that the memoir of Mr. Brown prefixed to his work was not written by his own hand. It seems to have been prepared originally by a friend of the author, for a place among the catalogue of the distinguished living, published by Mr. John Livingston in his "Biographies." The writer, however, had peculiar advantages for the work. He quotes the private journal of Mr. Brown, and gives us an account of his first public effort. From this it appears that Mr. Brown's debut in the courts of Pennsylvania equalled, if it did not excel, the highest efforts of Grecian or Roman oratory, and instantly placed the orator upon the pinnacle of fame! The biographer does not tell us, that like Erskine on the occasion of his famous first speech before Lord Mansfield, the Philadelphia orator received thirty retainers before he left the court room. He doubtless deserved them.

Having said thus much in censure of these volumes, we must say what it is in our heart to say in commendation of the writer and his work. He seems to be a good natured, cheerful old gentleman, liberal to a fault, and a sincere teacher of the lesson of good fellowship. He has placed a high, but not too high, estimate upon the practical value of strict professional decorum; and inculcates as one of the essentials to success as well as to comfort in the practice of the law, the cultivation of an equable temper, and seasonably and shrewdly remarks, that "no client would be safe in trusting the management of his cause to a lawyer who is incapable of self-government." He

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\* We regret that the article on this subject, which the author desired to appear simultaneously in the July number of the Christian Review and of the Messenger, reached us too late for full publication in the present number. The extracts we publish above, taken from advance sheets of the Review, embrace the substance of the argument of the article. It is hardly necessary to add that the Review is a long established and very able Quarterly, under the auspices of the Baptist denomination, published in Baltimore.

calls attention, too, to another feature in legal life, which may strike with some surprise those who are not familiar with its inner departments: "The result of professional harmony is the greatest mutual confidence. They rely upon each others word as an infallible bond. As between themselves, they rarely require any writing as an assurance. They neither doubt nor are doubted. This, among the other lofty principles of the profession, has secured them here and everywhere a position which neither envy nor calumny can ever destroy or impair."

The legal profession has been the subject of calumny. No one will doubt this who is in any wise conversant with the ordinary opinions cherished and expressed by some even of the more intelligent classes who have devoted themselves to other pursuits. As the result of calumnies widely and industriously diffused by those who believe them to be true, we think we do not err in saying, that a large proportion of thinking men, outside of the profession, regard the vigorous, faithful and earnest prosecution of the law as incompatible with the highest standard of morality; as illy consonant with the life and principles of the Christian religion.

It is our design, in the present article, to vindicate the profession from these charges, and to show that the prosecution of the law is not only consistent with the sincere profession and practice of Christianity, but that, in some particulars, the lawyer enjoys peculiar advantages for attaining to eminent usefulness in the Christian life.

It is scarcely necessary to say that if the law may be practiced at all, its practitioner is called upon to discharge its duties with vigor and fidelity. It argues neither a Christian heart nor a Christian head to falter in the prosecution of any work we may properly undertake. Energy and striving for success are as obligatory upon the Christian in the pursuit of lawful secular callings, as diligence and fidelity in the discharge of any peculiarly Christian duty. If, then, the Christian may be a lawyer, he should prosecute his profession vigorously and earnestly; he should

not hesitate to meet its full responsibilities, and to discharge them all; and if the life of the Christian be incompatible with the energetic discharge of the lawyer's office, duty to the client, duty to himself demands that the Christian lawyer should lay aside his professional robes, and devote himself to some other pursuit. This is the practical question to which we invite attention; may the Christian do this without soiling his Christian character, or impairing his Christian influence?

There is nothing essentially variant in the profession of Christianity and the practice of the law. To embrace the principles of the one does not, in itself, imply the denial of the principles which should rule in the other. So far as human laws are written on the statute books of the country, or have been unfolded and expounded in the decisions of the courts, the principles which underlie and regulate them are found to be, are designed to be modelled after and built upon the principles of Divine truth. If there be occasional aberrations from the standard, these have occurred, not from intentional disregard of the claims of the "higher law," but from misinterpretation or misapplication of the text; and as fallible men have had to expound and interpret the statutes and to apply in practice these principles, it is surely not without excuse that occasional departures from their true development have been made—occasional errors committed.

There is not only no essential variance between the principles of Christianity and the principles which should rule in the practice of the law; there are designed coincidence and harmony between them.

In civilized countries the great code regulating the dealings of man with man is the code contained in the Holy Scriptures. Various expressed as their statutes have been,—assuming with every different nation and people a distinct and separate form, according to the condition, and mental habits, and varying circumstances of the people for whose control they are designed,—they all acknowledge, and are all designed to incul-



cate, obedience to the Divine law, as expounded from Mount Sinai, and as interpreted by the only *Infallible Interpreter*. Let a man but obey this law, in its spirit and letter; and he need not fear having broken any of the positive statutes, or run counter to the written decisions of the courts of a civilized people. Legislatures and courts alike have bowed in homage to the Divine model; and have striven to make their enactments and their rulings conform to its high standard. The common Law of England, though its foundations were laid in a dark and inauspicious age, has become the boast of lawyers and statesmen, and the pride and glory of the Anglo-Saxon race, its highest and happiest accomplishment, in a history crowded with wonderful successes, and almost unexampled fortunes. No wonder that it was cherished with affectionate remembrance by our fathers; and though they were compelled to sever the national bond of union between them and the mother country, no wonder they fondly clung to this, the earliest and the best boon they had inherited. Yet after all, what is this Common Law, which law writers proudly characterize as the highest reason? Whence has it derived its splendor, its justness of proportion, its solidity of principle, and its practical value? From what source has it received the maxims which it has written as the guide of the courts? Whence derived the canons which govern and control them? When we assert for this common law these high claims, we are not asserting them as due to its intrinsic and self-derived excellence; we are only commending a glory and a grace which are reflected from it, only as it has imitated and embodied the principles of the Divine law, as promulgated by Moses and as expounded by Christ. David Hoffman, in his excellent treatise on a course of legal study—a work distinguished for its comprehensiveness and completeness—instructs the student to lay the basis of his legal studies by securing an accurate acquaintance with the Bible. We quote his language:

“The purity and sublimity of the morals

of the Bible have at no time been questioned; it is the foundation of the common law of every Christian nation. The Christian religion is a part of the law of the land, and, as such, should certainly receive no inconsiderable portion of the lawyer's attention. In vain do we look among the writings of the ancient philosophers for a system of moral law comparable with that of the Old and New Testament. How meagre and lifeless are even the ‘Ethics’ of Aristotle, the ‘Morals’ of Seneca, the ‘Memorabilia’ of Xenophon, or the ‘Offices’ of Cicero, compared with it.” \* \* \* \* “If treatises on morals should be the first which are placed in the hands of the student, and the structure of his legal education should be raised on the broad and solid foundation of ethics, what book so proper to be thoroughly studied with this view, if no other, as the Bible. But the religion and morals of the Scriptures by no means constitute the only claim which this inestimable volume possesses on the earnest attention of the legal student. There is much *law* in it, and a great deal which sheds more than a glimmering light on a variety of legal topics. Political science is certainly indebted to it for an accurate account of the origin of *society, government, and property*. The subjects of *marriage, the alienation of property inter vivos, its acquisition by inheritance, and bequest, the obligation of an oath, the relations of governor and governed, of master and servant, husband and wife, the nature and punishment of a variety of crimes and offences, as murder, theft, adultery, incest, polygamy, &c., the grounds of divorce, &c., &c.*, still receive illustrations from this copious source; and this high authority is often appealed to by legal writers, either as decisive or argumentative of their doctrines.” \* \* \* \* “We have been thus particular on the subject of the utility of the Bible to the *lawyer*, from a deep conviction that its ethics, history and law cannot fail of being eminently serviceable to him; from our observation that young lawyers frequently read any other book but this; and, lastly, from the fact that nearly all the distinguished lawyers with whom we have been personally, or through the means of books, or otherwise acquainted, have not only professed a high veneration for Biblical learning, but were

themselves considerably versed in it. Lord Coke had, no doubt, made the Scriptures his study, long before Archbishop Whitgift sent him a copy of the New Testament, with a request that he, who had so thoroughly mastered the common law, should study the law of God; be this as it may, his writings abound with arguments and illustrations taken from that source. The names, also, of Bacon, Hale, Holt, Jones, Erskine, Yates, Grotius, D'Agnessau, and very many others, who have testified their respect for this knowledge, by frequent reference to the sacred volume; added to the like tribute, so often paid to it by poets and orators, were a sufficient warrant, if one were needed, for the urgent manner in which I press this subject on the student's attention."

Similar recommendations of the study of the Holy Scriptures are given in every respectable treatise on the study of the law. The uniformity and urgency of these commendations at least show that legal writers have never discovered in the sacred writings anything to discourage, or embarrass, or hinder the young legal student in the pursuit of his profession—at least they show that lawyers of eminent learning and experience believe that the practitioner will be better equipped for the successful discharge of his duties as a lawyer, if he has stored his mind in youth with the truths of the Divine Word, mastered its teachings, and familiarized himself with its principles. Nor will it be objected, we are sure, that these writers are wanting in perspicacity. In claiming for the legal profession the power to understand their true interests, we are but claiming what every one will, without argument, acknowledge.

There is, moreover, no external circumstance attending the study of the law, in itself considered, preventing the prosecution of Biblical and religious truth.

The professional student may be helped in his legal studies by the prosecution of religious studies; he will hardly be hindered by them. A too great devotion to strictly professional treatises has in some instances, doubtless, contributed to divert the attention of the legal scholar

from the claims of the Holy Scriptures; but this may be objected as well to every other engrossing science; whether geology, mineralogy, astronomy, chemistry or botany, or leaving the departments of natural science, whether one's studies incline to metaphysics, strictly so-called, or to the *belles lettres*. Many of these, we know, have sometimes fully occupied the time and attention of those whose chief business it should have been to study and to preach the Gospel. If we would then do away with the study of the law, because in some instances its prosecution has hindered growth in spiritual knowledge, consistency requires that we should destroy as well the sciences and arts, and indeed every occupation or study of life not strictly and technically religious. The critical objector to the practice of the law would hardly insist on carrying out his principles to consistent conclusions, if he should thereby peril or destroy his own pursuit. He would find the claims of Divine philosophy not altogether so exacting and so exclusive as he had been accustomed to believe: to nourish and sustain the "little ones at home" he would speedily know to be of as lasting obligation, if not of as high a character, as the mere acquaintance with Divine teaching, without its practice.

So far, also, as the study of the law is a mental exercise, calling for the use of the highest powers of the mind, for severe analysis, for the accurate investigation and elimination of principles, and their practical application to human relations and duties, so far will it prove of advantage in enabling one to know religious truth, and to understand how to apply it. No one will question that the lawyer is advantaged in a mental and moral point of view by his frequent application of moral principles to human conduct. This is an important item, and ought not to be neglected in making our estimate of the peculiar facilities of the bar. But we call attention to the fact here, simply to show the superior vantage ground of the lawyer as a hearer of religious truth.

Every minister of the Gospel has ex-



perienced the difficulty of securing attention to the doctrines he proclaims. The people lack consideration. It is very hard work to think;—to think on new topics when totally new, to continue to think on old topics, when very old. We would account it strange, were we not so familiar with the fact, that the minister encounters both these difficulties in nearly every congregation he addresses. Some of his auditors have never seriously thought upon the topic he discusses; to them his teachings are misty and confused, the impressions they receive dim and imperfect. Others have thought upon the truths so often, have heard them handled and applied so often, that they have become old and trite. The lawyer—the true lawyer will not generally be found in either class. He has learned by continual and repeated practice, to grasp a novel subject in all its relations, and he follows with delight the preacher into new fields of thought: and is gratified by the amplest range and largest discourse. On the other hand, the lawyer will know how to value the old; and will not unfrequently, while a hearer, contribute from his own stores of thought, or by some practical and recent experience in illustration of its truth, invest the teachings of the pulpit with freshness and power. When attendants on the ministry, we may claim for the bar that they are attentive and appreciative hearers. The statement, too, may startle the reader; yet it is nevertheless true, that as large a proportion of legal men are diligent in their attendance on the preaching of the Gospel, as of any other profession or pursuit.

While what we have stated is conceded to be true; and the probability of Christian sentiment at the bar, if there were no hindrances in the way, is also conceded; it is objected that the facts tell on the contrary side of the question; that legal men are not often professedly religious; that the large majority of them acknowledge no allegiance to Divine truth, neither obey it themselves nor encourage its obedience in others; that among them infidelity numbers its advocates, and that a practical and a theo-

retic disregard of the claims of Christianity is the rule, and not the exception; and indeed, it is further objected that this disregard of Christian obligation is not a mere accident of the profession, but one of its essentials, the due discharge of legal duties requiring a sacrifice of Christian principle. If the latter branch of this charge be true, attempts to defend the practice of the law would be vain, and the necessary and consistent conclusion would be that pure morals and a regard to the public welfare would demand the suppression of the legal profession. But is it true?

[The writer then defends the profession from the charge by a reference to the treatises on the study of the law which establish a code of ethics as pure as any other—and insists that these treatises, being designed for the use of lawyers alone, best show the *animus* of the profession even as “the ordinary conversation and tone of remark of a private individual would disclose more aptly than in any other way his personal character.” He proceeds:]

But while legal writers teach thus decidedly and emphatically the duty of the lawyer, not willingly to undertake the espousal of an unjust cause—one that he knows to be unjust, and with the view to forward or protect injustice—much diversity of opinion exists among them, as to the obligation a lawyer is under to a client whose cause he may lawfully espouse. Some, but very few, maintain with Lord Brougham in his famous defence of Queen Caroline, that “an advocate, by the sacred duty he owes his client, knows, in the discharge of that office, but one person in the world—his client and none others,”—that “to save his client by all expedient means; to protect that client at all hazards and costs to all others, and amongst others to himself, is the highest and most unquestionable of his duties; and that “he must not regard the alarm, the suffering, the torment, the destruction which he may bring upon any other.” We know of none, however, who would adopt the further sentiment of this distinguished

lord, when he adds that "separating even the duties of a patriot from these of an advocate, and casting them if need be to the winds, the advocate must go on reckless of the consequences, if his fate it should unhappily be, to involve his country in confusion for his client's protection." Others, however, and the larger and more considerate part, adopt the sentiments of Hale: "I never thought," says that distinguished jurist and Christian, "I never thought that my profession should either necessitate a man to use his eloquence, by extenuations or aggravations, to make anything look worse or better than it deserves, or could justify a man in it; to prostitute my eloquence or rhetoric in such a way, I ever held to be most basely mercenary, and that it was below the worth of a man, much more a Christian, to do so."

If Lord Brougham's remarks are to be regarded as the calm utterances of his cool judgment, and not as the result of excitement produced by a trial of unusual interest and importance, and if his sentiments were generally entertained and carried into practice by the bar, we should greatly fear the corruption of justice in the country, and should be the last to commend the pursuit of the law as a high and honourable and Christian calling. But they are not so to be regarded. His own cooler and more dispassionate consideration of the disastrous consequences of the universal acceptance of his doctrines has doubtless satisfied him of his error; and the day, we hope, is far in the future, when such sentiments as these shall meet with favour from an enlightened bar. While duty demands the exercise of the best gifts with which the advocate is endowed by his Maker, and their exercise to the utmost extent, it has never required—it never will require, that he should plead the cause of injustice, or espouse the defence of iniquity. Strictly consonant is this remark with the further one, that even the guilty man should be defended. Guilty as he is, the law annexes to his guilt but a certain penalty; and the infliction of a penalty variant from that either in character or degree, would be a

clear violation of justice, and of the plainest dictates of right. He needs, then, an adviser and defender to protect him from the unjust infliction of a severer penalty than he deserves; and the Christian lawyer may rightly assume his defence for that purpose. It is equally true that even guilt had better go unpunished, than that the solemn sanctions and safeguards the law has thrown around the lives and liberties of the people should be violated. And so, when in order to execute speedily upon the culprit the extreme penalties of the law, lynch-law is resorted to, every just-minded and reasonable and law-loving citizen exclaims against the outrage—even though the object of it be notoriously guilty of crimes of deepest malignity. If in popular outbreaks thus characterized, the guilty are punished without the law and against the law, and the punishment is thus decried as unjust and iniquitous, it is true, also, that where any of the barriers erected for the protection of life and liberty are broken down by a yielding or timid judiciary, or removed by a truculent and trimming bar, and even the guilty are thus punished, a wrong is done—an injury is inflicted which the culprit may not only complain of, but the body of the people as well. The honour of the State, the vindication of justice, and the lives and liberties of the citizens are as much concerned in the proper defence of the accused culprit at the bar, as in his due prosecution and conviction by legal means, by the prosecuting attorney; and a high philosophy and a profound knowledge of the question in its diversified relations, would teach us that we are as much interested in the one as in the other. Take, for example, the case of a man indicted for murder. He has been guilty of an atrocious crime. He deserves to suffer the extreme penalty of the law; but he must suffer it in a legal way. He is a free man, and entitled under the laws to be tried by a jury of his peers—his equals. Did not his peers sit upon his trial, a verdict of guilty might be returned against him, or without a verdict the judge might pronounce the sentence of execu-

tion, but in neither case ought the law or justice to sanction it. He is entitled to be confronted with his accusers. A conviction obtained by testimony secured privately, apart from his presence, and with no opportunity on his part to test the accuracy of the memory, or the veracity of the witness, would be unjust, and such a conviction ought not to stand. He is entitled to have his triers sworn or solemnly affirmed, before passing upon the question of his life or death. If they are not, and they convict, the conviction is, it ought to be, naught. He is entitled to a speedy trial, while the recollection of witnesses is fresh, and the circumstances attending the fact, preceding or following it, may be accurately detailed—while his own witnesses are in being, and may be had. If his trial be unreasonably delayed, and the facts have faded from the memory, and witnesses have died or removed to distant places, and beyond the reach of the court, and he is convicted because of their absence or death, the conviction is unjust, and should be annulled. Last of all, he is entitled to an acquittal *until he is proved to be guilty*, and if the proof fails, and the judge, pressed by outside popular sentiment, or thirsting for blood, or influenced by the moral conviction of guilt upon his own mind, either by actions or by words, either in admitting improper testimony or rejecting that which is proper, influences the mind of the jury wrong, and they convict, and the man is hung—the culprit is judicially murdered!—he has suffered a penalty the law did not demand, and his execution should be viewed with no higher favour than if, immediately upon the commission of the crime, a fierce and angry populace had hurried him to the gallows without the mockery of an unjust trial. In all these steps, the man needs assistance. To protect him in his rights he should have the counsel and aid of those who know his rights, and who will maintain them. Who shall say that the Christian lawyer, even in such a case, owes it not to himself and to the ordinary law of humanity, to the cardinal rule of love to his neighbour, laid down specifically by the Saviour, to undertake

the cause of the culprit, and to guard for him his rights?—for rights he has; the law has guaranteed them to him; and he is wronged, he is unjustly dealt with, if they be taken away.

This is an extreme case, and one usually put to the lawyer as a test of conscience. We have seen that to espouse even such a cause is not altogether beyond excuse; that it may be right. We confess that we cannot see that a judicial trial and conviction by any unfair or unlawful means, and subsequent punishment, differ from an execution by lynch-law; or, if there be differences, that they are not in favour of the latter, for while the process of lynching must, from the necessity of the case, be notorious, and of infrequent and extraordinary occurrence, judicial murderings without law or evidence, might be perpetrated in secret and without responsibility! If prisoners are protected by appropriate counsel, these will but infrequently occur: if they are wholly undefended, their numbers would be greatly enlarged.

[The remainder of the article discusses the religious character of the legal profession, points out the peculiar religious difficulties of the barrister, notices his peculiar advantages and enforces the duty of sincere attachment to Christianity. An extract in conclusion on this point:]

As a teacher of moral truth, then,—an expounder of the laws (which are but moral truths condensed) in their applications to the varying circumstances of life, we call upon the lawyer to be a Christian. We will not say he may not properly discharge some of the offices of a lawyer without being a Christian; we will say he cannot properly discharge all of them without it. Weight of character necessary for making due impression upon the minds of men, for influencing aright courts as well as juries, in some measure may be secured outside of the Christian Church; but it will not be denied that the mere worldly-minded barrister, the frequenter of feasts and revelry, the champion of quoit-clubs and race courses, is less likely to secure confidence, and command respect in his vocation than the

Christian. One not in the habit of attending courts might be surprised at the potency of moral character—might stagger at the assertion that as much depends upon the confidence of a judge or jury in the truthfulness of the advocate, as upon the merits of his cause. To secure our rights, to vindicate justice, it is not unfrequently of paramount necessity that we should have one espouse our defence who can secure confidence not only in his ability, but also in his integrity; and who so likely to command respect and to secure success, as the Christian lawyer who, by a life of devotedness to the right, has won for himself the confidence of the community? If then, as is undoubtedly true, weight of character is an essential ingredient in the successful prosecution of the profession, and if to enforce one's views of truth and to vindicate justice, he ought in his own life to exemplify its excellence, may not the lawyer earnestly covet, even for success in his profession, the special gifts of the Christian?

Again: the study and practice of the law, when associated with sincere Christian principle, afford opportunities of almost unparalleled usefulness.

Second only, if second at all, is the vantage ground of the advocate to that of the minister of the Gospel. The intimate relations subsisting between pastor and people are copies of those subsisting between the counsel and his client. In some respects, the latter are more closely intimate and blended. A pastor experiences no little difficulty in *getting at* his people; there seems to be a something (he cannot tell what) which hinders his full access to their hearts, and the pious minister is stripped of the opportunity to do much good which he would do if he knew how to make his people unbosom themselves to him. Very little of this embarrassment attend the conferences between the lawyer and his client. The merely perfunctory in his legal character is lost sight of by the applicant for legal aid, in his anxiety to secure assistance; and all embarrassment is taken away. The man shows more of his heart and of his motives to the lawyer than he would dare to do to his preacher. He unfolds

with specific minuteness, and in detail, his condition in life, it may be, or some sad chapter in his experience, needing a skillful and a faithful hand to bind up the wounds. He knows—that is, he sometimes knows that to protect his interests, he must be honest; and he tells the whole, as well the questionable and doubtful as that above suspicion and beyond doubt. How ample then the opportunity to direct to the right—by a suggestion of the proper course of conduct to incline to it—by a word of counsel wisely given to save one from ruin or from shame. These are not merely imaginary cases. The history of every sincere, conscientious, Christian lawyer, in full practice, would disclose not a few such examples. We know that this is not the feature of the legal character usually presented to the public; but it is nevertheless true, and faithfully drawn; and in nothing have even wise and good men greatly erred, than in the harsh judgments they have rashly and indiscriminately pronounced against the bar. Let the truth be told. Professional gentlemen will be the last to deny that there are tricksters and fraudulent pettifoggers, who are with them but not of them, who would not hesitate to do a dishonest or scurvy thing, and whose opportunities for villainy being so great, have accomplished an untold amount of evil; and by how much on the one hand these are enabled to do more harm in the superior advantages afforded them, by so much on the other are the upright enabled, prompted by proper motives, to promote the good. In the single example of peace-making—the quieting of family disturbances, where else there had been feuds perhaps bitter and unrelenting, what has not been—what may not be accomplished by Christian lawyers? Who can not call to mind one such instance, in which such an one has interposed, and poured oil over the troubled waters, and caused a great calm?

Again: the lawyer's peculiar talents fit him for usefulness in the Christian Church. For the main advancement of the cause of Christianity in the earth, for its full progression and final success, there are some, many whose influence is compara-

tively inefficient. Their introduction into the Church is a blessing to themselves, and may, in some instances, lead to the blessing of others; but their lives are passed in obscurity, their talents are not commanding, their influence is contracted. Not so with the Christian lawyer. If he has wisely selected his profession; if he has not been thrust into it by injudicious and imprudent considerations; if, in short, he is adapted by natural gifts and ample studies for its successful prosecution, his introduction into the Christian Church will be a matter not merely of personal concern and importance to himself, but will prove to be of essential advantage to the body of which he becomes a member. His talents will fit him for the discharge of many of the offices, not strictly clerical; and by his conversation and example he will win many more of like capacity with himself to the service of Christ. A body of such men; animated by a sincerely humble and devoted spirit, would wage no light warfare with the hosts of sin; and even when segregated and separated from each other, their information, their talents and their capacities would greatly promote the cause of Christianity. We have sometimes looked with no little admiration at a bar consisting of many of the wise, the eloquent, the talented and the energetic, in an inland city, and pictured in our imagination the good these might accomplish, the harvest of true fame they might reap, if they were all sincerely pious. Alas! how few have been proud to call themselves Christians—how many of the few have been self-deceived; or have perhaps wittingly and willingly worn the Christian profession for the purpose of deceiving others. In continuation of this topic, it may not be amiss to remark that the ministry looks for some of its recruits from the bar. We are not of those who imagine it to be the duty of every Christian lawyer to undertake the office of preaching the Gospel. True; the gifts and the acquirements which fit him for the successful prosecution of his profession, will most probably adapt him to the pulpit. But this is not universally true; and if it were so, yet other traits of char-

acter and capacities than the gift of merely speaking from the pulpit are demanded in the Gospel preacher and pastor; and the lawyer may be a Christian without having these. Besides, the vocation of the law demands as high Christian principle, and the exercise of the purest Christian character; and for the sake of the rest, it would be unwise and imprudent to withdraw from the bar the entire Christian element. Some professing Christianity ought to remain, that the influence of their example upon those in the same calling may be the more felt; as well as for the sake of those who shall come after—the young men in the profession, whose example and character are to be determined largely by the prevailing tone of character among their elder professional brethren. Yet, notwithstanding the truth and justness of these remarks, the pulpit looks to the bar for recruits; and many of the most distinguished and useful pulpit orators have risen from that profession. Why may there not be among the twenty thousand practitioners of the law in the Union, one-twentieth of them, or even a larger proportion, who shall devote their time, their talents and their fortunes exclusively to the service of Christ, in the proclamation of the Gospel?

But this is not all, nor indeed the chief service which Christianity demands of the legal profession. She wishes to fill up her ranks of laymen with intelligent, thinking, laborious men; she wishes counsellors in the churches, in the prayer-meetings, in her more public congregations. She wishes to point to "honorable counsellors," not a few; her adherents and supporters, in the courts and in the offices; men of uprightness and integrity; men of moral weight and justness of views; men of thought and men of purpose. She wishes that examples of holy living may be given; and that the ministers of justice, strictly so called, may become themselves the lovers of just dealing and just doing. She wishes that in every vocation of life, in every employment and pursuit, her votaries may be found; and especially desires that the guardians of the law, the defenders of human rights



and the avengers of human wrong, shall be controlled and swayed by her sweet and chastening influences—shall illustrate in their lives and example, and teach by their language, that there is a law higher than human authority, of sacred and universal obligation, and that they honor themselves and honor humanity by bowing to its commands.

It will appear from what we have said, that we desire that barristers should do something more than make a merely external profession of religion. We would have the Christian barrister and counselor exemplify, in his life and by his words, the truth and the power of Christianity. His inner life would then disclose a high state of spiritual earnestness and sincerity. While engaged in the active pursuit of his profession, in vindicating by his eloquence and wisdom the right, and holding up to just censure the wrong, he would find it not impossible for him to cherish a sacred nearness to Jehovah, and to preserve that intimate communion with

Christ, which are the distinguishing marks of the active Christian. Such a lawyer might write upon his law-books and legal opinions—upon his legal conduct and legal life, HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD; and in every act and word, in every public effort at the bar, in every opinion given at chambers, in dissuasion from strife, in exhortation to justice and charity, would utter in no uncertain language, the sentiments, and exhibit the life of the Christian. Some Christian lawyer once said—"that he never undertook a cause for the success of which he could not pray, and he had never lost a cause for which he had prayed." Could the principle underlying this action be carried into universal practice, there would be no need for defences of the bar; the life of the Christian barrister would be its best exposition and ablest defence; and the slanders so often recklessly and wantonly uttered against this honorable and useful calling would rebound to the damage of the assailant.

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## HOW A BIRD SANG TO MISTRESS I. H., OF BRANDON.

### WHERE IT WAS.

Where by a mighty stream, which from the crest  
Of ancient mountains rushes to the breast  
Of awful Ocean, lies the fairy scene  
Of Brandon's woods and lawns forever green,  
At early morn I lay upon the ground  
With trees, and flowers, and loveliness around.  
In front, th' expanse of dreamy waters lay, }  
Above, the sky just wak'ning into day, }  
Cloudless, serene, and musical with May. }

Good sooth, few eyes were open but mine own,  
And those of birds, who with exulting tone  
The morning hymn poured forth. But slumb'ring near  
In those ancestral halls, were hearts most dear,  
And honoured heads, and one whose deathless name  
Is stamped with words of fire upon the rock of Fame.  
Perchance it was a dream; for sure am I  
'Tis hard to find such sweet reality  
In this cold world. Just then, with cleaving wing,  
One of the feathered warblers of the Spring

Rose to a lofty bough. A magic spell  
Seemed in his notes most musical to dwell.  
In living words upon my ear they rang  
As to the mansion's Lady thus he sang.

---

WHAT THE BIRD SAID.

Waken, dear Lady, waken and see  
What things Dame Nature offers to thee,  
Cast in thy pathway, cast at thy feet;  
All that is brilliant, all that is sweet:  
Music and sunshine, green leaves and flowers  
Woven in wreaths by the fugitive hours.  
Glittering waters that tranquilly pour,  
Pour on in floods by thy diamond-gemmed shore;  
And in thy dwelling—garden more fair—  
Gather around thee treasures more rare,  
Riches of nature, riches of art,  
Gems of the fancy, gems of the heart,  
Honour and friendship, love and esteem,  
The Orator's truth and the Troubadour's dream,  
Bird which have spirits, sweet flowers that move,  
Leaves that have voices, plants that can love—  
All these are round thee, waken and see,  
What things kind Nature offers to thee.

G. P. R. JAMES.

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Editor's Table.

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Supplementary to the anecdotes of Gilfert, narrated by Gen'l George P. Morris, which we published in our table last month, we give below some slight sketches of the man from the pen of a Southern correspondent, from whom we would gladly hear again. We were in error in supposing that Gilfert was an actor—his connection with the stage having been purely managerial. An old citizen of Richmond tells us he was remarkable as a billiard player, and that traditions of his prowess with the cue are extant. He seems, from all accounts, to have been one of those gay, good-humoured members of the Poco-Curante Society, whose memoirs, could they be written, would be infinitely amusing, though they might convey no higher moral lesson than is conveyed in the extremities to which an irregular and careless life will reduce its followers. But to our correspondent's sketches:

In your June number there are some remarks following anecdotes of Charles Gilfert with a regret that a man rather remarkable in a certain way should be forgotten. I knew him very well. Your correspondent is mistaken in calling him an actor—he never was on the stage as such in his life. Mrs. Gilfert, his wife, was an admirable actress and an excellent lady; but he was manager, and before that, led the orchestra. As a pianist, he stood unrivalled in his day for the exquisite delicacy of his touch. When he occasionally advertised to give a concert and play a difficult piece, his neglectful and careless habits found him unprepared,—his genius on such occasions filled up the canvass by improvising to the admiration of his cultivated and uncultivated listeners. His manner was winning, and he possessed the rare art attributed to Sheridan of meeting an angry creditor and ending the interview by borrowing more money. "I always make it a point to quicken my pace in approaching a tailor's establishment, which I pass with a run, and when I feel some one touch me on the



shoulder, I never turn, but only say, 'at whose suit'?" One of his wishes was only to be Secretary of the Navy for an hour. This was the style of his humour or pleasantry.

When he was leader of the Charleston orchestra, Cooper played his round of characters, and the Gamester brought abundance of tears from a crowded and fashionable audience—the pit soon filled with ladies—towards the end of the tragedy a pack of cards is dashed on the stage, and one reached as far as the point between the stage and the orchestra—our leader, in this theatrical distress, reached out his hand, seized the knave of spades with a determination to bet on it as an offering from fortune, did so and lost every dollar he possessed.

Gaming filled up much of his leisure hours, which were his days and nights. He was generous and liberal, and like men of this sort, would make every sacrifice for a debt of honour, but indifferent about other kind of debts. Among his various pursuits and callings, he was organist of one the Churches, and you might meet him on Sunday running to be at his post for the organ, having oversteaid his time possibly through the fascination of the faro-bank.

He dined with me in 1811, at the City Hotel, N. Y., and we remained at table after everybody else had left it, indulging in his second bottle of Maderia. In talking of his ever changeful life and fortune he said, "only once here (referring to some period anterior) I felt so depressed as to resolve on suicide, but not having the means of procuring the vial of laudanum, I went to the bar to borrow twelve and a half cents, when the barkeeper handed me a letter which contained money from a friend whose aid I had solicited."

Gilfert possessed the pure Teutonic courage, he had no fear in him, his nerve and eye in that day never failed him, and he would bet that his ball at ten paces would pierce the ace of hearts—he was the most brilliant player at the Billiard table—such accomplishments, address, appearance, and determination in the proper pursuits of life with a morality in harmony with his superiority of intellect, would have made him distinguished in any pursuit he had chosen. F.

The subjoined verses are remarkable as the production of a boy only eleven years of age. They are taken from a long and

continuous story, based upon certain incidents in early Chinese History, which, we have been assured by competent persons who have seen it, is very cleverly constructed and forcibly written, without the child's having received the slightest assistance from any one. We think the verses are calculated to interest the curious in such matters as evidence of a precocity like that of Pope—

Who lisped in numbers for the numbers came:

#### PEKIN AFTER NAYAN'S\* REBELLION.

Kambalu confused awaits  
For that news within her gates  
Which the conflict of the States  
Must decide.

All along the city street,  
Where the various rumours meet,  
Or the warrior brave would greet  
News of strife.

"Nayan and Kublai ply the war,  
Where battle's sound is heard afar,  
Whose is the ascending star?"  
Said one.

"Kublai will win," another said.  
"When has the noble Tartar's blade,  
"Or what the lord of lords† hath said,  
"In battle failed."

"News of battle, news of battle," cried a  
herald at the gate,  
"Warder, warder, open quickly,  
"None in Kambulaigh‡ can wait!  
"Who stands at the Northern gate?"

All await in expectation, fear, or hope, or  
exultation,  
With a fierce determination  
For the war-field burn a nation,  
Kublai's banner there they see.

Slow the gates turn on their hinges and  
the people press to see  
Rumours, murmurs die amongst them,  
Then bursts the cry of 'victory'!

\* Nayan was Kublai Khan's cousin, and his earliest and most formidable competitor.

† The literal translation of the word Kublai.

‡ The city of the Khan the earliest appellation of Peking.

"Ring the bells and sound the trumpets—  
 "Hoist the banners to the air—  
 "To the roofs all press to see  
 "Kublai has won the victory."

The literary editor of the Philadelphia Press thus speaks of the forthcoming work of Mr. James and its author—

"Mr. G. P. R. James, the English novelist, who is now British Consul in Virginia, announces a new novel—or rather Childs & Peterson, of Philadelphia, do so for him. Mr. James has been several years in this country, has written two or three different novels upon American subjects, has voluntarily pitched his tent in this country, and may claim to be an honorary, as he is an honorable, member of our Republic of Letters. His forthcoming work is a romance of the seventeenth century, entitled "Lord Montague's Page." The book, in one volume, will have a fine portrait of Mr. James, engraved on steel, with a vignette on the title-page, and will be put before the world in that elegant and tasteful manner for which his publishers are distinguished. With engravings, and handsomely bound in muslin, it will be sold at a dollar and a quarter; in London, spread over three volumes, without the engravings, and in fragile boards, the price would be a guinea and a-half—equal to seven dollars and fifty-six cents. Mr. James is undoubtedly the most prolific of modern novelists. He has published nearly one hundred and fifty volumes of prose fiction, besides numerous biographical, historical, and poetical works. In all that he has written, there cannot be found

'One line which, dying, he would wish to blot.'

His purity of language and plot has been among the leading causes of his popularity. One day, and the sooner the better, he must publish his Personal and Literary Recollections,—for he has known quite an army of eminent persons, all over the world, and has much to tell about them. For example, his English residence, for many years, was within a stone's throw of Walmer Castle, where the Duke of Wellington invariably passed the autumn, and where he died, in September, 1852. When Mr. James first went to reside there, he called the place 'The Shrubbery,' because it had been newly planted, and the prefaces to some of his books are so dated. In time, however, the shrubs grew into trees, (in the sagacious words of Lord Monboddo, "they had nothing else to do,") and then Mr. James re-named the place, dignifying it with the

name of 'The Oaks.' This was much like the English practice of raising a man in the Peerage—for example, from an Earldom to a Marquisate. Mr. James, before he became neighbor to 'The Duke, stood, or rather lived, in the same relation to Sir Walter Scott, near Abbotsford. He has been intimate, also, with Bulwer, Dickens—with most authors of mark and note in England and the European Continent. The large number of his initials reminds us of an amusing bit of literary history. When Mr. Robert Chambers was writing his "Encyclopædia of English Literature," he was at some loss to learn what the initials 'G. P. R.' prefixed to Mr. James's name, meant. A wag, disposed to sell him, stated that Mr. James, though born in an early part of this century, had not been baptized until the accession of the Prince of Wales as his father's *locum tenens*, and had then been named after the Prince. Accordingly, never dreaming of being imposed upon, Mr. Chambers gave the full name, 'George Prince Regent,' instead of 'George Payne Rainford,' which is Mr. James's actual baptismal appellation. Of course, the error was detected, laughed at, and corrected—but many early copies of the 'Cyclopædia' contain the name as originally given.

The *Winchester Republican* in referring to the article in the last number of our magazine, entitled "Recollections of Philip Pendleton Cooke," corrects an error of the writer as follows—

"It was the *Winchester Republican*, not the *Virginian*, to which he contributed many of his earlier compositions, under the *nom de plume* of *Larry Lyle*. There are graduate-printers of the office who bear him well in mind; how particular he was as to the correctness of his articles, though, in his aversion to give trouble, whenever he 'stopped the press' to alter a phrase or remove an error, he would quietly deposit a piece of silver in the hand of the lad who placed him satisfactorily before the public. It is a matter of admissible pride with a journal that boasted such a contributor, with such a poet as James G. Brooks as editor nearly about the same time, to be placed *rectus in curia* on this point of credit, and Mr. Thompson, of the *Messenger*, will oblige us if he will so put us on record in his columns, where the error, if unnoticed, would seem to substantiate the similar statement in *Duyckincks' Cyclopædia of American Literature*."

It gives us great pleasure to set our readers right in this matter, the more especially

as the *Winchester Republican* still maintains its ancient character as a valuable and interesting journal, under the management of

a gentleman who is himself a poet, and who has contributed at times to the *Messenger's* pages.

## Notices of New Works.

**POEMS.** By HOWARD H. CALDWELL, Boston; Whittemore, Niles & Hall. 1858. From George M. West, under the Exchange Hotel.

The latest claimant for the laurel in our sunny Southern region, Mr. Caldwell of South Carolina, gives evidence in the pages of this modest volume of many qualifications for the difficult office he has assumed as interpreter of the beautiful. He has a ready appreciation of beauty, fine imaginative powers and the command of a rich and copious vocabulary. That he is a gentleman of no ordinary scholarship appears in almost every one of his poems, indeed this appears, we think, too abundantly, and suggests that his sources of inspiration have been found rather in the classics of antiquity or in medieval literature than in the grand old woods, hung with gray mosses and tangled with sunlight, of his native Carolina. It is the tendency of young poets, who are also scholars, to write from books rather than from nature, and this implies no lack of original genius. Their verses based upon literary models must be regarded, however, as poetical exercises and not as examples of their native strength, just as the crayon drawings of the Niobe or a copy of Claude by a young artist, however admirable, are to be taken as proofs of his mastery of the pencil and the brush and not as indications of the *vis viva* within him. It is only when the poet, discarding all imitation and entering into communion with the spirit of the visible universe, going out to see and to feel, records for us in soulful strains the impressions made upon his mental vision and the emotions awakened in his heart, that we can judge of his claim to be recognised as one of the world's singers for all time. We would not do Mr. Caldwell the injustice of implying that he is a mere copyist. But we say that he seems to us to have selected his themes unfortunately. That he has surrounded them with much graceful imagery, that he betrays tenderness and sympathy in his musings, that here and there we catch the iridescent gleam upon the river of his thoughts, we gladly acknowledge. His poem of *Ænone*, for example, is very beautiful, but it instantly challenges

a comparison with the poem of Tennyson—shall we not say it?—to Mr. Caldwell's disadvantage. If he must go back to the Olympian time and sea and sky for the subject and conditions of his poem, might he not have taken some other passage in *Lemprière*, some more recondite mythos, to be wrought into poetic form?

To descend from the matter to the manner of Mr. Caldwell's poems, while praise is justly his due for the general management of his verse, we feel bound to say that he appears to have paid too little attention to the niceties of rhythmical structure. The Spenserian stanza, for which he manifests a decided preference, is capable of grand effects, and Mr. Caldwell has shown in "The Star of Suicide" and "A Dream of Maries" his ability to employ it, yet in these same poems he gives us some very slow Alexandrines indeed. What shall be said of the cruelty wreaked upon the *cæsura* in the following?—

The priest averted, turned his back; 'twas  
soulless, dead!

But dared not, lest core-cut, indignant it  
should break!

Their strange, wild music, so like weirdly  
Runic rhymes.

It still must live, deep-graven in my memo-  
ry.

Nor can we fail to enter our protest against the frequent use of obsolete forms of expression which give an air of pedantry to verses otherwise strong and simple. Such words as "battalous," "purpled" "deceasing," &c., Mr. Caldwell might profitably have left in the old volumes in which he first met them. We object, too, most decidedly to such rhymes as *poured* and *chord*, *showed* and *proud*, *up* and *hope*, *shake* and *rack*, *yet* and *sweet*, *eighty* and *commemorate ye* (in a serious performance,) *Charles* and *pearls*, *ripe* and *ship*, &c., &c. We know that perfect rhyme is not the most important requisite to true poetry and that some license ought fairly to be allowed, yet if we are to be entertained with the

recurrence of sounds at all, let them be exactly the same or the ear is rather offended than gratified. There is scarcely one of the poems in the volume before us in which a person with a nice sense of rhythmical music will not be pained by bad rhymes. In the "Somnambulist," Mr. Caldwell seems to employ inadmissible rhymes upon principle, for, though the poem is but 70 lines in length, he commits this offence with the same vowel sounds three times over. Not to mention *be* and *day*, *speaks* and *breaks*, we find in it these lines,

With a quick, thoughtless word dismissed  
That lover true, nor would arrest  
His going—

and farther on, near the close, we have,

The miniature she took and *kissed*;  
And warmly now De Courcy *pressed*.

Now if Mr. Caldwell could have married *kissed* to *dismissed* (a difficult thing, we acknowledge) and brought *pressed* in the relation of correspondence to *arrest*. (a much easier affair,) the rhyming would be satisfactory, but as if to show that he disdained such propriety, he concludes the poem with the third *mésalliance* of sounds—

Sweet Alice gave up all her pride;  
And wonders now, which were more *blest*,  
The Bride, or the Somnambulist.

We mention these small offences in no spirit of hypercriticism, but to justify us in saying that Mr. Caldwell must pay greater attention to the mechanical structure of his poetry before he can receive the guerdon of applause to which his powers fairly entitle him to aspire.

Let us add, lest we may be thought to have delayed this notice of Mr. Caldwell's poems unreasonably, that it was not until the month of June that we received the volume.

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SPECIMENS OF DOUGLAS JERROLD'S WIT, &c., &c. *Arranged by his son*, BLANCHARD JERROLD. Boston: Ticknor and Fields, 1858. [From James Woodhouse, 137 Main St.

The enterprising Boston publishers, Messrs. Ticknor and Fields, have ministered to a general curiosity awakened in this country concerning Douglas Jerrold by his recent death, in bringing out this collection of his epigrams and *bon mots*. Some of these are gleaned from *Punch*, others are torn from their context in his novels or dramatic writings, while others again are traditional. Jest books we have always thought dull reading from Joe Miller down,

and this volume is not to be exempted from the rule we have laid down concerning them. Here and there in it shines a brilliant, but it contains many pebbles, and Douglas Jerrold's reputation as the brightest intellect of the age could not safely be reposed on such a basis. We are hopeful also that the book misrepresents the man's heart, for all that is smart in it is spiteful, and all that is amiable is dull.

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FOLLOWING THE DRUM;" *A Glimpse of Frontier Life*. By Mrs. VIELÉ. New York: Rudd & Carleton, 310 Broadway. 1858. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

The wife of a soldier relates in this beautifully printed volume the experiences of life with the army on the frontier. The style is animated and natural, and her descriptions of scenery and society are none the less pleasant for being strung together carelessly. Mrs. Viélé sentimentalizes with *abandon*, and her comments on matters and things out of the range of womanly observation are sometimes superficial even to drollery, but we can pardon sentimentality and shallowness in a good-natured woman whose impulses are always generous and whose want of depth is compensated by a certain sparkling vivacity. We part company with her, as the last tap of the drum is heard in the final chapter, with regret.

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THE CYCLOPÆDIA OF WIT AND HUMOUR; *Containing Selections from the Writings of the Most Eminent Humorists of America, Ireland, Scotland and England*. Edited by WILLIAM E. BURTON. In Two Volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1858. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

Old Burton was the genius of melancholy, to describe whose vagaries and suggest their cure he wrote one of the most entertaining books in the language—the Burton of our day is the patron of fun and he has here compiled the literary inspirations of Momus in two portly volumes, which the Appletons have published in their handsomest style. The selections are admirable, and embody no mean portion of American Literature. Many finely executed portraits of our wits and humourists embellish the work which we can commend most heartily to our readers as the very best companion for summer idleness that has appeared during the season. The Cyclopædia affords abundant readings for all the unoccupied moments of a six weeks' vacation in the mountains or by the seaside.





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## LIST OF CONTENTS.

---

1. THE PROBLEM OF FREE SOCIETY, . . .	81
2. SONNET. <i>To Philip Pendleton Cooke.</i> By JOHN S. STEWART, . . .	94
3. VERNON GROVE; OR, HEARTS AS THEY ARE, . . .	95
4. HOW ANNIE WON MY LOVE. By C. H. G., . . .	111
5. A MONUMENT AT JAMESTOWN TO CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH, . . .	112
6. TO MY NIECE—BORN APRIL 20TH, . . .	115
7. SELECTIONS AND EXCERPTS FROM THE LEE PAPERS, . . .	116
8. MY POET LOVE. By MABEL, . . .	122
9. SAM, ELLEN, AND BEELZEBUB, . . .	123
10. WHAT IS LOVE? By ECHO, . . .	130
11. VIEW FROM MY ATTIC, . . .	131
12. THE FADED FLOWER. A MYSTERY, . . .	133
13. THE GREAT RELIGIOUS AWAKENING, . . .	146
14. THAT GENTLEMAN. By EDWARD EVERETT, . . .	150
15. SONNET. By PAUL H. HAYNE, . . .	154
16. EDITOR'S TABLE:	

Coincidence not Plagiarism—*Atlantic Monthly* on "Big Ministers"—  
The Meaning of Words, by Thomas Hood—The late Samuel Gil-  
man of South Carolina, . . .

155-158

### 17. NOTICES OF NEW WORKS:

Lord Montague's Page, by G. P. R. James—The Life of Thomas Jef-  
ferson, by Henry S. Randall, LL.D.—The New American Cyclopæ-  
dia, by George Ripley and Charles Dana—A Cyclopedia of Com-  
merce and Commercial Navigation, by J. Smith Homans—Collec-  
tions of the South Carolina Historical Society—St. Ronan's Well—

158-160

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## TO BOOK BUYERS.

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COMMENCED in January last a Quarterly List of new and old Books, received and for sale by him. Nos. 1 and 2, for January and April. are out. No. 3 will be published in July, and No. 4 in October.

They will be sent post-paid to any one who will order. Book buyers will find them very useful, as the size, binding, and price of each book is given.

J. W. R. is the Publisher of the *Quarterly Law Journal*, (the only legal periodical issued in the South,) which, so far, has received more *praise* than *profit*. It is sadly in want of paying subscribers to keep the work alive.

# SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

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RICHMOND, AUGUST, 1858.

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## THE PROBLEM OF FREE SOCIETY.\*

If you teach the labouring classes that the State is bound to furnish them with labour or subsistence, or rather with subsistence independently of the value of their labour, and this as a matter of right, you remove from them the principal motive to exertion. Why should they strive to be industrious, or skilful, or sober? Why should the labourer try to please his employer? He finds it more pleasant to sit all day in the parish yard, or pound, and be paid one shilling and nine pence for it, than to spend his strength and tire his limbs by working for two shillings. Examples have not been wanting of workmen absolutely refusing an order for work, because it would interfere with their parish allowance.† Why should he try to be skilful? Why should he not spend all that he can get, at the alehouse? Why should he try to save something for his family? The parish will take care of them. Every stimulus to good conduct, industry, economy, is withdrawn. The labourer, so far as his motives to exertion are concerned, becomes assimilated to the slave; with this difference, that the slave is made laborious by the fear of punishment, or by the desire of pleasing and promoting the interest of a master whom he almost always regards with affection, because he feels himself a part of his family; whilst this so-called free labourer feels nothing but envy and hatred towards the em-

ployer, and has no fear of bodily punishment to urge him on.

Moreover, when the labourers believe that they have a legal right to be supported by the State, it cannot be expected that they should be thankful for any relief given them. On the contrary, every necessary check that is put upon the administration of the relief for the purpose of preventing fraud or the increase of the number of paupers, is regarded by them as an abridgement of the acknowledged right, and excites every revengeful passion in those who are subjected to these checks. The labourer considers his employer as an oppressor who cheats him out of his just reward; and the employer looks upon the poor as natural enemies whom he is compelled to support without any equivalent. There never was a worse spirit exhibited between those two classes of Society, than shortly before the Poor Law Reform, when the rates amounted to nearly forty millions of dollars; when each labourer received allowances proportioned to the number of his family, when all received wages without performing any work, or supplemental aid to bring up wages to the minimum judged necessary. This spirit showed itself in the fires, riots and outrages of 1830. Says an English writer (Ed. Rev. vol. 84, page 150-'51): "It was in the parish roads and in the parish gravel-pits that the robbery and

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\* Concluded from Page 18.

† Ed. Rev., vol. 84, page 47.

devastation of that period were organized. It was in those *ergastula* that the labourer acquired his hatred of work and his hatred of his employers. It was there that he found himself treated as an encumbrance, fed, lodged and clothed, because the magistrate so ordered it; and kept to work, not because the work was profitable to his parish, but because it was painful to him. It was there that he learned the doctrine that society is divided into the rich and the poor, and that it is the duty of the rich, out of their inexhaustible funds, to provide for the comfortable subsistence of the poor, however large their number, however reckless their improvidence, however valueless their labour. It was there that he was taught to feel every task as a punishment, every privation as a robbery, and all the evils of life as wrongs inflicted by their superiors."

Allow me to quote here a fragment of the Report of the English Commissioners on the Poor Laws.

"Under the influence of this system, say they, piece-work is refused to the single men, or the married man if he have any property, because they can live on day wages; it is refused to the industrious because they would earn too much. The enterprising man who has fled from the tyranny and pauperism of his parish to some place where there is a demand and a reward for his services, is driven from a situation which suits him and an employer to whom he is attached, and forced to receive, as alms, a portion only of what he was obtaining by his own exertions. He is driven from a place where he was earning, as a free labourer, twelve or fourteen shillings a week, and is offered road-work, as a pauper, at sixpence a day; or perhaps he is put up by the parish authorities at auction and sold to the farmer who will take him at the lowest allowance.

"Can we wonder if the labourer abandons virtues of which this is the reward? If he gives up the economy in return for which he has been condemned to involuntary idleness, and the prudence, if it can be called such, which diminishes his means just as much as it diminishes his

wants? Can we wonder, if smarting under these oppressions, he considers the law and all those who administer the law as his enemies, the fair objects of his fraud or of his violence? Can we wonder if to increase his income and to revenge himself upon the parish, he marries, and thus helps to increase that local over-population which is gradually eating away the fund out of which he and all the other labourers of the parish are to be maintained?

"The constant war which the pauper has to wage with all who employ or pay him, is destructive to his honesty and his temper; as his subsistence does not depend upon his exertions, he loses all that sweetens labour, its association with reward; and gets through his work, such as it is, with the reluctance of a slave.

"In all ranks of society, the great sources of happiness and virtue are the domestic affections, and this is particularly the case among those who have so few resources as the labouring classes. Now, pauperism seems to be an engine for the purpose of disconnecting each member of a family from all others; of reducing all to the state of domesticated animals, fed, lodged and provided for by the parish, without mutual dependence or mutual interest.

"At the time of my journey," says Mr. Cowell, "the acquaintance which I had with the practical operation of the Poor Laws, led me to suppose that the sum annually raised upon the rate-payers and its progressive increase, constituted the main inconvenience of the Poor Law system. The experience of a few weeks served to convince me that this evil, however great, sinks into insignificance, when compared with the dreadful effects which the system produces upon the morals and happiness of the lower orders. It is as difficult to convey to the mind of the reader a true and faithful impression of the intensity and malignancy of the evil in this point of view, as it is by any description, to give an adequate idea of the horrors of a shipwreck or a pestilence. A person must converse with paupers, must enter work-houses and examine the inmates, must attend at the parish pay-

table, before he can form a just conception of the moral debasement which is the offspring of the present system; he must hear the pauper threaten to abandon his wife and family unless more money is allowed him, threaten to abandon an aged, bed-ridden mother, to turn her out of his house and lay her down at the overseer's door unless he is paid for giving her shelter; he must hear parents threatening to follow the same course with regard to their sick children; he must see mothers coming to receive the reward of their daughters' ignominy, and witness women in cottages quietly pointing out, without the question being asked, which are their children by their husbands and which by other men previous to marriage; and when he finds that he can scarcely step into a town or parish without meeting some instance of the sort, he will no longer consider the pecuniary pressure on the rate-payer as the first in the class of evils which the Poor Laws have entailed upon the community."

Among the evils connected with the Poor Laws, are those arising from the laws of settlement and chargeability. The expense of the support of the poor of any parish being borne by that parish alone, the overseers of the poor evince the greatest anxiety to prevent the settlement of any labouring man; for even if he is able to earn his living when he comes into the parish, they fear that he may become a burden at some future time. "Chargeability," says a writer in *Chamber's Journal*, "is the English slave system. The poor man cannot go where he lists in search of employment, for fear that he may become chargeable. He cannot take a good place which may be offered to him, for he cannot get a residence lest he become chargeable. Houses are pulled down over the ears of honest working men; and decent poor people are driven from Dan to Beersheba lest they become chargeable. There is something infinitely distressing in the whole basis of this idea, that the English peasant must needs be regarded from his birth, and all through life, as a possible pauper."

It is to avoid this chargeability that the land-owners have pulled down multi-

tudes of cottages, in order that the labourers whom they were compelled to support by poor-rates might be driven away from the rural parishes. A quotation from the speech of Mr. Chadwick shows the operation of this course of action. "The lower districts of Reading," says he, "were severely visited with fever during the past year, which called attention to the sanitary condition of the labouring population. While making inquiries upon the subject, I learned that some of the worst conditioned places were occupied by agricultural labourers. Many of them, it appeared, walked four, six, seven, and even eight miles, in wet and snow, to and from their place of work, after twelve hours' work on the farm. Why, however, were agricultural labourers driven in these fever-nests of a town? I was informed, in answer, that they were driven in there by the pulling down of cottages to avoid parochial settlements and contributions to their maintenance in the event of destitution. . . . Near Gainsborough, Lincoln and Lowth, the labourers walk even longer distances than near Reading. I am informed that from the like cause, the evil of overcrowding is going on in the ill-conditioned villages of open parishes."

By pursuing this system, a number of land-owners combining in one parish and pulling down the cottages on their estates, drive all the labourers to some little town in a neighbouring parish; and in this way, while they can have them as labourers if they want them, they are relieved of the burden of their support, which falls upon the merchants and citizens of the towns.

It is to prevent chargeability that the overseers of the poor have hurried away, in open carts, dying paupers in order to save the parish the cost of their funeral, and women about to become mothers, for fear that their infants might obtain a residence by being born in the parish.

Such was the effect of the whole system of the Poor Laws, that England, which had withstood the efforts of Europe in arms, was sinking under the canker of pauperism. To find a remedy was an imperious necessity. Commissioners were

sent by Parliament to examine personally into the working of the system. They published a report in fourteen folio volumes. The Poor Law amendment act was passed soon after, containing the following provisions. The power of administering and regulating relief was vested solely in a Central Board of Commissioners, residing in London and assisted by assistant-commissioners, each itinerant in his own district. One of the first acts of this board was to arrange the fifteen thousand parishes of England into five hundred and ninety-five Unions, each furnished with a work-house. We have already seen that the attempt to make public relief distasteful by giving the pauper a subsistence less abundant or less palatable than that of the independent labourer was impracticable; that it was impossible to impose upon him labour more arduous than that to which he had been accustomed, or even as much so; and moreover, that this labour was necessarily unprofitable. It was now determined to put another condition upon the administration of relief. No able-bodied person was to receive it from the parish except on becoming an inmate of the work-house, that is to say, a prisoner. It was thought that confinement and restriction to the tedious tasks and regular hours of the work-house would drive away the poor. But in the first place, how was it possible to confine nearly two millions of paupers in less than six hundred work-houses? It is clear that the thing was impossible. What alternative remained? Should relief be refused to twelve hundred thousand human beings, who had no means of earning a living since their labour was not wanted, merely because there were no places of confinement sufficiently large to contain them? Was society, which had encouraged their multiplication by a vicious legislation, now to decree that, whereas they were supernumeraries in the great family, and whereas it would involve an immoderate expenditure to erect jails for them, they

must therefore starve? Humanity forbade such a conclusion. Relief to the able-bodied must therefore be continued, acts of Parliament to the contrary notwithstanding. And it was not humanity alone which urged its claims on this occasion. Twelve hundred thousand paupers, turned loose upon society with no other prospect but starvation, would have taken by force the relief which was denied them, and would have been supported in the act by twice that number of those who are always trembling on the verge of pauperism. The result would have been a revolution of unspeakable horror. The remedy came too late. If imprisonment and separation of families had been made the condition of relief from the beginning, no man would have married when it was probable, nay, certain that he would be compelled to submit to such terms or to die. The number of labourers would have remained proportionate to the demand. But now, these supernumeraries had been called into existence by the direct effect of the Poor Laws, and society must bear the burden of them.

Those who had been so short-sighted as to expect any important advantage from the amendment act, soon found their expectations deceived. The bill came into effective operation in 1836. During the ten years following, the proportion of those receiving out-door relief has varied between eighty-five and eighty-nine per cent.\* "At the last return," says the *Edinburgh Review*, (Oct. 1846, page 162,) "out of 1,470,970 relieved, only 215,325 were inmates of the work-house." The poor-rates, which had at first very much diminished, soon began to increase again. "During a period, not merely of profound tranquillity, but of eminent prosperity, the expenditure has gone on increasing, until, in eight years, it has risen nearly twenty-five per cent. If its advance be not checked, it must in time eat away the whole rental. . . . We trust that we shall escape these as we have escaped many

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\* *Edinburgh Review*, January, 1846. The sum expended in relief in those ten years was \$236,164,000, over twenty-three and a half millions a year.



other perils which seemed scarcely avoidable; but we must say that of all the dangers to which we are exposed, those connected with the Poor Laws are the most threatening." (*Ibid.* page 163.)

It will be perceived, not without surprise by many, from this sketch of the English Poor Laws, that while the doctrine of the Right to employment and subsistence has been advanced on the Continent as a mere theory, it is in England that it has been actually put in practice, and with the disastrous results that we have seen. While French and German publicists were asserting that society owes every man a living and were laughed at for their pains, British statesmen acted out the aphorism until ruin stared them in the face.

And yet, look at the industrial world. Mark the contrast between the rich and the poor. See the capitalist becoming more and more wealthy from year to year, while his operatives are sinking lower and lower in the depths of misery, and thousands are unable to find even the least profitable labour. Then hear some eloquent, generous-hearted apostle of these *pariahs* exclaim: "This is not just! Those stout-armed labourers, without whom your society and civilization would sink into non-entity, are worthy of their hire. *This is the truth: whenever a human being does devote, or is willing and ready to devote his life to one of the pursuits which are beneficial to society,—to him society owes, in return, a living.*"

Does not this sound plausible? Does it not seem reasonable?

Undoubtedly it does. And this is why it has been believed and acted upon. Not only so, but it is true *in the abstract*. In the abstract, he who labours, is entitled to a compensation, a remuneration, for his labour. But living men are not abstractions; capital, the means of subsistence, are not abstractions. They exist in definite quantities; and definite relations exist between them. Granting the abstract right of the labourer to compensation, of what use will the right be when the number of labourers becomes so large that the means of compensation fail? The attempt of any state or government to de-

creed that there shall be employment and subsistence for every one, is the same thing as saying that the state shall create out of nothing the means of subsistence for its citizens, whatever may be their number, however superfluous or unprofitable their labour.

The truth is that this right to a living does not exist, *because it depends upon an impossibility*. It may be said that it is the duty of the rich to divide their surplus among the poor, and that if this were done, all would have enough. But the only effect of doing so would be to make all poor, to disperse capitals, to compel all men to forsake all pursuits except that of procuring the means of satisfying their physical wants; and consequently to destroy learning, science, literature, and civilization. "If the poor had really a claim of *right* to support," says Malthus, "I do not think that any man could justify his wearing broadcloth, or eating as much meat as he wants for dinner; and those who assert this right, and yet are rolling in their carriages, living every day luxuriously and keeping even their horses on food of which their fellow-creatures are in want, must be allowed to act with the greatest inconsistency. Taking an individual instance, without reference to consequences, it appears to me that the argument (for the right to subsistence) is irresistible. Can it be pretended for a moment that a part of the mutton which I expect to eat to-day would not be much more beneficially employed on some hard-working labourer, who has not perhaps tasted animal food for the last week, or on some poor family who cannot command sufficient food of any kind fully to satisfy the cravings of appetite? If these instances were not of a nature to multiply in proportion as such wants were indiscriminately gratified, I should not have the smallest hesitation in most fully allowing the right. But as it appears clearly, both from theory and experience, that if the claim were allowed, it would soon increase beyond the *possibility* of satisfying it, and that the attempt to do so would involve the human race in the most wretched and universal poverty, it follows necessarily that our

conduct, which denies the right, is more suited to the present state of our being than our declamations which allow it." (MALTHUS on Population. Appendix.)

The simple fact is this. The sum which is available for the payment of wages in any country is in its nature *limited*. Although it is *indefinite*, that is to say variable with circumstances, it is not *infinite* as seems to be supposed by the theories and systems which we have considered. If the number of labourers among whom this sum is to be distributed be very small, the share of each one will be very large. If this number be very large, the share of each one must be very small, too small perhaps to sustain life, and then suffering and starvation must diminish the labourers until the portion of each increases sufficiently to support him. The taxation of the rich cannot make the sum larger; for what is taken from the rich in the shape of poor-rates is subtracted from what they would spend in the wages of servants, labourers, &c. It relieves the evil with one hand and multiplies it with the other.

Let us observe here that these perplexing problems are but slightly modified by political institutions. England has a powerful aristocracy, primogeniture, and the Poor Laws; all her lands are concentrated in the hands of only thirty thousand proprietors, and she suffers from

these social evils. France has no aristocracy, no primogeniture, no Poor Laws, and her lands are distributed among fifteen millions of proprietors, and she has rushed from revolution to revolution, the last two or three of which were caused mainly by social and not by political evils. In the Netherlands the number of paupers depending upon public charity is one-fifth of the population. Even in this Union, pauperism, like all other isms, is gaining ground in the Northern States; these bear in their bosom the seeds of all the calamities which afflict England at this day.\*

To attempt to remedy such evils by revolutions as France has done, is to pour oil, not upon the troubled waters, but upon a fiery blaze. Suppose for a moment that in England, for example, where exist the greatest social inequalities, where we find royalty costing yearly an immense sum in empty pomp and sinecures, an established church, a prodigious public debt, a Sutherland and a Westminster, with incomes of five thousand dollars a day, and by the side of these, two millions of starving wretches; suppose that there a revolution were to equalize all things, to sweep away the burden of costly establishments and the public debt; it is possible that the masses of the English people would experience a temporary relief. Grant, for the sake of the argu-

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\* The truth of this assertion has unfortunately been demonstrated by the effects of the late commercial crisis in the Northern cities. Bread-riots and processions of unemployed labourers demanding relief from the government, show that there is, in many places, a redundancy of labour.

We must be allowed to quote a brief article which met our eye when about to send these sheets to the press. We quote from the National Intelligencer of March 16th, 1858.

"Albany and Clinton counties, N. Y., have failed to make returns. In the remaining counties of the State the whole expense of support and relief amounts \$1,354,383 90. The number of persons relieved is set down at 173,249; of which 75,400 were inmates of the alms-houses; the remainder are termed "out-door poor," and receive temporary relief only. The "poor-house establishments," with which is connected 7,101 acres of land, are valued at about one million of dollars. The annual value of pauper-labour, in all the poor-houses, is estimated at \$27,000. Of the number of paupers, 67,000 were born in the U. States."

This is the English system out and out. Already the work-houses are insufficient to contain the paupers, and nearly one hundred thousand persons are receiving out-door relief. In this case the seed has sprouted, and the Upas tree of pauperism is already sending forth vigorous shoots.



ment, what most certainly would not be the case, that every one would be in comfort and plenty. The result would be that all those prudential checks upon marriage, which are caused by the fear of want, and the difficulty of ensuring the means of subsistence being withdrawn, the population would double in less than twenty-five years; and at the end of that period, the evils now existing would return with more than double the amount of pressure.

It is much more difficult to obtain copious information concerning the Poor Laws of continental Europe than concerning those of England.

It seems that most of the European nations reject, or have never entertained the idea that the State owes relief to the poor. Although France is honourably distinguished by the number and the liberal administration of her eleemosynary establishments, she has never granted to the poor a legal right to succour, in spite of the declamations of her demagogues. She has reaped the fruit of this wise policy in the greater self-reliance of her labouring classes, which have also been prevented from multiplying as rapidly as they would have done if they could have depended upon the State for the maintenance of themselves and their families.

Other nations seem to have been aware of the evils consequent upon a redundant population, and have discouraged imprudent marriages. It has been remarked by Malthus that even two or three years added to the average age at which marriages are contracted, make a sensible difference in the average number of children to a marriage. The obligation to military service which exists in almost every continental state, has for its effect to retard the period of marriage and consequently to check the increase of population.

In the "Preface to the Foreign communications on Poor Laws, ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, February 21st, 1834," are found the following statements:

"The conditions on which parochial assistance is afforded in the countries in question, (Russia, Norway, Sweden, Den-

mark and the German States,) form perhaps the principal difference between their systems and that which we have adopted. In England where the scale and the allowance system prevail, no condition whatever can be said to be imposed on the pauper. What he receives is a mere gratuitous addition to his income. Even where work is required, the hours are in general fewer, and the labour less severe than those of the independent labourer; and the workhouse, the most powerful of our instruments of repression, affords in general, food, lodging, clothing and warmth better than can be found in the cottage, *and may be quitted at a day's notice.*

"But in all the countries which we have been considering, except the Canton de Berne and perhaps Denmark, the great object of pauper legislation, that of rendering the situation of the pauper less agreeable than that of the independent labourer has been effectually attained.

"On recurring to the statements which we have extracted, it will be seen that he loses all right to property; that he becomes incapable of contracting marriage while receiving relief, cannot marry until he has reimbursed the parish, or has procured security that his future family shall not become chargeable, or till three years have elapsed since he last received relief. If married, he loses control over his children—he cannot choose his residence or his occupation—and if he once becomes the inmate of a work-house, *he incurs the risk of imprisonment for life.* When such are the terms offered by the public, it is easy to understand that none but the really destitute will accept them.

"The prevalence of habits productive of pauperism is repressed by subjecting the whole labouring population to superintendence and restrictions which we would consider vexatious.

"In almost all the countries which have been mentioned, endeavors are made to prevent the existence of a redundant population, by throwing obstacles in the way of imprudent marriages. Marriage on the part of persons in the actual receipt of relief, appears to be every where prohibited, and the marriage of those who

are not likely to possess the means of independent support, is allowed by very few.

"Thus we are told that in Norway no one can marry without showing to the satisfaction of the clergyman, that he is permanently settled in such a manner as to offer a fair prospect that he can maintain a family.

"In Mecklenburg, that marriages are delayed by conscription in the twenty second year, and military service for six years: besides, the parties must have a dwelling, without which a clergyman is not permitted to marry them. The men marry at from twenty-five to thirty, the women not much earlier, as both must first gain by service enough to establish themselves.

"In Saxony, that a man may not marry before he is twenty-one years old, if liable to serve in the army. In Dresden, professionalists, (by which word artisans are probably meant) may not marry until they become masters in their trade.

"In Wurtemberg, that no man is allowed to marry till his twenty-fifth year, on account of his military duties, unless permission be especially obtained or purchased. At that age he must also obtain permission, which is granted on proving that he and his wife would have together sufficient to maintain a family, or to establish themselves; (from \$100 to \$300, according to the size of the town where they are to reside.)

"It is possible that a compulsory Poor law may work tolerably well in countries where the bulk of the population possess property; where every motion of the labourer is watched by an inquisitive police and controlled by an arbitrary government; where marriage is forbidden to the indigent, and where the relief itself is a sort of punishment."

From this sketch of the condition of the poor in Europe, (and the poor comprise the great bulk of the labouring classes, that is to say the mass of the nation,) it is evident that they are in a condition of bondage at all times. While they call themselves independent labourers they are the slaves of the employers, or rather what is still worse, of circumstances over which it is impossible to exert any control. When

they call upon the government for relief, they can obtain it only by submitting to the most absolute slavery, abandoning their rights to property, choice of residence, employment, even marriage and control over their own offspring; if these conditions are not enforced, the consequence is the rapid increase of pauperism and the ruin of the country.

Can any man in his sober senses imagine that such a state of things is so attractive as to induce the Southern people to liberate all their black slaves in order to reduce *themselves* to a condition in so many respects worse than slavery? And yet this is the form of society which is held up to us as vastly superior and preferable to ours.

But are these evils inseparable from free society? Must the State be corroded and eaten up by pauperism, or else must it protect itself against this canker by a restrictive legislation upon marriage, residence, employments, which virtually would make slaves of all the citizens?

The question cannot be answered better than by quoting the words of the distinguished English Political Economist, John Stuart Mill.

"No remedies for low wages," says he, "have the least chance of being efficacious, which do not operate on and through the minds and habits of the people. While these are unaffected, any contrivance, even if successful, for temporarily improving the condition of the very poor, would but let slip the reins by which population was previously curbed, and could only therefore, continue to produce its effect if, by the whip and spur of taxation, capital were compelled to follow at an equally accelerated pace. But the process could not possibly last for long together; and whenever it stopped, it would leave the country with an *increased number of the poorest class, and a diminished population of all but the poorest*, or, if it continued long enough, with *none at all* (but the poorest.) For 'to this complexion must come at last' all social arrangements which remove the natural checks to population without substituting any others.

"By what means then is poverty to be contended against? How is the evil of

low wages to be remedied? If the expedients usually recommended for the purpose are not adapted to it, can no others be thought of? Can political economy do nothing, but only object to every thing, and demonstrate that nothing can be done?

“If this were so, political economy might have a needful, but would have a melancholy and a thankless task. If the bulk of the human race are always to remain, *as at present*, slaves to toil in which they have no interest, and therefore feel no interest, drudging from early morning till late at night for bare necessities, and with all the intellectual and moral deficiencies which that implies; without resources either in mind or feelings; *untaught*, for *they cannot be better taught than fed*; selfish, for all their thoughts are required for themselves; without interests or sentiments as citizens and members of society, and with a sense of injustice rankling in their minds, equally for what they have not, and for what others have; I know not what there is which should make a person, with any capacity of reason, concern himself about the destinies of the human race.”

You would naturally infer from this passage, that its author who so forcibly depicts the evil, is going to point out a remedy which will be at least of some appreciable effect within a reasonable time. What is the first and the most efficient which offers itself to every reflecting mind? The education of the children of the labouring classes; not that boasted Prussian system of which so much has been said of late, but which has never given to Prussia any rank or weight or influence among civilized nations, beyond what her *material power*, her three hundred thousand bayonets secure to her. But an education, the chief object of which would be to diffuse among the masses that species of knowledge best suited to them; an education which placing history and political economy in the first rank, would teach men that it is vain and absurd to hold governments, or society, or the possessors of capital responsible for the evils which are the necessary

consequences of the want of foresight of the people; and which would impress upon them the lesson that it is to their own virtues, self restraint, industry and frugality that they must look for amelioration in their condition, above all, an education which would increase the wants of the people; for without the creation of what some call artificial wants, there can be no civilization. He who has none but the lowest physical wants is a savage. He, who like the Irish peasant, is satisfied to vegetate in a mud hovel on the produce of a half acre of potatoes, is but little higher in the human scale; and he is willing and ready to marry before twenty, and to bring up a family in the same abject condition. An education which would make the masses consider as a necessary condition for marriage, the possession of a comfortable house or the reasonable assurance of being able to rent one, and the certainty of being able to earn enough to subsist on food not inferior in cost or quality to wheat bread, meat and milk, and these in abundance, would raise the self-respect and the standard of comfort of the people, and would be the most powerful, the only effective check to that over population which is the curse of free society. Without this, neither emigration nor the putting in cultivation of waste lands, (the other remedies proposed by Mr. Mill,) can bring any relief, for they would prove only a stimulus to the multiplication of the already redundant labourers. Such an education is then the remedy in view.

But how is it to be applied? What chance is there of imparting an education to the poor man's children, when inexorable necessity compels them to begin a life of unremitting toil in the factory, the coal pit, the work-shop or the field, before they have reached the age of ten years? How many centuries perhaps, must elapse before the English operative and peasant and the Irish cottier, embraced by twenty generations of misery, privations and bad legislation, can be raised to the desired level? In view of the difficulties in the way of its application and the great length of time which must elapse before its effects can be felt,

are we not justifiable in considering the remedy as illusory?

But there is another obstacle in the way. The tendency of free society is to counteract the operation of the remedy; to lower the average standard of comforts and consequently the self-respect of the people. Where there exists no well defined line of demarcation between the lowest class of society and the class immediately above it, the downwards transition is easy and not attended with much shame or injury to men's feelings. No such facility however in the transition upwards; "*Facilis descensus Averni, sed revocare gradum. . . .*" The young tradesman or mechanic, who is for the present a little above the labourer that lives from hand to mouth, might by using prudence and waiting a few years, marry with a reasonable prospect that his family would, if not rise in condition, at least remain stationary. But when his feelings are excited by youthful passion, he will lay aside all penitential considerations. He will not be deterred from marrying five years too early by the prospect of himself and his children's being reduced to the rank of the mere day laborer or even the recipient of public charity. For yielding to that so natural tendency to prefer present gratification to future advantages, he will argue that after all, the inferior condition is not degrading; he sees in it multitudes of men no worse than himself in blood, intellect, education or virtue. And when he sinks into that condition, (and this by his own fault and imprudence,) he will find millions around him to keep him in countenance, to repeat with him that they are as good as those more favored by fortune, and to attribute the cause of their misery to social injustice, the oppression of the employers, or the misrule of the government.

But where a strong, unmistakable, ineffaceable line of demarcation separates the lowest class from all the others, no one can sink into it without shame, moral suffering, and a deep feeling of degradation. Hence the conservative influence of slavery upon the standard of comforts and self-respect among those that are above it. It is said by our Northern

brethren that slavery has instilled into the Southern people the idea that labour is degrading to the white man. This is true as regards the lowest departments of *physical* labour, which involve the least exercise of the *mind*, and which are consequently the worst paid. But what is the necessary consequence of this characteristic of the Southern people? As they will not engage in this lowest manual labour, they are compelled to acquire such knowledge as will fit them for something *above* it, whether in agriculture, the learned professions, or the mechanical arts; (which, whatever has been said, are highly honoured and more lucrative than at the North.) Another consequence is the vastly increased power of what Malthus terms the prudential check on population. The Southerner, unless already degraded, will not marry if he perceives that by doing so, he must sink himself or his offspring to that level which is in his country that of the slave or the colored man. If he is poor, he waits until he accumulates sufficient capital or secures adequate employment to enable him to retain his place in society; and frequently in order to do so, he seeks his fortune in regions far distant from his native state. This self-respect, call it pride if you choose, is one of the most precious qualities which a people can possess. Those who are deficient in it can never be raised in the scale of humanity.

The chief, almost the only cause of social evils, is the pressure of population upon the means of subsistence. Slavery is a mighty bulwark against this. It is owing to the influence of slavery that the whites increase more slowly in the South than in the free states. Some may regret this, because they see in it the loss of political preponderance. But though this may seem an evil at present, it will be more than counterbalanced by the social elevation of the Southern people. Let us repeat it once more, for it is an important truth: the idea of the advantage of a very dense population is founded upon that of physical force. It considers citizens as so many soldiers to be used for defense or conquest. But where the laws of justice and equity prevail as they

should do in our confederation, this consideration ought to have no weight. Little Rhode Island should be as carefully protected in her rights as if she could raise the same number of soldiers to defend them as imperial New York to defend hers. If those laws are to be disregarded by that section which possesses numerical superiority, the sooner this Union is dissolved, the better: and in such a contingency, the South has nothing to fear from having a less numerous population. We are enough, and strong enough to bid defiance on our own soil to any mortal foe. We should therefore rejoice that our people increase but slowly, for this is the proof that they will not submit to relinquish their high position in the social scale.

The self-protecting power of slavery against over-population, applies to the labourers as well as to the employers. It affords the means of regulating the distribution of labour. In the free countries, much distress could be relieved by the removal of a part of the population from districts where it is too dense to other districts, or even to colonies where labour is wanted. But this cannot be done without giving to the State the power of coercing emigration; that is to say, without depriving the labourer of the liberty of choosing his residence, his associations, his employments; in a word, without making him a slave.\* Slavery gives the means of removing the redundant labourers to places where their labour will be profitable. If this is done sometimes at the cost of much individual

suffering by the separation of families, it is not an essential part of slavery. The law which limits the right of the master over his slave in our country by protecting the life and securing the subsistence of the latter, and in other countries by prescribing their hours of work and of recreation, the quantity and quality of food, the nature and degree of his punishments, may also forbid the severing of his family ties so as to render the separation of families no greater than is usual among the labouring classes of any country. And at last, when the whole country open to slavery shall have been fully settled, and it is perceived that a further increase of labourers is injurious, (if such a period can arrive before the end of all earthly things,) the worse then that can happen will be to check their increase by laws restrictive of marriage, similar in their results to those of Sweden, Denmark, Wurtemberg, Norway, and, other countries previously quoted.

The advocates of free society often taunt us with the contrast between Northern energy and what they are pleased to term Southern indolence. We might deny the existence of this latter quality as applied to the sons of the South. Surely neither on the field of battle nor in the settlement of the South-western States, —Texas, especially,—have the Southern people been one whit behind their Northern brethren in energy and enterprise. We will not deny, however, that the energy of the people of the North is more auspicious. But do they deserve the

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\*It is not sufficient that powerful inducements to emigration should be offered. Men are often willing to submit to much suffering rather than give up certain pleasures or habits of life. If they are allowed the absolute liberty of choosing their residence they may persist in remaining where they are superfluous; and they may bring the whole country to ruin rather than remove. Thus we have seen in the city of New York processions of workmen shouting "Bread or death!" and many thousands have no doubt suffered great privations. And yet, it was not here as in England. They could have obtained employment in abundance, by removing to other localities at no unreasonable distance. The evil in this case sprang from the determination of several hundred thousand people to remain fixed upon a space of three or four square miles, and to risk starvation and civil war rather than abandon the attractions of a great city. How much the functions of the city fathers would have been simplified had they possessed the power of directing the removal of the redundant to localities where their labour was wanted, and where they would have proved a blessing instead of a curse!



credit they take to themselves for it? Occupying a country insufficient to support the large population which covers its soil, under a harsh climate, they were compelled to put forth their energies, to create branches of industry and commerce whereby to obtain the means of subsistence which agriculture could not afford them. They were under the pressure of necessity, and hence they put forth their energies.

There is no great cause for wonder or boasting in all this. Place the Southerner under the like circumstances, and his now latent energies will soon exhibit themselves. Northern industry has accomplished much, but it has been chiefly in those departments of life which are not best calculated to elevate man's moral and mental condition. Under the depressing influence of the "*Res angusta domi*," the Northern mind has become accustomed to parsimonious calculations, and to the relentless pursuit of the almighty dollar as the chief end of man and the only object of life. It is true that while the Southern planter's son is riding his blooded horse after the hounds and scattering his gold with wild profusion, the heir of the Northern merchant prince is not unfrequently bound to the drudgery of the counting room or the school-house, with as keen an eye to the emoluments as if he had no other dependence. This is what makes the Northerner so sharp in business, so fully aware of the exact commercial value of money. But which type presents the higher qualities of human nature? Where will you look for generosity of feeling, for liberal hospitality, for lofty disregard of the petty tricks and low cunning which so often mingle with the pursuits of trade?

"But," exclaim our opponents, "you Southerners can afford to be lavish and self-indulgent, because you are rich, while we are not, or at least cannot be and remain so without incessant economy and exertion."

Exactly so. And yet you point to our indolence, as you choose to call it, which is merely the consequence of our wealth and hold it up as one of the evils of

slavery. Would it be desirable, then, that we should throw away this wealth which you acknowledge, and place ourselves under the same pressure that weighs upon you, merely to have an opportunity to display our energy. Should we not rather be thankful that there exists no necessity for our being so constantly under whip and spur?

To sum up:

We have carefully surveyed the physical, mental and moral condition of the great mass of the people in those countries where the so-called free system of society has had the time to work out its results. From the testimony of disinterested witnesses, residing in those countries, and hostile to our institution of slavery, we have seen that the great majority are free in name, but in reality slaves,—and this in the most fearful sense of the word; for they are the slaves, not of men who are by their nature merciful, but of things which cannot feel or exercise mercy. We have, then, considered the great problem which arises from this *status*: "How can the evils which afflict free society be removed or mitigated?" We have passed in review the various schemes which have been offered as the solutions of this problem; and we have seen that while some were totally impracticable, others led only to greater calamities. What shall our verdict be? Shall we acknowledge the superiority, in any sense, of free society over ours? Shall we, who are so free from these perplexing questions that most of us are ignorant of their very existence, set aside our institutions to adopt those which must bring in their train the evils that we have discussed, and force upon us the fearful problem which others have not been able to solve? Shall we open wide our country to foreign or Northern emigration, and let loose without check or hindrance the mighty engine of population, in order that we may hereafter puzzle our ingenuity in discovering for its redundancy the remedies which so many have sought for in vain? Shall we augment tenfold the number of our citizens in order that each one of them may find his wealth less by half

than at present? Shall we reduce ourselves to penury that we may display our energies by struggling against it? Shall we set free our coloured slaves, in order to make ourselves all slaves together, having for an inexorable and inflexible master the fluctuating numerical ratio between the capital available for wages and the number of the labourers?

*"Risum teneatis amici!"*

What shall we then conclude? That free society is a state of unmixed evil? God forbid! Shall we on the other side assert that slavery is a good *per se*, an unmixed good, the *magnum bonum*, the great blessing from which all others flow? By no means! We will not lose sight of this cardinal truth. This earth is the place of trial for a fallen and sinful race; labour, compulsory labour for the means of subsistence is one of the punishments inflicted upon man for his disobedience. There never was upon earth but one man that could be called a free labourer because his subsistence did not depend upon forced labour, and that one was Adam before his fall. From the hour of his transgression, all men have depended directly or indirectly upon compulsory labour. The immense majority have to perform the task in person, and the few drones who endeavour to avoid its accomplishment, cut themselves off from the blessings with which Divine mercy has mitigated the curse.\* Slavery being compulsory labour, may thus far be called an evil, but it is the universal evil of the race. To expect a state of society from which suffering and want, and consequently the absolute obligation to work shall be banished, is the absurdity of Godwin's Utopia, in which selfishness, avarice and penury shall find no place. Southern slavery is no such chi-

merical Eden. Like free society, like every conceivable human institution, it has its good and its evils. The part of wisdom is to endeavour to mitigate the ills which accompany every earthly condition, and to give its preference to that state of society in which most good is mingled with least evil. In this view of the case, should we desire to persuade the free countries to adopt our peculiar form? Certainly not. Their circumstances forbid the idea. At the present day, a number of white men cannot hold towards their *equals in blood* and everything else but wealth, the relation which the people of the South hold towards their slaves. Those countries must retain their form of society and try to make the best of it. But we contend that ours is better. We assert that in all countries and at all times, there must be a class of hewers of wood and drawers of water who must always, of necessity, form the substratum of human society. We affirm that it is best for all that this class should be formed of a race upon which God himself has placed a mark of physical and mental inferiority; because its members are satisfied with their position at the bottom of the social scale; because they are willing and contented to acknowledge their inferiority, and feel neither degradation nor heart-burning at occupying the place which they know to be the best suited to their capacities. We believe that it is infinitely better, and that all are vastly happier, when interest combines with benevolence in making the higher classes the careful guardians of the welfare of the lower, than when the labourer's perishing of misery is a matter of indifference to the employer. We believe that it is infinitely better to have a lower class of such la-

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\* To show that labour is the inexorable law under which mankind exist, a distinguished philosopher, Fresnel, points to the fact that whenever four generations succeed each other without practising any kind of manual labour, the children of the fifth generation die young and of consumption; manual labour being indispensable to the healthy development of the lungs. Thus we see the feudal nobility, healthy and flourishing while addicted to the rude and laborious pursuits of chivalry; but feeble, dying off and disappearing by absolute extinction, as soon as the invention of gunpowder rendered bodily exercise apparently useless.



bourers, than one composed of men who feel their equality in blood, capacity, rights, and whose hearts are continually "stirred to mutiny and rage," by the impossibility of rising to the position of those who have no other superiority over them than the possession of a little wealth. We assert, and we think ourselves fully borne out by the proofs adduced, that if we compare *class with class*, our black slaves are superior not only in physical comfort, but in their moral and mental condition to the great mass of the European day-labourers, (and to the corresponding class in the Northern States which is composed mainly of those same labourers and of free negroes.) If we compare the classes above the lowest, we find among us, without those prodigious inequalities which are seen in England, and elsewhere, a uniform standard of comforts and self-respect, and an average wealth superior to any on the face of the earth. We believe that it is preferable that our natural resources should be developed but slowly by the gradual settlement of conservative slaveholders, to seeing our old and respectable Commonwealth over-

run by hordes of pauper labourers. The present generation might consider it a blessing to have our existing population trebled at once, all the lands opened and settled immediately, all our internal improvements finished in a short time by means of the increased revenue accruing from the influx of inhabitants and the advanced value of property; but the following generation would be burdened with the *curse of over-population* which would probably descend to the latest posterity, bringing in its train all the evils which it has produced elsewhere.

So long as the prosperity and self-respect of the Southern people remain as they now are, unequalled in the world, so long as we see our poor houses and jails comparatively empty, our cities undisturbed by mobs and unpunished violence, our pulpits undefiled by fanaticism and political passions, our legislation untainted by the thousand isms which have found their congenial soil in free society, let us be excused for preferring

—"rather to *cherish* the *blessings* we have,  
Than fly to *evils* that we know not of!"

R. E. C.

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## SONNET.

*To Philip Pendleton Cooke.*

BY JOHN S. STEWART.

And thou hast sung of glorious Florence Vane,  
Of Rosalie, the joyous and the good,  
And trod the Mountains, or with Spencer stood,  
In equal friendship, by the lucent Main.  
Grand breezes sweep the vine-heights of thy verse,—  
An age heroic dwells within its scope.  
Thou sawst the star-locked gates of glory ope  
With a proud vision. Then thou didst rehearse  
The wonders of that world—a splendid seer.  
Oh! Antique harp, now stringless! Oh! large soul,  
Moving to Poesy's sublime control  
Around Truth's central orb! We miss thee here,—  
We miss thy hate of wrong, thy love of truth,  
The squadron-sweep of Song's immortal youth.

JUNE, 1858.

## VERNON GROVE; OR, HEARTS AS THEY ARE.

[CONCLUDED.]

## CHAPTER XXVII.

I see them sitting by each other's side  
 In the heart's silent secrecy! I hear  
 The breath of meditation from their souls;  
 They speak; a soft subduing tenderness  
 Born of devotion, innocence and bliss,  
 Steals from their bosoms in a silver voice  
 That makes a pious hymning melody.

*John Wilson.*

Life, when he least expected, burst in blossom,

Music became the measure of his hours,  
 His paths were paths of flowers.

*Hirst's Endymion.*

Vernon's daily visits to the Grove, to plan improvements there, and to restore the house and grounds to their former completeness, gave him a constancy of occupation which was most beneficial to him. Something like this he needed to take him away from himself and the constantly recurring thought, that the time was fast approaching when he would lose the companionship of Sybil forever. Books had ceased to entice him, for were they ever so attractive, his thoughts would wander as the most exciting passages were read to him, and the authors whom he most admired had lost their charm. On the other hand, he was acquiring the habit of self-conquest, and felt a certain satisfaction in the consciousness that he was hiding from Linwood and Sybil the gloom which enveloped his inner life. He had moreover made a determination to be more cheerful, and not to come before his friends like a dark shadow of evil, clouding the sunshine of their days; and since it was inevitable that social happiness was not to be his lot, he resolved to make the memory of Sybil's last days in his society pleasant ones, and therefore upon his return each evening from his visit to the Grove, his brilliant sallies of wit and his inexhaustible fund of entertaining conversation would win his guests to new admiration of his talents and varied powers.

It was in a mood somewhat like that which has been described above, with sorrow in his heart but with a song upon his lips, that he entered the little porch at the cottage on the evening of the day which had witnessed the parting between Sybil and Albert.

Sybil had never been told just how much Vernon had lost by the fire,—indeed any allusion to that fearful night had always seemed to agitate her, and the subject was tacitly avoided; but from the little that she gained from Vernon's conversations with Albert, her impression was that nearly the whole edifice had been destroyed, together with the pictures, works of art, books and furniture, and she thought if such were the case, that Vernon must be almost impoverished. But so little experience had she in anything that related to money transactions, that the estimate she had formed was far from correct. It was true that his loss was quite severe, but fortunately all that had been destroyed could be easily supplied from Vernon's ample fortune.

Labouring under the false impression which she had formed, Sybil passed many a restless night before her strength fully returned in thinking of romantic plans, (if he would let her remain after she had broken her engagement with Albert,) whereby she could assist him, or in case that the luxuries to which he had been accustomed had to be relinquished, how best she could help to make up by her untiring devotion the deprivation which he would thus be obliged to endure.

One step had been achieved—Albert had gone, but a new difficulty arose in Sybil's mind as to the manner in which Vernon would receive the intelligence. His song as he entered smote upon her heart, he seemed to be so happy in spite of his misfortunes. She felt as if his very joy was a rebuke to her, and in that gay, careless mood she dreaded to tell him, if he inquired for Albert, that he had departed from his friend forever. She feared, too, one of those old terrible

outbreaks of ungovernable passion which knew no law, and which, even though he had tried to struggle against them so bravely, now and then would burst in fury upon her head.

Sybil was pacing to and fro in the little porch. She could not remain calmly within awaiting Vernon's return; that quick tread which sent the blood coursing through her frame was preferable to sitting and watching the pendulum's lazy motion, or to reading pages which her eyes indeed mechanically followed, but which conveyed to her pre-occupied mind no sense nor meaning. At last she heard the sound of horse-hoofs, then Vernon's voice, then his approaching step, and she advanced to meet him, and offered to lead him into the room.

"If you are walking, Sybil, I will join you," said he—"how long it is since we have had a talk about the stars! Tell me something of them as they twinkle out upon the night,—if your favourite Orion is belted as gorgeously as of yore, and if the lost Pleiad has yet returned to her sisters. Did Sybil ever tell you, Albert, that a blind man taught her the constellations, and how well with his help and the charts she has learned their many names? Give her your other arm, for we must not forget that our little flower is still drooping, and not nearly as strong as we hope that the fresh Spring air will make her."

Ah, bravely said were those few cheerful words, and they had a deeper meaning; too, than Sybil imagined, for they referred to the right that Albert had to be her support and guide.

"Albert is not here," said Sybil timidly.

"Not here!" said Vernon in astonishment, "why, is the knight a truant that he thus leaves his lady's bower? Take comfort, Sybil, he cannot desert you long."

"*He will never return,*" said Sybil, pausing in her walk and speaking with trembling earnestness, "and he bade me say farewell to you. I told you that I had something to say to you, Mr. Vernon, sooner or later, and now the time has arrived, more especially since you

have lost so much and feel the heavy hand of misfortune upon you. It is true that I have brought one sad thing to pass, Albert's absence—that was inevitable; but if you will accept my services, me you still can have. I will serve you and toil for you, no exertion will seem too great, no privation too hard to bear if you will let me stay and be your friend, your sister, even your servant, and should this cottage be your home, I will try to make it pleasant for you, so pleasant that you will miss but a very little the lost luxuries of Vernon Grove."

"And Albert?" questioned Vernon in the only words which he could command himself sufficiently to utter.

"I could not, could not love him," said Sybil passionately, "I tried, until I made myself deceitful; all the long nights I would lie awake, hoping to make the thought of him a thought of love, but in vain. Then your letter came to Mrs. Clayton, and she read words to me from it which sent my heart adrift from Vernon Grove, bidding Albert God speed in his love, and saying that it was your desire that I should be his wife, not only your desire, but almost your command, and then in an evil hour to please you, but *only* to please you, Mr. Vernon, I consented, but since then I have had no peace, none. Something has said to me hourly, 'you are living a lie,' life has been a burden, and as I could not love him, nor could I ever hope to after all this trying, I told him so to-day. If you are too angry with me to endure me in your presence, only say so and I will find another home,—even that, though sad enough, would be better than the struggle that has daily and hourly been mine,—but if you can forgive me, weighing all my trials, my needs, my love for you and all that belongs to you, the heart-agony which I have endured in the false life which I have told you of, then let your little Sybil stay."

So saying she twined her arm more securely in his and drew nearer to him, as though she knew how hard it would be to thrust one away who, like a frightened, timid dove, sought protection in his bosom.

Vernon trembled; a hundred varying emotions passed through his mind, chief among which the thought of Sybil's sufferings and Isabel's duplicity, which he at once traced to Florence's schemes, was conspicuous. But over all reigned a strange sensation of peace and holy joy, the reality that he had so well counterfeited only a few moments before.

"Poor child," he said; taking her hand with indescribable tenderness of voice and manner, "poor, suffering child; and so they made you believe that I would have you wed Albert and leave me to my loneliness; it was all false, some fiendish plot misled you, and some day we shall unravel it all. And would you share my fancied poverty with me, as you said? Is there nothing in the wide world that could part you from me, Sybil?"

"Ah, *nothing*."

"And is there no one whom you have met and would welcome, were he to come to take you from the blind man's hearth?"

"No one in the whole wide world."

The grasp of his hand tightened around Sybil's yielding fingers; his pulses throbbed with a new sense of joy; that moment would have rewarded him for a lifetime of suffering.

"Bless you, Sybil," he said with deep emotion, "now has the sunshine of my life indeed returned, the silver lining of my cloud appeared."

"And will you *never* send me away again?" she asked.

"Send you away, Sybil!" he exclaimed, "*how could I?*" and yet," he added, like one awaking from a sweet dream, "God help me, but I must send you away, God give me strength to do my duty unflinchingly, for I dare not keep you with me any longer. Would you ask me why," he continued, an uncontrollable impulse leading him on, "I would tell you that I love you, love you with the whole strength of my heart and soul. I never meant to reveal this to you, Sybil, but justice to you and myself requires it now. There is no love in the world like mine, for it has grown with years of the closest intercourse; it is prayerful, because you first taught me to pray; it is forbearing, because you gave me my first lessons in

checking the sins of my exacting and imperious nature, and it is enduring because of the very elements which have fostered its growth, and therefore it can never die as common loves die, or seek for another object whereon to rest. Then, loving you thus, how could I bear to think that the time might arrive, aye, let it be a mere probability, when another would come to claim you. I could never be *quite* happy under the uncertainty; day and night, night and day, I should think that my treasure might be taken away, and the thought would bring only wretchedness with it. There is a way," he continued after pausing for an instant, "only one way in which I could be happier than ever mortal was when happiest in the world, but I love you too much to say it; it would be wrong in me to wish to appropriate so much loveliness and purity to my darkened life. No, Sybil, leave me ere I so far forget myself and my long cherished resolution as even to whisper it in your ear—tempt me not with your dear presence to utter what might offend you irrevocably, and cause me everlasting regret."

Sybil listened—her life had known no joy like this; she knew that she was dear to him, but not so dear as he had said. She laid her hands trustingly in his and gazing up into his face with a look which he felt and welcomed even through his blindness, spoke again in answer, earnest and trembling words.

"Say it," she said solemnly, "whatever way there is to make your happiness, that way will most surely make mine also."

"And you will not be angry or scornful if it offends you, and you will keep hands in mine still, even thus, and not let our parting be abrupt, but stay with me a little longer, Sybil, and talk on in your own sweet way about the calm, eternal stars?"

"Angry and scornful, angry with *you*!" she said, "ah, you little know how to measure a true heart's love."

These words gave him new life; hope unbound the fetters of his tongue and bestowed upon his wild, long-hidden wish a voice. It could not be wrong to utter it

now, when she, whom it most concerned, urged him on; when, after wealth and love had been laid at her feet she had rejected them to return to him; when it was so plainly his duty to be frank with her own frank nature; under such circumstances any tribunal would absolve him from his vow; the words could not harm her, mere words which she had promised she would not be offended at, and after all, he had himself proposed the worst thing that could befall him, *she could but leave him*, she could not deprive him of the privilege of still loving her memory after she had departed from him forever.

"Then, Sybil," he said, "I will trust that large, generous heart, and rest my cause upon its wide, extended love—I could only be happy were you mine, *were you my wife*. Would you, *could you* be a blind man's wife? Never; let us end this mockery; come."

He turned from her as though to enter the cottage door, but she stood between him and it, and arrested his steps.

"I *have* come," she said, detaining him, "but not to leave this pleasant porch just yet; stop and listen to me, I have come to tell you that I knew it could be found, the love that would satisfy me, that I would turn from the whole world to guide you, that our love is equal, that I will be your wife, Richard. May I call you Richard *now*?"

With a glad cry of joy he caught her to his breast; the wish for sight was still ed; content was he to be in his darkened world, since her voice, with all its wealth of tenderness, whispered to him that he was beloved, and there beneath the stars he told her that he was resigned even to his life-affliction, his blindness.

"Life, when least expected, burst in blossom,

Music became the measure of his hours,  
His paths were paths of flowers."

**NOTE.**—The author of this work deems it necessary to say that the reader will find a striking coincidence between the following chapter and one in the recent novel of "John Halifax." It was, however, written long before "John Halifax" was published.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

Thou lamb in Childhood's field astray!  
Whence camest thou? what angel bore  
Thee past so many a fairer shore  
Of guarding love and guidance mild,  
To drop thee on this barren wild?

*Bayard Taylor.*

Blest Infancy!

That from thy precious shore of hidden  
wealth,  
Can'st lavish gifts as boundless, when com-  
pared  
To the world's hollow pleasures, as a  
beam  
Is to the mote that flits along its path.

*Mary Lee.*

So changeable was Isabel's April-like temperament that she was glad to hear of her brother's happiness. She wrote him a long letter making a full confession of her participation in Sybil's engagement to Albert; so touching and contrite was it, she asked for forgiveness so humbly, that it was granted at once, and Vernon accepted an invitation which she urged upon him, to come at once to the city, and to be married under Mr. Clayton's roof.

They went, and it is enough for the development of our story to say, without describing Isabel's kindness, or Mr. Clayton's welcome, the beauty of the bride's trousseau or the glorious sunshine which marked the happy day, that they were married, and that a benediction from God was never asked upon more congenial and loving hearts.

Another event of importance was about to transpire at Mr. Clayton's. Isabel's earnest prayer had at last been granted and God had given her the promise of a little child; something to love; an heir to all the wealth so carefully hoarded, except where selfish gratification was concerned; a sunbeam to light up those lonely rooms, a young voice to draw her homeward and to keep her satisfied there.

To Clayton this promise was one of extraordinary moment, and his pride and joy showed itself in increased tenderness towards Isabel and in extravagant prep-



arations for the little stranger. What wealth could buy was to be laid at its feet—the finest lawns would scarcely be soft enough to enfold its delicate limbs, and the laces and embroideries ordered for its wardrobe were curiosities in themselves, from their richness and costliness. Then its eyes were to open upon every thing that was beautiful and exquisite, and as it grew in years all that was beautiful in art and nature was to minister to its tastes. Gorgeous canopies threaded with gold hung over the elaborate cradle, and precious salvers and vases stood ready for the infant's use. Nor was he content with merely providing for the present wants of the child, but a so called "nursery" was fitted up with an extravagance which was almost sinful. Rare pictures which a child might understand, stories told by skilful artists' hands, lined the walls; curious toys lay strewed about like the *bijouterie* in a drawing-room; silver and gold were manufactured into playthings, and musical instruments mimicked with exquisite skill and precision into miniature toys. So talked of was this extraordinary outlay of money, this unusual prodigality, that it was considered a privilege among the friends of the Clayton's circle to gain admittance to this room, set apart from all others, in order to boast of having seen the rare curiosities which it contained.

Poor, unconscious babe, how little it would need or appreciate this display of magnificence!

At length the day and the hour arrived, and the promise of the Spring, a child, lay slumbering upon its mother's breast,—

With her hands, soft, white and slender,  
And her red lips full and tender,  
And her breathing, like the motion  
Which the waves of calmest ocean  
In their peaceful throbbings keep.

There was stillness in the household, but how different from the silence of a house that death has visited! Every foot-fall was noiseless, but every lip was smiling; every voice whispered, but each whisper was a note of joy.

Robert Clayton hung over his new-born treasure and his lovely wife with a heart filled with pride and gratitude. His worship of the beautiful was never more fully called out than then, for the mother and child were perfect in form and feature. Nor was he disappointed in the sex of the infant, for Isabel had most wished for a little girl to be her companion in the long hours when he was absent, and moreover there was something akin to royalty in the idea of giving away a daughter who could boast of the wealth of princes.

As day by day passed, the child grew in beauty; a serene, patient face was hers, with the calm loveliness which we see upon the pictured face of the infant Samuel.

Isabel's countenance was like the day, radiant, brilliant and smiling; with a light upon it which was not borrowed from without, but which emanated from a heart ever carelessly happy;—the child's resembled moonlight rather, with its deep, solemn shadows, its unfathomable mysteries, a face leaving in the mind a memory which vibrated between a smile and a sigh.

Time unrolled his mystic scroll of hours, and still the infant developed beneath her parents' fond and watchful eyes. First came the realizing sense that she was startled by sounds, next, that her hearing was singularly acute, that she was sensitive to the slightest touch, and that her lungs were strong and powerful. Each new unfolding of that young and wonderful life, each leaf opening in the curious mechanism of that living flower, was a source of inexpressible joy and interest to Clayton and Isabel. Sometimes they hung over her as she lay sleeping, weaving plans for her future in whispers, for fear that a louder tone might awake her peaceful slumbers, or commenting upon her features, her soft wavy hair, or the dimples that covered

"Those crossed hands upon her breast,"

those tiny hands, crossed unconsciously, as though in prayer.

And yet with still more tenderness when she awoke did they guard their lit-



the treasure from evils real and imaginary, from a ray of light let unguardedly into the room, from a draught of air, or a sudden and unexpected noise.

Vernon's old friend and physician, Dr. Bailey, was in close attendance upon Isabel and her child, and her manner to him was softened when compared with the haughty, careless air with which she had met him at the door of her brother's room and heard the intelligence of his doom of perpetual blindness. She had learned to be accustomed to his brusque yet honest manner; each day, too, he appeared to her more gentle and considerate, and moreover intensely interested in the new-born babe, while his step, which was once like the foot-fall of a giant, was now echoless, and his voice tenderer to her, it seemed, in his daily inquiries concerning the infant and herself. But Isabel might have been mistaken in the new opinion which she was forming concerning her rough but skilful physician, for all the world was bright to her now, and every one in it a miracle of perfection, so surely does happiness colour the atmosphere of those who look at life through its medium.

It is true, however, that Dr. Bailey showed a peculiar interest in the infant under his charge, more perhaps than was needed in the case of one who, in sick-room phrase, was "doing well." It was true, too, that one day after hanging over it in silence for some time, and when he had taken his departure and had descended one flight of stairs, he turned as though to retrace his steps, pausing irresolutely, while a strange expression of indecision passed over his face. Then it could not have been doubted, had any one heard them, that the words which he uttered related to the group which he had just left. Full of mystery they were, and yet they were said by one who despised mystery, and prided himself upon ever speaking the naked truth:

"Not yet, they cannot bear it yet, and perhaps after all I may be in the wrong."

But the next day decided Dr. Bailey not to withhold the communication, what-

ever it might be, from Robert Clayton and his wife.

"Nurse, bring the child hither," said he abruptly, as he stood by a window and unclosed the darkened blinds.

The child was brought just from its morning toilette, fresh as a rain-brightened flower, and as pure, its long embroidered dress sweeping the floor, and soft laces hanging about its tiny form.

Isabel uttered an exclamation of remonstrance:

"Oh, do not take it there," she said, "that bright glare of light has weakened even my strong eyes, and how can her feeble sight bear its glare!"

"It is necessary, madam," was all the reply the physician vouchsafed.

Then he took the infant in his arms and having sent the nurse away upon some trivial message to his servant, turned from Isabel so that the curtains might intervene between them as she lay anxiously watching him, and gave his whole attention to the child. First he exposed her tender eyes to the bright glare of the morning sun, and peered anxiously down into her face; then he forced the lids far away from the ball of the eye, until the whole sensitive surface lay exposed, the child screaming in the mean time with pain from his rough and cruel treatment.

*But it was necessary.*

Then a deep shade of anxiety crossed his face. Involuntarily the hard, unfeeling man, as Isabel thought him, drew the infant to his breast, uttered some pitying exclamation in a voice as gentle as a woman's, and then returned her to her nurse's arms.

In the evening following that day, Dr. Bailey paid an unexpected and unusual call upon his patient. Hitherto his visits had been before candle-light, but on this occasion it was fully dark.

He was one of those physicians, not uncommon in the class of doctors of medicine, who thought first in their profession, sought after and patronized, have none of the drawing-room manners of the more polished members of the fraternity who study sick-room words and phrases, and gild their pills, if possible,

while administering them, advising even a dying man, through a trick of courtesy, to hope for life and restoration to health. Dr. Bailey was none of these; a little more blandness in tone and manner would have improved him—he only thought of his patient and how to cure him; his step was not always soft and measured, nor his words silvery; sometimes even the sanctity of the quiet of a sick room did not prevent him from uttering an expletive so strong that it might have been construed into an oath, and when death was hovering over a patient and waiting for his prey, he told him so, nor cheated him into the belief that the means used merely to soften his passage to the grave, might yet restore him to health once more.

Such was the man who entered Isabel Clayton's chamber, well meaning and skilful, but rough and abrupt in the extreme. He was there to do his duty, and he performed it without calculating how the blow could be made to descend most gently.

A pretty group met his eye as he entered. The happy mother was sitting up for the first time, enveloped in cashmeres and half buried in an easy chair of ponderous dimensions. How lovely she was with that conscious feeling of importance, the sweet motherly air which showed itself in every movement, the subdued tone of her voice and the chastened expression of her eyes, which were turned ever upon the calm face of her child!

Opposite to her sat Vernon and Sybil, very, very near each other. He loved to feel her breath upon his cheek, he loved to know that she was by his side, now that she was his own, and playfully would tell her, while he clasped her hand within his, that he wished to assure himself of the presence of his good angel lest her sky-sisters, taking advantage of his blindness, might spirit her away.

Close to Isabel, so close that she might watch that her treasure did not fall from his awkward arms, Clayton was seated, holding the child, and speaking to it in a language which was intelligible only to himself; he was evidently improving in the arts of the nursery, and had actually

lulled the infant to sleep with a cradle-like motion and some ambitious attempts at a lullaby, which seemed to be a great source of amusement to the rest of the circle; while in the distance was the nurse, fast asleep, it is true, but as much alive to the interest of the child as if she were awake and holding her in her arms.

It was not cold, and merely a few embers glowed upon the hearth, as the nurse said, "to take the dampness from the air."

It would be difficult to conceive of a happier group; there seemed to be no shade in the picture, if we may except Vernon's blindness; and if life is judged by contrast, it might be said that he was happier far than all!

As we have said, the grouping was one to charm a looker-on; the sweet domestic quiet, together with the surroundings, the bouquet of rare flowers gracing the stand, the silken draperies, the luxurious lounges, the fair mother, the helpless infant, which told at once why they were thus gathered there: and Dr. Bailey *should have smiled* when he entered, but he frowned rather, at that light-hearted assemblage. Let us do him the justice to say that he brought the frown with him; it emanated from his own inward self; like the reed which bends when it is held over an unseen stream of water, so the frown showed the state of the physician's heart; any one might have told that it was an index, and that all was not peaceful within.

"A family party?" asked he, looking around.

"Strictly," said Clayton smiling,—  
"where no one but yourself would find a welcome."

"So much the better," growled Dr. Bailey; "nurse, light the gas."

"We have not lit it *yet*," said Isabel timidly, "they tell me that the eyes of infants are very weak."

Dr. Bailey scarcely regarded Isabel's remark, and nodded to the nurse, who was one of those functionaries that think physicians are commissioned angels, and can never do wrong; so she obeyed his order forthwith.

Isabel glanced at the infant, who luckily was sleeping, peacefully still, and then shaded her own eyes from the sudden blaze of light, thinking that though the doctor was very cruel, he was doing something which was common and necessary, while Clayton and Sybil drew back blinded by the sudden accession of light.

"I only needed *this* test before I spoke out," said Dr. Bailey; "here, give me the child."

Clayton, knowing that he was experienced and skilful, gave up the child, though quite at a loss to imagine what he meant to do. The light was certainly too strong to be let suddenly into that long, darkened room, but who would dare to doubt Dr. Bailey's knowledge in almost every branch of his profession! The only individual who seemed to take in a full meaning of what was passing, was, strange to say, Vernon, to whom Sybil was relating what transpired in the scene before her in whispers.

"*Another!*" was all that he said, and Sybil understood too well a few minutes later the significance of the word.

The little head of the sleeping child lay helplessly against the physician's rough coat, encircled by his arm. Suddenly he dashed some cold water that stood near into her face, and she awoke immediately under the bright stream of light.

She did not cry, she did not moan; calmly she looked upward, never flinching, never winking as she lay. Dr. Bailey raised her nearer and nearer to the flame, turned the screw and let out each burner to its full capacity, passed his hand rapidly to and fro over the child's eyes, then turning towards the wondering group who were slowly understanding the meaning of that fearful pantomime, he laid her once more in her father's arms, and looking into his face said, with a rough voice, though a tear trembled in his eye:

"*Mr. Clayton, your child is blind!*"

The physician departed and came again and again, but never more did he open the door upon a group so smilingly happy as that which greeted him ere they had learned the truth which he had come to

tell, and which turned the note of gladness into a sorrowful wail of disappointment and despair.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

I planted in my heart one seed of love,  
Watered with tears and watched with  
sleepless care,  
It grew, and when I looked that it should  
prove  
A gracious tree, and blessed harvests bear.  
Blossom nor fruit was there to crown my  
pain,  
Tears, cares, and labour all had been in  
vain,  
And yet I dare not pluck it from my heart,  
Lest, with the deep struck root my life  
depart.

*From the Italian—MRS. F. K. BUTLER.*

Many years have passed since Sybil first looked upon the calm picture of Evening. She has it near her still, and though she is surrounded by works of more artistic merit, and paintings done by those who bear the names of the great, still does this undying memory of her youth combine to shed the steady light of peace around it, a peace, ah, how unlike the life of the self-exiled artist by whom it was executed!

Albert Linwood never expected to find peace, nor did he attempt to look for it; his lot was that of a man who, having one great, all absorbing passion, and being disappointed in its fulfilment and fruition, accepts his destiny as an inheritor of sorrow, and uncomplainingly loves on.

Once Art with him was the chief object of his existence, but now it was only secondary, he used it as a means, not an end, and so far as it helped him somewhat to forget the gloomier points of his fate, so far as it kept him from utter despair, he was grateful to it—no farther.

He had won fame and wealth, and still he wrought mechanically upon the canvass, apparently as though life depended upon his efforts. Men pointed him out to young aspiring artists as an example of perseverance worthy of imitation; women wondered at his cold reserve

which rendered him averse to society, and, avoiding all overtures to a more social life, still he toiled on. His studio was not an object of interest to visitors, for his pictures were always spoken for before hand, and were sent away as soon as they were completed, and would the curious endeavour to obtain a glimpse of his painting-room, nothing would be seen there but the absorbed artist, intent upon his last order, and toiling with feverish impatience to finish it that he might begin upon another still.

There were hours, however, when his closed doors refused admittance to all—when the past, too strong for him, would come and wrest from him his self-control, and he would abandon himself to thoughts which soothed him in proportion as he could cheat himself by making them real. It was at such times as these, that drawing from a curtained recess, an easel upon which stood an unfinished picture, he would linger over it with touching fondness, occasionally adding a line which his memory recalled, until weariness or hunger called him away from the sweet, smiling eyes which seemed almost real in their tender, human expression. And this was to him the all of positive pleasure that his life contained.

Italy, where he had taken up his abode, is proverbially a cradle for the world-worn, the weary, the solitary, for beneath her sunny skies, and in contemplation of her natural and artistic beauties, the restless soul should be rocked, if any where upon earth, into calm repose, but Linwood courted its fascinations in vain.

Sometimes in her cypress groves, with clustering vines around him and the vale of the Appenines before him, he would forget for a while his own peculiar sorrow, the sorrow of life-loneliness, in the sweet fancy that she, his Sybil, was by his side; or when roaming above Fiésole, in reality alone, but in thought always accompanied by another, with the sense of the divine influence of the beautiful as he gazed upon jewelled Florence in the burnished setting of the glistening

Arno, he could not separate that delightful emotion from the idea that she likewise, standing by his side, though invisible, shared with him the transient happiness of a joyful feeling.

Men sometimes wondered at the rapt and absent demeanor of the successful artist; he sought no companionships, but seemed to be all sufficient for himself or to carry about with him a presence from which he cared not to be separated, more especially since he was seen one day, when in the Tribune at Florence, while gazing at a beautiful picture, to turn to an imagining being at his side saying, softly—"her smile is yours, dear Sybil."

Linwood loved with the soul of an artist, loved as those do upon whom God has written the word, "gifted." As some men prize their gold, their reputation, their honour, Linwood idolized Sybil. She was a part of his life, and failing to obtain such a blessing as her constant presence, he held her sacred in his memory.

But the time came when this ideal existence, this life of thought must wear out the body upon which it acted. His frame, never a very robust one, and predisposed by his unequal, sedentary habits to weakness, gradually gave way. Slowly came the decline, not even laying him prostrate in the prime of youth, but waiting till middle-age ere the final blow was given. His step was not so elastic, nor his hair so richly waving as of yore, when death came softly and took him from his life of dreams, whose romance he carried with him even to the grave.

He had long since finished the mysterious picture, the *Memory* upon which he had so lovingly wrought, and when he found that his fast departing strength made him a prisoner even upon his couch, he had it hung where he might see it ever, and but part with its pitying gaze in death. Linwood knew that he must die, but the change which he saw clearly must come, had no terrors for him. He had lived, he hoped, a good life, perhaps a selfish one as regarded that all absorbing thought of Sybil, but God would forgive him, he said, for that. He had

used much of his wealth to benefit others, particularly poor and struggling artists who were industriously toiling upward, and to Heaven he had committed his soul, thus fulfilling the two chief commandments towards God and his neighbour. Next to God came his devotion to Sybil, to her memory had he dedicated himself, and to do no act upon which her pure eyes could have looked forbiddingly, had been the guiding star of his life.

He was dying, at length; he felt it, he knew it by many signs which he had accustomed himself to look upon calmly, and he sent for persons to whom to intrust his last wishes. His bequest was a simple one, and soon reached her for whom alone it was intended. It merely said, "As I have lived, so do I die, Sybil's. All that is mine is hers. God keep her. Farewell."

As long as his eyes recognized any thing, indeed until they finally closed in death, he requested that the picture which always hung in his sight, should retain its place, and then, when all was over, that it might be forwarded to Vernon Grove with his bequest. This, his last wish, was religiously attended to, and even in the final struggle his eyes were turned lovingly upon it, and his lips still whispered that cherished name.

One evening, some weeks after this event, the inmates of Vernon Grove hung with sorrowing hearts over a package which had just been forwarded to them from Italy, and Vernon knew, ere it was unsealed, that it brought intelligence of his artist friend. No letter had passed between them but one from Vernon, and Linwood's reply. The first was an earnest appeal from Vernon to induce the artist to return and be to himself and Sybil even as a brother. The answer was sorrowful but firm, wishing them every happiness, desiring them to forget his existence, and to leave him to himself in his self-banishment.

Sybil's tears could not be repressed as she read the new testimony of his constancy and thought of the noble and generous heart that lay in its last sleep in a foreign land, and still more was she affected by that picture of herself, which

was a master-piece of painting, and as a likeness truly a *faithful memory*. Nor was Vernon less touched by this instance of the purity and constancy of his friend's attachment to Sybil, and he let her weep on unrestrained, deeming her tears a fitting tribute to one who had so loved and suffered.

Eventually the picture was placed in a curtained niche as something sacred, a Memory too holy to be exhibited to careless eyes, and even the little children drew the covering reverently aside, and whispered softly to each other that the hand that had painted it was still in death, and that it was so prized and cared for, because the artist who had executed it had lived and died in sorrow alone.

### CHAPTER XXX.

When first, beloved, in vanished hours

The blind man sought thy love to gain,  
They said thy cheek was bright as flowers  
New freshened by the summer rain.

They said thy movements, swift yet soft,  
Were such as make the winged dove  
Seem, as it gently soars aloft,

The image of repose and love.  
And still beloved, till life grows cold,  
We'll wander 'neath a genial sky,

And only know that we are old  
By counting happy years gone by:  
For thou to me art still as fair

As when those happy years began,—  
When first thou cam'st to soothe and share  
The sorrows of a sightless man.

*Mrs. Norton.*

The course of our narrative brings us once more to a winter's evening at Vernon Grove. At the time of which we are writing, the building in which Sybil passed her youth was no longer visible, for after the destructive fire that had occurred there, it had been rebuilt with numerous modern improvements, making it the very model of a household whose chief characteristic was its air of luxurious comfort and elegance.

The inmates were sitting before a glowing wood fire, for Vernon loved, since he could not behold the blaze, to hear the hissing of the sap, the crackling



of the dry logs, and the cheerful bustle and activity accompanying the piling on of fresh fuel; he liked to know that the smoke curled up in graceful volumes, and it rejoiced him to listen to the children's prattle as they traced pictures in the changing embers while they brightened or faded, or counted the sparks in busy glee. There was something like busy life in his home fireside, in contrast with the silent, steady heat of his sister's hearth, where the unbroken monotony was only interrupted by the harsh, unwelcome sound of the crash of coal as the grate was replenished. The first soothed him, the other made him restless and impatient.

"Sybil," said he to his wife, who sat near him, "since this sweet hour has returned to us again, this hour consecrated to heart-converse, tell me, as you do ever at twilight, exactly what is passing around us now; it seems to me that I can better follow you in all your avocations during the remainder of this evening."

She whom he addressed was a lovely impersonation of a happy wife and mother, her brow unshaded by care, and her eyes wearing that beaming look of contentment, which humanity, even with its birth-right of sorrow, sometimes, spite of sorrow wears. She was our Sybil of old, save that her form was rounder, and though from her step had departed somewhat of its lightness, the quiet dignity which pervaded every movement made up for that lost grace of extreme youth.

"Would you have me tell the story as usual, in my own way, Richard, or would you prefer the more stately measure of the rounded periods which one sees in print?"

"Tell me it as you choose; I never tire of listening to you."

That earnest tone of truth, though said with the smallest possible degree of gallantry, told at once that all the romance of love still lingered about them, and the soft blush which it brought to Sybil's face indicated plainly that a kind word from him, was still prized beyond any thing that the rest of the world might say.

"Well," she answered, "*as the books say*,—It is a cold and stormy night; the

rain descends in torrents; the inmates of a certain pleasant room in a certain pleasant home, feel neither the rain nor the cold, for God has given them a good shelter for their heads. Upon the hearth glows a brilliant fire, illumining without lamp-light, the remotest corner of the apartment. Not that the room is very large, but it is just the size for comfort. A rich carpet, upon which crimson flowers predominate, covers the floor, and crimson curtains shade the windows, shutting out the dreariness of the night, yet not quite shutting in the comfort, for the passer-by, should there be any, would say, how pleasant it must be within. There are sofas, and couches and lounges enough, and straight-backed chairs for people who are opposed to modern innovations, are scattered about: there is a small book-case on one side of the room, where Italian sages stand side by side with a questionable looking Mother Goose, and where, lying irreverently upon the back of the immortal Homer's works, reclines a certain unsatisfied Jack Horner bound in indestructible cloth! Then in one corner of the room, upon which are written the invisible letters, '*Sacred to the Children*' are a Noah's Ark and a box of ninepins, while in niches opposite are busts of Shakspeare and Dante, too much regarded as household gods to be sent into banishment in the best parlour. Besides these, there is a round table upon which stand a basket of delicate needle-work, a book with a mark between the leaves, and a child's porcelain slate. Near the fire sits a man, a *noble* man, forsooth, with a high, white brow, upon which intellect is written; his dark hair is mixed with silver, a token that he has met and walked with trouble, yet there is such a look of content upon his face, his form is so unbent, his whole aspect so strikingly superior to that of other men—"

"Sybil, shut your imaginary book at once."

"By no means; let me tell my story without interruption,—so strikingly superior to that of other men, that one wonders *where* and *when* he met with and walked with trouble."



"You forget his blindness,"

"No, we, the book-makers, do *not* forget his blindness, but if it makes no difference to *him*, it makes none whatever to *us*; we, rather are drawn to him *the more*, for this very fact."

Her voice was toned to unutterable tenderness as she said these last words, and Vernon half arose as though to clasp his arms around her, but she playfully told him to be seated, and not interrupt the narrative as it was not nearly completed.

"Just opposite to the last mentioned individual," she continued, "is a woman who loves him, and who loved him even before she knew it herself for years and years; she was fair once they say, and may be so now, but the knowledge of it only affects her as far as it enables her to see with what a gratified look, he, of the easy chair yonder, hears that she is pleasant to look upon—for she only lives for him and his."

Again Vernon's arms were unclasped, while he uttered a beseeching "come, Sybil," but again she requested him with a dignity worthy of another Fadladeen to be quiet and hear the conclusion.

"To proceed;—on the floor, in a very undignified posture, I am sorry to say, with his head turned towards the fire, and holding up a book of pictures to the light, lies the household pet, a boy resembling *him* of the superb presence before mentioned, as a secondary rainbow resembles the first. His marked thirst for knowledge bespeaks an intelligence beyond his years, and gives promise of a distinguished career. As he numbers to-day his third year, he is privileged to retain his recumbent posture, until broken from his dream of distinction by the entrance of his nurse, who will presently appear to put him ingloriously to bed."

A bright smile which was beautiful to behold flitted over the face of the blind man. He was proud, and justly so, of his boy, whom Sybil had so playfully described.

"Just before the fire," continued Sybil, "sits Ruth, the daughter of the house, gazing in deep thought into the glowing embers as though she were reading a more

interesting story there than that told by her lady mother. Her eyes are blue, the image of the maternal eyes, save that their azure is a thought deeper, but she has her father's dark, wavy hair; at this moment Ruth is in a reverie so profound, that not even the mention of her name can rouse her from her dreamy state."

"Of what are you thinking Ruth?" said Vernon, this time interrupting Sybil unrebuked.

The child, thus aroused, answered, but before we hear the sound of her voice, we, the writer and reader, must pause awhile over her briefly told history.

Ruth Vernon was a thoughtful creature, and being six years older than her little brother, she was the self-constituted guardian of the child. Having no companions but her father and mother, she had learned the trick of dignity, and in their quiet country home was already advanced to offices of trust in the household. Her sober demeanor had early rendered her an acceptable guide to her father, and she would sit for hours listening to the conversation of her parents, with an absorbing interest which seemed strange to those who did not know her peculiar bent of character, and the circumstances in which she had been placed.

There was one being in the world to whose happiness she was almost necessary, and this was the blind child of Robert and Isabel Clayton, and although her parents missed her sadly in her absence, they often sacrificed their own feelings to the comfort of her poor afflicted cousin, and allowed Ruth to make stated visits to the city. From one of these visits she had just returned when Sybil was so playfully describing the inmates of Vernon Grove.

There was a close sympathy between the cousins, arising partly from the fact that Ruth understood, from long attendance upon her father, the peculiar habits of the blind, and knew better how to interest and amuse her than any other of her young companions; and Eva soon learned to recognize her step and rushed to meet her when she heard her voice. Another reason, perhaps, for this growing attachment was, that to her to

whom toys were useless, books became doubly dear, and Ruth never wearied of reading volume after volume to the attentive and interested child.

The household at Mr. Clayton's luxurious home is a changed one since last we saw it, each and all feeling the impress of the blind child's gentle and lovely character. God sometimes seems to create mortals who are *almost* sinless from birth, rare instances of inborn goodness as an example for us to copy, and nearly angelic was Eva's patient endurance of her peculiar trials. Isabel's unreflecting and selfish character had become changed under her gentle influence, and she had learned to love her blind child with a passionate fondness which we often see in mothers whose children are deformed or diseased. The gaiety of the outer world was now to her only as a remembered dream, and to devise plans for Eva's amusement, to gaze for hours upon her singular beauty, and to wonder what would be her destiny in the long years of the future, was her sole occupation. Gradually, however, as the child increased in years, the character of Isabel's care became changed. A tutor was employed who devoted himself to Eva in order that she might learn the alphabet of the blind, and every little tale which she read herself or listened to, seemed to the reflecting child to point to some moral which was especially addressed to herself. From this came a longing to be useful, and Isabel was gradually forced to become a party to her plans for clothing and feeding the hungry poor, while Eva never seemed happier than when, with her eyes darkened alike to the beauty of heaven and earth, she visited with her mother the abodes of poverty and wretchedness, until at last the latter became interested herself in their cause, and learned to minister with judgment to their wants.

When the blow first fell upon Clayton, the terrible truth that the child was blind, that he, the fastidious worshipper of only what was perfect and unblemished in creation, was the victim of so terrible a judgment, he was like one bereft of his senses, cursing his destiny

and finding fault even with Providence for this unthought-of affliction. He ordered all the bright and costly preparations which had been made for the child to be taken away; he seldom invited a guest to cross his threshold, and the house was as silent as though in readiness for some funeral rite, while the disappointed man shut himself up in the solitude of his own apartment as though mourning the dead. But such an utter abandonment to selfish grief could not continue forever,—he merged into the business man, the man of the world once more; walked out with a proud air among his associates, and tried with renewed efforts to live down his terrible affliction. Deeper and deeper he plunged into business, forgetting in the day his peculiar trials, but the night came when he turned to that gloomy home and to the conviction that he *must* remember.

And the child won even *him* at last. God seemed to have sent her as a messenger to soften his heart, to turn him from self-worship, and to teach him to live for others.

As long as the nursery *regime* was in existence, Clayton could easily shun the presence of his child, and he avoided her as a sight which gave him inexpressible pain, so different was she from other children, so helpless and yet so uncomplaining, but when that time had passed, and when those sweet lips had learned that precious word "father," and the little arms wound themselves caressingly around her mother's neck, while she asked coaxingly to be taken into the absent one's presence, Isabel ventured to bring the unconscious offender into that father's sight.

Clayton was a hard man, wasting none of his sympathies upon objects of compassion, and at first he turned away from that angel-like face, and busying himself with books and papers pretended not to see her pretty ways; but children are obtrusive and persevering, and this child soon learned to know when another was in the room beside that gentle mother, and climbing around his knees or leaning her sweet face against him as she sat at

his feet, she at last won him from his books to watch her.

One day,—it was a marked day in that household,—Isabel went from the room where they were, and left Clayton and his child together. Eva, then three years old, and somewhat accustomed to localities, after grouping about in vain for her mother, suddenly turned to Clayton as he sat regarding her simply to see what she would do next, and extending her arms cried out, as if beseeching protection in that one, all-prevailing burden of prayer, “*father!*” It was a sound strangely matured for those infant lips, but it had become familiar by being the daily and hourly lesson of her mother. From that instant the man’s whole nature turned to love and pity, and raising the little one in his arms, he soothed her with gentle words and caresses until she fell back asleep upon his shoulder.

After that period the father and child were as one. Clayton became a child once more for her sake, and constituted himself her guardian, her companion, her friend. To Isabel, towards whom in the violence of his grief and disappointment he had been cold and unloving, he returned once more to what he had ever been before that episode in their hitherto calm life, and a smile came once more to her lips and colour to her faded cheek. No longer endeavouring to find in the excitements of business a compensation for his want of interest in his home, he longed for the day to end which would bring him into the presence of those two who awaited him, and with some fresh contrivance to amuse the helpless one, some new budget of simple books, would he meet their words of loving welcome.

And thus Clayton felt himself a changed man; he had another object besides the accumulation of wealth and show, nor was that wealth and show appreciated by those who loved him and whom he loved so tenderly. The one had overcome her passion for display, the other had never seen the brilliant appendages which surrounded her, and it mattered little in her estimation whether glittering jewels clasped her arms and decked

her bosom, or if they were unadorned in their own graceful simplicity. Gently was he led on from one act of forbearance to another, and earnestly did he try to hide his faults of character from his child, for she had an ideal in her mind of what he was, and it became his aim to live up to it, and in so trying, it is not to be wondered at that he was successful.

We each have a mission assigned to us in our pilgrimage if we would but view the purposes of life aright, and it was hers to improve his character, simply by the example which unconsciously she set.

Dr. Bailey himself was no oculist, but not long after Eva’s birth he brought with him a friend who was one, to pronounce upon the case, and from a few words which he had said, scarcely intended, however, to give her parents hope for any change in the child’s condition, Clayton never entirely relinquished the idea that sight might eventually be hers.

“In the course of years, when she can nerve herself to bear the trial,” said the oculist, “an operation could be performed which might result in giving her sight, but it must necessarily be a very painful one, and she will require a strong will and an unflinching courage in order to be able to endure it, and even then the practitioner may not be successful. Were the child mine, I would almost rather let her remain as she is, than raise hopes which in the end may be crushed with disappointment.”

From Clayton’s mind, we have said, these words never entirely faded, and Isabel, too timid to dwell upon them for fear of a disappointment in the end, left the whole matter to his responsibility, and as the child grew in years and so early developed great decision of character, Clayton gradually revealed to her the hopes and fears of the oculist. His plan was to let her become accustomed to the idea, to set some fixed time for the trial, and then to leave the result to a higher power. At first Eva shrank from the thought as one too terrible to be endured; the bodily pain which she knew that she

must meet and bear frightened her; then gradually as her father had hoped, the anticipation became familiar to her, and when he fondly dwelt upon a brilliant result rather than upon the darker side which the physician had been so careful not to omit, she promised to think seriously upon the subject, and to let him know when, if ever, she could submit to the trying ordeal.

The little cousins had many an earnest conversation upon the subject, and Eva had solemnly exacted a promise from Ruth that she would be present, if the time should ever arrive, to cheer and comfort her.

Ruth had just entered her ninth and Eva her eleventh year, when the latter felt that to please her father, whom she loved with an all-absorbing devotion, and to set the matter at rest forever, she would endure for his sake the long-talked-of trial. Now that the time had really arrived, it was astonishing to see how differently different characters were impressed and affected by the thought of a crisis so fraught with pain and uncertainty; they underwent a change which made them strangers to themselves. Thus Isabel, who in contemplation of the event had ever been irresolute and timid, now stood by, ready to answer to any call for assistance, her cheeks pale, indeed, but her whole tone and manner calculated to inspire the blind child with confidence; while Clayton, dreading what he had most advocated, fled away from the scene, far from sight or sound of suffering. And to Eva, who was most concerned, the contemplated operation, as far as outward appearances could be judged, brought no terror,—and her sweet, low voice which said simply, "*father, I am ready now,*" betrayed no weak tremour in its utterance. They were simple words enough, but the secret of their calmness lay in the fact that they had been preceded by days and hours of prayer.

Rough Dr. Bailey, softer than usual, held that little head with its glossy waves of hair to keep it steady, but it trembled far less than he did, for, having watched Eva from her infancy, he had

learned to love her, and was intensely interested in the result of the experiment which he had himself advocated. Near Eva, and a very important personage in the group, stood Ruth, true to her promise, holding her cousin's hand, and bidding her take courage, and that all would end well.

"Patience," said the operator softly, "a pang, and half the suffering will be over."

The little hand which held Ruth's was clasped more tightly, and a groan smote upon the listener's ears. The room reeled with the heroic child, a faintness came over her, but she was soon herself again.

"Would you not rather wait a day or two for the other eye to be operated upon?" said the kind physician; "a week hence or a month will answer."

"No," answered Eva, with quiet self-possession, "let it be done to-day, now; I do not think that I could bear the suspense, and it would *please my father* to know that it was all over."

Love sustained her; another sigh, a groan, and it was finished.

Then came the bandages, the darkened room, the stillness, the repose, for one whose nerves all unstrung by the reaction needed rest, but often those little cousinly hands were clasped together in a pressure which spoke more love than many words.

The physicians only allowed Clayton to enter Eva's room at intervals, for his presence always excited her, and turned the conversation to that one absorbing topic, the hope, that in the end, she would have her sight; but though almost banished from her companionship, he thought but of her, and his business life was entirely forgotten in the intense interest with which he awaited the final result. Isabel could scarcely be reconciled to the suffering which Eva had endured, to end, perhaps, in disappointment—she loved her child in her blindness as much as mother *could* love, and did not see the necessity of perchance a fruitless experiment, but still under her restless manner one could see that she, too, looked forward to the finale with trembling anxiety. But even had the termination of

that fearful ordeal been what they most dreaded, many a lesson of forbearance had been learned by both in the fortitude displayed by their child, her patience and trust, and her calm resignation to the will of Providence whatever that will might be.

A look from a physician has often more weight than many words spoken by others, and Ruth first interpreted the expression on the oculist's face which led them to hope for a happy result when the hour of decision arrived. The agitation of the parents was too great for them to remain close to Eva when the final moment of investigation came, and in the little entry which led into Eva's room, they awaited the summons which was to give them joy inexpressible or a life-long weight of sorrow. They dared not remain within, for fear of disappointment; they dared not be far away, for fear that they might lose the first intelligence that she was blessed with sight.

Slowly, cautiously, the bandages were removed, those little clasped hands still giving each other courage, for Ruth needed it nearly as much as Eva, and her heart-beats could almost be heard in the silence. That earnest face of Ruth's was a study, as the different emotions of love, pity, fear, and hope crossed it, as shadows flit across the sky, until at last the end came and she saw, as her eyes sought the physician's face, a broad, cheerful, happy smile. Ruth was a heroine, but there were some circumstances under which it would have been impossible for her to control herself,—and this proved one. She thought not of consequences,—she only thought of that unceasing prayer which had been breathed by the household for many weeks, and that it was granted at length.

"She will see, she will see!" she exclaimed, "Eva, love, do you hear?"

The physician gave her a stern look as a rebuke for her indiscretion, but it was too late, Eva had fainted.

"Ruth is right," said he to the father and mother who had rushed in at that blessed announcement, "but too abrupt; her cousin and herself are wonderful

little women in times of trial and danger, but neither of them are equal to a sudden joy."

We shall not follow the Claytons through Eva's long and tedious recovery; it is enough to say that the lessons that misfortune had taught them were not forgotten when prosperity returned, and that they remembered that living for others was a surer means of happiness than living entirely for themselves.

\* \* \* \* \*

Poor little Ruth!—how long is it since we left her looking dreamily into the fire, with her father's question unanswered?—"Well, Ruth, of what are you thinking?"

"Sometimes of Eva, who suffered so much pain and was so patient and good, (but of her I told you this morning,) and sometimes of other things which happened at uncle Clayton's. Just then, when you spoke to me, I was thinking of a lady, a tall, beautiful lady, who came sometimes to see us, and whom aunt Isabel called Florence. One day she took me aside, and clasping her arms around me, she looked a long while in my face. At last she said, 'Ruth, did they ever tell you that though your eyes are blue, their expression is very like that of your father's eyes?'"

"'But he is blind.' I said.

"'I mean they resemble his as they were years ago,' she said, and then she sighed so sadly that I knew deep down in her heart she had some trouble that gave her pain.

"'You always come here alone,' I said, 'have you no one to take care of you, no little children waiting for you at home?'"

"'God help me; I have no one—no one!' she said.

"Then she wept bitterly, and though it may have been wrong, I asked her if she was sorry for anything she had done.

"'God grant that you may never have sorrow like mine,' she said, and then she put me away from her, and left me."

Ere Ruth had entirely finished her simple narration, Sybil despatched her



upon some trivial errand from the room.

"You have sent Ruth away, Sybil," said Vernon, rising and approaching her, "will you tell me why, dearest? I was quite interested in her remarks, and would have liked to question her farther."

Sybil was mortal; it is of *hearts* that we are telling, and hers was not above a momentary weakness.

"I feared," she said softly, laying her hand caressingly upon Vernon's arm, "that if she had said anything further, your pity might have led you to regret."

"I have, indeed, sometimes *to pity*, but nothing *to regret*," he said tenderly. "I have known no sorrow, no pang of disappointment since the tender green of the ivy mingled its bright foliage with the weather-beaten leaves."

Gently he raised her hands and laid

them about his neck until they almost clasped each other, then winding his arms around her, he bent down and kissed her brow.

We would like to leave them there twining still, like the ivy to which he had likened them, but in truth we cannot, for there is a little heart in the room throbbing passionately with a feeling of jealousy, without knowing for whom, or why, or wherefore. The pet of the household, with his elbows on the carpet and his chin on his hands, is seriously regarding his parents; then approaching them he attempts to clasp them both in his arms,—failing in which, he piteously demands that he, too, might be spared a caress.

His demand being satisfied, our story is ended.

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## HOW ANNIE WON MY LOVE.

She won it,—*not* by her radiant smile,  
Nor her bright and waving hair;—  
She won it,—*not* by her beautiful eyes,  
Nor her hand so soft and fair.

'Twas not by her lip where the coral gleams,  
Nor her neck as pure as snow;  
Nor her rounded form with its graceful air,  
Nor her cheeks where rose-buds blow.

Though her youthful charms are a joy to me,  
'Twas by spells more true and strong  
Than to ivory neck and coral lip  
And to wavy hair belong.

It was by the *look* which *shone from her eyes*—  
A beam from her earnest soul,  
'Twas her *pleasant words* and her *spirit meek*,  
'And her daily self-control.

The perishing beauty of earth will fade,  
Nor bloom in a world above,  
But her spirit meek and her self-control  
E'en *there* will be crowned *with Love*.



## A MONUMENT AT JAMESTOWN TO CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

MR. EDITOR:—It is gratifying to observe among us an increasing taste for the fine arts, especially as manifested in monuments to departed worth. In every portion of the Old Thirteen, the memorable events and distinguished men of our revolution are not only celebrated in written or spoken eloquence, but presented to the eye in canvass or marble. Bunker Hill has been immortalized, not only by the historian, the poet and the orator, but by the skill and industry of the architect, acting under the direction of enlightened liberality.

Would that Yorktown, the scene of the last eventful act in the great drama, were marked, in like manner, by a lofty memorial of patriotic gratitude. But grass grows, not only in the American lines, which encircled the place, but in the streets of what was once the Virginia mart, and the sails of commerce have long since ceased to animate its wharves, and to whiten its beautiful waters.

In like manner, the sceptre departed from Jamestown, and thence passed first to Williamsburg, and then to Richmond, our present living, growing metropolis.

It is in the last accordingly, that our revolutionary statesmen, whose career began at Williamsburg, and our heroes are now handed down to posterity in brass and marble. We rejoice that it is so, and that the fame of these men of the olden time is thus identified with the proudest ornaments of our modern capital. Washington and his group of compatriots are enough to make any city proud, and, we trust, will concentrate on that in which they stand, the affections of our united commonwealth. The iron cords of trade, as well as the silken ties of love, are indissolubly binding together the citizens of Virginia, whom demagogues have tried sometimes to alienate by exaggerating differences of sentiment and interest.

But we wish to carry public attention much farther back, in time and place, to the old deserted Jamestown, and to the hero, whose sagacity and courage won

the shield and sword of its early inhabitants.

It has been remarked, that the name of John Smith, which is now scarcely a proper name, once belonged to an Englishman, who, in every quarter of the globe, exhibited the adventurous daring of a fearless soldier, and the resources of an officer, thoroughly acquainted with human nature, and fertile in expedients for every emergency. His was emphatically an age of great men, for it was the age of Shakspeare and Bacon, of Henry the Fourth and of William the Silent, of Raleigh the accomplished, but unfortunate first patentee of Virginia, among others too numerous to mention.

Smith, although perhaps not unlike the last in natural character, had no pretension to his learning and accomplishments, and would perhaps never have succeeded, as he did, in the capacity of a courtier. He, Smith, was never meant to be the minion of James, the modern Solomon, to whose patronage he was once recommended. There was no stuff in him to make either a Somerset or a Buckingham.

But, as a man of genius for action, who, on all occasions, saw by intuition, the best thing to be done and the best mode of doing it, and who had always the hand and the heart to execute his plans, however difficult or dangerous, he must have stood high in any age.

He was a real knight errant, who, loving danger for its own sake, sought adventures in every quarter of the globe. Shortly after the immortal Cervantes aided in the brilliant victory over the Turks at Lepanto, Smith fought with unsurpassed valour against the same enemy, then so formidable, at Olumpagh, at Regall, and at Rottenton, where he was at last wounded and taken prisoner.

No knight in the pages of Froissart, not Richard Cœur de Lion in those of Scott, can surpass in romantic interest one, who successively bore off three of the proudest heads in the Turkish chivalry, then inferior to none upon the

globe. But he distinguished himself by the qualities of his head, no less than those of his heart, by skill in stratagem and contrivance, as well as dexterity and courage in single combat.

He was no carpet knight; yet, whenever and wherever he mingled with the fair, he won their admiration and attachment by his noble bearing and admirable address. He caught a most *loving* Tartar in Charatza Tragabigzanda, although we can scarcely imagine one *lovely*

"Whose dissonant, consonant name,  
Almost rattles to fragments the trumpet of  
fame."

In Russia Lady Callamata, and in France Madame Chanoyes, yielded to the spell of his influence, cherished and aided him out of his difficulties and dangers with all the affection of sisters. The same magic charm, operating almost instantaneously on the heart of an Indian girl, saved his head by the sudden and unexpected interference of the "gentle, but heroic Pocahontas.

All this was effected without a particle of unworthy art, by the nobility of his soul, speaking through his countenance and mien. He tells everything connected with these ladies, with a delicacy and an entire absence of vanity, which show him to have been a true gentleman.

The purity of conduct ascribed to him was indeed astonishing in one, thrown on the world without a guide from earliest childhood, at a period marked neither by refinement of manners, nor rigour of morals. A eulogist says:

"I never knew a warrior yet but thee,  
From wine, tobacco, debts, dice, oaths so  
free."

His sympathy seems to have been always with the cause of freedom and truth. He fought in the ranks of the oppressed Huguenots in France and of the Dutch, when struggling against Alva and Parma, the formidable agents of that fanatical and hypocritical demon, Philip the Second of Spain.

Like a crusader, and with a far better reason than the originators of the cru-

sades, he aided in driving back that Turkish inundation, which threatened the Eastern bulwark of Christendom, and we have seen with what extraordinary valour, and at what risk he performed his task.

It was after all the experience and renown acquired by these adventures, that he, a veteran at the age of 28, came to Virginia. All acquainted with our early history are, of course, familiar with those "moving accidents by flood and field," which marked his career in the New, as they had already marked it in the Old World. All know how a colony of broken-down gentlemen was, in their own despite, often preserved from famine and massacre by the courage, enterprise and resources of the man whose superiority they envied and hated—what wonderful ascendancy he acquired not only over the colonists, but over the savages, who were rendered comparatively peaceful and harmless by his dextrous combination of judicious severity with true kindness.

All the accounts of that period, however they may differ about other matters, perfectly agree in attesting the excellence of his conduct. None deny that on several occasions, he kept at bay hundreds of savages by his cool valour and dexterity, and that the colony was saved from anarchy, from starvation, from destruction in other modes, by his head and heart alone.

The features of his character, developed in these valuable services, have always received their due meed of praise.

But there was one proof of his practical wisdom, on which his eulogists have not dwelt with sufficient emphasis, while, of course, it has never been omitted.

He did not share in the anxiety of the other colonists and of the company to find gold and silver, and always opposed the folly which wasted, in searching for them, the precious time which should have been spent in tilling the soil, providing food and other necessities, while developing the true resources of the country. In this, which could scarcely have been expected from his adventurous temper and excitable imagination, he

rose superior to Martin Frobisher, to Gilbert, to Raleigh, to Queen Elizabeth, and indeed to all his cotemporaries, who were infatuated with the idea of finding in Virginia another Mexico or Peru. Smith, undazzled by Spanish success in gold-finding, wished to make the colony prosperous and profitable to the adventurers by agriculture and commerce, and preferred loading the ships with cedar rather than "fools' gold." Men of his stamp and in his situation rarely possess such coolness of judgment and wisdom of patience. His character was,

"A combination, and a form, indeed,  
Where every god did seem to set his seal  
To give the world assurance of a man,"

and his ability to resist the contagion of the gold mania, under such circumstances, was one of its crowning glories.

Instead of breaking stones and washing sand to find the yellow dust, with a few men, in an open boat, he explored, in midsummer, the Chesapeake and most of its rivers, and drew a chart so accurate that it is valuable to the present day.

He was the Columbus of Virginia colonization, and encountered the same ingratitude and disappointment which saddened the declining years of the Genoese hero. But posterity has done justice to both, and statues have been raised in honour of the greatest of all discoverers.

Virginia surely owes a column or statue to a man who protected her infancy with such singleness of heart and consummate ability, and who continued to his latest breath to write and exert himself for the colony.

Eastern Virginia especially should unite, to a man, in such a memorial to the most conspicuous figure of her early story.

He was the model of a true Virginia gentleman. The soul of chivalry, he was more completely *sans peur et sans reproche*, than Bayard, for he saw no "battle of the spurs." He united the hardy virtues of a pioneer with dignified and winning manners. He had no such fear of labouring with his own hands as has been sometimes attributed to Vir-

ginians by their enemies. On the contrary, he recommended honest labour by precept and example, and ridiculed the folly of sending dissolute idlers, when an hour's labour was worth "the blood of all the Howards."

Winning and valuing the affections of woman, he had far too high a sense of honour ever to boast of the achievement.

He had not the slightest spice of hypocrisy, or mawkish sensibility. He did not extend his humanity towards the Indians in barren wishes for their conversion, or in weakly trusting them with arms which they were sure to misuse. Sincerely reverencing Christianity, and desirous that the savages should partake its blessings, he yet saw the absolute necessity of restraining, and sometimes punishing them in a manner revolting to sickly philanthropists.

These are traits which he everywhere displayed, and which claim our special admiration and gratitude, while to him New England also owes her name, and the first map of her shores.

Jamestown is the spot which should be marked by such a memorial as may be selected to signalize our appreciation of his pre-eminent merit.

Can I induce you, the Editor of our only Literary journal, and such other editors as may see this, to take up this idea, and suggest some plan by which it can be carried out. I pretend to no taste in architecture or any of the fine arts. But I feel what is due to singular merit—to the highest qualities of head and heart earnestly and strenuously exerted in nursing the infancy of our venerated commonwealth. I desire that it may be done on such a plan as will enable every Virginian who wishes to contribute his mite, to throw at least one stone on the cairn of the hero.

Smith said, with the bitterness natural to a man unjustly neglected, "in neither of those countries (New England and Virginia) have I one foot of land, nor the very house I builded, nor the ground I digged with my own hands, nor any content or satisfaction at all."

May he soon have a monument which will attract the gaze of every one who

navigates the majestic Powhatan, and “her very heart of hearts,” not only the  
 compel him to acknowledge that this father of the whole country, but the  
 “mother of States” still cherishes in father of Virginia. Δ

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TO MY NIECE—BORN APRIL 20TH.

Oh fairest flower! what thoughts of fond regret  
 Come in my soul, as rapt I gaze on thee!  
 What saddened joy! what striving to forget!  
 What chastened hope! mix in my reverie;  
 Thoughts of that cherished babe thy smile recalls—  
 Thine infant brother whom we loved *too well*,  
 And from mine eye the unbidden tear-drop falls  
 Fearing lest thou like him—not long on earth may'st dwell.

Too fair thou seemest—and all too pure for earth,  
 And yet a woman's suffering lot is thine—  
 Doomed from the fated hour that marks her birth  
 To weep yet smile—rejoice yet half repine.  
 Clinging forever fondly to *the loved*  
 And half forgetting they are things of clay—  
 Amid time's changes, constant and unmoved  
 'Till at her feet her idols crumbling fall away.

Doomed, even from the cradle to the grave  
 Unpaid to waste affection's living spring,  
 To shrink beneath the frown she must not brave—  
 To yearn for joys the world can never bring.  
 To mourn o'er vanished hours—to weep hot tears  
 While her young brow is seeming smooth and fair—  
 To find the cherished hopes of early years  
 Blighted at last, leaving behind but furrowing care.

This is sad woman's lot! Must it be thine?  
 Fain would I hope thou mayst exempted be—  
 That fadeless hope along thy path may shine  
 And every future year bring joy to thee—  
 Might I have power some potent spell to weave,  
 Would some kind fairy watch thine infant sports,  
 Thy loveliness might tempt her to deceive  
 And spirit thee away to grace her sylvan courts—

These are fond thoughts but vain! no spell can charm—  
 No fabled fairy ward the ills of life—  
 God's power alone can shelter thee from harm  
 Nought but His grace calm thy wild passion's strife.  
 To that Almighty power I would commend,  
 To that blest grace would trust thy future fate—  
 His mercy on thy pilgrimage attend,  
 And even this world though dark, shall not be desolate.

## SELECTIONS AND EXCERPTS FROM THE LEE PAPERS.

## No. II.

[A somewhat singular anomaly in the *practical* Government of Virginia when a Colony, was the union of the two offices of Treasurer and Speaker of the House of Burgesses in one and the same person. The last holder of these places was Mr. John Robinson, of King & Queen, a gentleman whose influence, wealth and varied accomplishments, had, according to Mr. Wirt, placed him at "the head of the Virginia aristocracy." Mr. R., while Treasurer, had loaned large sums of the public money, principally to certain indebted members of "his order." A "Loan-Office" had been projected, which, had it passed the Legislature, might have enabled them to transfer these claims, thus to relieve both his own embarrassment and that of his friends—thereby concealing, what, to say the least of it, was, in modern phrase, "a grave error." This measure was defeated principally by the eloquence of P. Henry; and on the demise of Mr. R. in 1766, there appeared a deficit in his accounts of more than one hundred thousand pounds. And yet there is reason to believe that Mr. Robinson was an honourable man. Mr. Wirt has left an unpleasant impression on the minds of some of his readers, by omitting to state, what our historian, Mr. Campbell, has since gathered from the public records, that this sum was ultimately repaid to the State, partly from the securities given by the borrowers, and the balance from Mr. Robinson's ample estates.\* Nevertheless, the inquiry into our political rights and the securities therefor, which had been induced by the Stamp Act, had naturally included this subject in its scope, and the leaders of the movement came to the conclusion that the two offices should for the future be separated. Mr. Wirt also omits to mention the name of R. H. Lee in connection with this affair. The following papers will show that he it was who introduced the motion for that purpose, and had a principal agency in carrying it through the house.]

RICHARD BLAND TO R. H. LEE.

*May 22nd, 1766.*

DEAR SIR:

Upon the death of the late Speaker I have been persuaded to offer myself a candidate for the Chair. It is reported with us you have the same intention; my friend, the attorney, is likewise soliciting. Under these circumstances I really am greatly puzzled how to act. A sincere friendship for both of you, and a bias to my own interest, divide me much; however, I am resolved that nothing shall interrupt the friendship, on my part, which has subsisted between us. Whether I succeed or not, you shall be always the same in my esteem you have ever been, a man highly to be valued, both for his public and private virtues. But my dear Colonel, let the issue of this affair be what it will, I cannot but be of opinion that it will be for the interest of the public to put the Treasury into more hands than one.

I have no suspicion that the public funds have been converted to uses for which they were not designed; but such suspicions, you know, I believe, have prevailed much among the people. To remove these suspicions, for the time to come, and to prevent any unnatural influence in the House, I am resolved to give my assistance to those gentlemen who desire to put the funds upon a new establishment. This, I think, was your opinion; I hope you persevere in it, and that we shall unite without regard to men or things in our endeavours for the public good.

I am considering a scheme to establish a loan-office, or public bank, which, I think, will be a great advantage to the Colony, and will in a few years enable us to discharge the public debts and expenses, without any tax for the future. It is a scheme of great extent and cannot be completed without I knew the produce of our funds and the annual expenses of the country, which cannot be procured

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\* Wirt's Life of Henry, pp. 44, 52, 68. C. Campbell's History of Virginia, 136.

until the meeting of the Assembly; when I have formed it in the general, I will communicate it to you.

R. BLAND.

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R. C. NICHOLAS TO R. H. LEE.

*Williamsburg, 23rd May, 1766.*

Before this reaches you, it is more than probable that you will have heard of the honour I have received in being appointed to succeed the late Mr. Robinson in the Treasury. I did not solicit, nor had any inclination to signify my willingness to accept of it, till some few incidents happened, which drove me to a resolution of offering my services to the public. My principal views, I do assure you, were at first not in the least of a private nature, though I must candidly own, from the encouragement many of my friends have given me, that I have enlarged them, and not without hopes of being continued in the office, if I should be fortunate enough to give that satisfaction, which it is my steadfast purpose to endeavour after. It is the opinion of many that the important offices of Speaker and Treasurer ought to be separated; it might seem a little selfish for me to speak my sentiments, situated as I am at present, though I have often declared them before I was under any kind of bias.

I should not indeed, unless urged to it by a very pressing necessity, have attempted a change during the life of the late gentleman, because, considering how many years he had filled both those places with apparent dignity, I could not but think him entitled to some indulgence; but now he is gone, if any material inconveniences have been felt or may hereafter be discovered, from an inconsistent union of offices in one and the same person, I suppose, such gentlemen as are of this opinion, will think that this is a proper season for a separation. I presume not to dictate, and only throw out these hints by way of caution, though I have no doubt but that you and most gentlemen will suspend your opinions, and defer coming to any final resolution

until matters are fully discussed and explained; if the places should be divided, and I should be thought worthy of the public regard, I can only say that no endeavour of mine shall be wanting to justify the favourable opinion they may be pleased to conceive of me, and that I should always retain a grateful sense of the obligation. I know it has often been objected, that the Treasury gave an undue weight to the Chair, but it is my steadfast purpose, if it continues in my hands, that it shall have no influence, whether I am in or out of the House of Burgesses, which I know may be at my option, though I must not tell every one this. I am very well acquainted with the duties of the office, and if know myself, I think I can venture to say, that I shall never have the least inclination to transgress the rules prescribed for the proper conducting of it.

I add no more, but remain with much esteem and regard, Sir, &c.,

R. C. NICHOLAS.

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ALEX. WHITE TO R. H. LEE.

*St. Davies Parish, King William Co.*

I cannot forbear taking this opportunity to congratulate you and your brothers on your advancement in the service of your Country; and I hope your honour and integrity in execution of your trust will be equal to your natural and acquired abilities, and give them their due lustre. And 'tis with great pleasure that I already hear of your spirit and resolution as to the choice of a speaker. The gentleman who has filled that chair for several Assemblies, I hope is a good man and very worthy of his promotion; but still he is but a man, and so much power lodged in one man's hands, seems to me to be inconsistent with the freedom and independency of an English Legislature. But pardon my going out of my depth in meddling with politics and the edge-tools of State. *Periculosum plenum opus aleæ tracto, et incedo per ignes suppositos cineri doloso.*

I know no better way to support the



independency of the Legislature and guard the liberty of the subject, than by now and then shifting the representatives of the people; especially those who have neither natural or acquired parts to recommend them; for this reason we have sent two new Burgesses from King William, (and I think our county does not afford better men,) viz: Major Harry Gaines, and Mr. Peter Robinson. But it seems our old representative is going to invalidate their election. \* \* \* \*

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DAVID BOYD TO R. H. LEE.

*Lancaster Co., Nov. 17th, 1766.*

Even as an individual, I cannot help felicitating myself on a resolution of our Assembly for separating the Chair and Treasury. You were the first who made me sensible of the danger that might be apprehended from an union of those two important places in one person. From you I received full conviction, and late experience has not only justified your arguments, but illustrated the wisdom of your apprehension, as well as your constant attention to the interest of your Country, in opposition to the confederacy of the great in place, family connections, and that more to be dreaded foe to public virtue, warm and private friendship. To you, therefore, I have always attributed the project, as well as the law for the currency committees; but I must whisper to you from Lancaster, that I am afraid you have not been so attentive to the well being of your offspring, as you were to the giving it a being. This fear has been occasioned by the reports concerning the state of the Treasury. To you, sir, I shall likewise attribute the separation of the Chair and Treasury for the above reasons, until I am better informed.

You are no doubt deeply engaged about a method for getting the late Treasurer's accounts settled; it will be, I doubt, a troublesome and intricate piece of work; but I hope that will not prevent your insisting on its being done so as the public

may be reimbursed. If money has been lent out by the Treasurer on interest, should not the time when he inquired into, and the interest be put to the credit of the County?

Mr. Mitchell, one of the Burgesses for Lancaster County, will present to you a petition to the House, designed to procure a liberty to the merchants to collect their tobacco from the warehouses before the arrival of their ships, in order to give them despatch on their arrival, and to obviate the inconveniences and danger attending the collecting tobacco in the winter, and from such warehouses as are in that season inaccessible, at least for some time, to craft. Should you in this discover any advantage to trade, I doubt not but it will meet with your friendly assistance, and that you will settle it in such a manner as will best promote that end. \* \* \* \*

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[Mr. Grigsby, in his address on the Convention of 1776, when citing the memorable anecdote of Wm. Pitt, who of all the lost efforts of genius sighed for "a speech of Bolingbroke," has well remarked, that had an American been present in that company of wits, he might well have substituted for the latter the name of Richard Henry Lee. He has further lamented, that of that splendid tide of eloquence, which flowed at intervals during more than a third of a century, not a trace is left—save in its beneficial effects. We are happy to inform both him and your readers that this statement may now, in some degree, be qualified.

The Memoir of the Orator, by his Grandson, contains a sketch—if it be nothing more—of his argument, when urging the prohibition of the farther importation of African slaves into Virginia.\* And among the papers of this collection were found two *fragments*, of as many draughts, of a speech written out in part, and which seems to have been prepared for introducing his motion to separate the offices of speaker and treasurer. The manuscripts

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\* Life of R. H. Lee, I. 17.

being much worn and defaced, certain places were difficult to decypher, but the paragraphs which follow may be accepted as a faithful transcript of the original.

The illustrations drawn from ancient history, were doubtless less hackneyed then than they would now appear, and are the more appropriate when we reflect—not only on the scanty precedents of our own annals, but—that among his auditors were perhaps some of the finest classical scholars in America;—not mere philologists, but men familiar with the story of ancient worthies and strongly imbued with the spirit of ancient Liberty. We know not whether these relics give us more than the substance of what he intended to say; whether the occasion itself may not have suggested something wholly different. But if we may judge from this *torso*, it must have required an elaborate argument—such is the spell of custom—to demonstrate the expediency of what no one would now question. And can we cease to regret that the words of the oracle should be lost just when its strength was gathered, to expose the sophistry of the upholders of venerable abuse.]

*Fragment of a Speech of RICHARD HENRY LEE, in the House of Burgesses of Virginia, on a motion to separate the offices of Speaker and Treasurer. Session of 1766.*

MR. SPEAKER:

We learn from antiquity, that Solon, the great Athenian Legislator, declared those infamous by law, who remained neutral in public differences and dissensions: those whose timid caution directed them to expect the issue of affairs, before they ventured to make known their sentiments; “Because the rich, the powerful, and even the wise and virtuous, are not usually the most forward in exposing themselves to the inconveniences which public dissensions and troubles produce in society, nor are they animated with such a zeal for the community, as to render their vigilance and activity in its defence, a proper counterpoise to the industry with which the passions of profligate and designing men prompt them to grat-

ify their ambition and avarice at the expense of ruin to the public.” The spirit of this excellent ordinance, extending as well to the mental as the corporeal faculties, equally demanding aid from reason and from action, influences me to hazard those reasons which prevail with me to favour the opinion of those who are for dividing the two important places of Speaker and Treasurer.

Very insensible indeed should I be, did I not fully feel how rash it may seem in a young man to find fault with any part of the Constitution of his country; more especially with a material part, and one which a course of many years may have rendered venerable. But I hope, sir, that the sentiments which I shall deliver on this occasion, will not be measured by the age of him who gives them, but that they will be determined by Reason and Experience, those two sovereign directors to which the old as well as the young should pay obedience. And further, sir, I hope, that whatever contrariety of opinion may prevail on the motion I shall make, our disputes may be conducted with that calmness and moderation so essential to national debates, and without which we must inevitably fall into contempt without doors, into confusion and obscurity within.

It is obvious, sir, to all those who have reflected on the end and design of government, that it was originally instituted for the greater happiness and benefit of mankind; that those Lawgivers have but adhered to first principles and the Constitution of nature, who have so wisely tempered Liberty with Restraint, as to leave mankind in full possession of every power to do good, while only the privilege of doing wrong was taken from them. This, sir, is that Liberty for which nations in all ages have so warmly contended, and which the wisest heads, and the best hearts, have ever studied to secure on the most certain and lasting foundations.

This object, so worthy the attention of the wise and good, has from experience been found to be benefitted by nothing more than a strict attention to this maxim. That the powers of government, and those posts or places by which those powers are

executed, should be so divided among individuals as to prevent the acquisition of too great influence, too much power, in the hands of one man. For such, sir, is the corruption of human nature, that those who have possessed the power have seldom wanted the inclination to destroy the liberties of mankind, and to erect their own greatness on the ruin of their fellow-creatures.

If we survey with attention the means adopted by the wisdom of ancient as well as modern times, to give permanence to Liberty, we shall find it an invariable rule to trust as little to the integrity of human nature as the conduct of government will permit. That the wisest men of antiquity have thought and acted in conformity with this rule, may be proved from those excellent systems of government and law, which have been the admiration of later ages, and which so long secured to Greece and Rome the possession of their liberties.

That I may not be thought, sir, to assert too generally, I shall instance some particulars out of the many proofs I am able to produce in support of the argument. Among the several states of Greece, so happy in their Liberty and thereby so formidable to the greatest monarchs, were Athens and Lacedemon, both famous for excelling in the arts of civil government, and in both of which, let it be remembered that, all their great places, from whence power and profit were derived, were not only divided among many, but were also limited to a very short duration.

None of these have been more justly celebrated than the latter, from the time of the Lycurgic Institutions until they were injudiciously relaxed and in some instances departed from; because of all, it was the most stable, the happiness of the people never interrupted by civil discord, nor did the fame of any nation reach higher for true magnanimity, valour and justice. In this famous scheme of polity, we find the kingly power itself placed in the hands of two persons, that of choosing the Senators and of approving the laws in the people, and a Senate of twenty-eight to guard equally against

popular encroachment and prerogative usurpations.

At Athens the Archons, nine in number and annually chosen, possessed, one of them the right of calling together the other powers of government: two of them superintended the administration of Justice; three of their number regulated the affairs of war; the remaining three digested and prepared the laws. Notwithstanding this caution and careful division of places, the wise Solon still suspecting the corruption of human nature, instituted a council of four hundred to provide against popular fury, at the same time that he increased the power of the Areopagus, to secure the state from the dangerous attempts of the great and wealthy.

The Roman policy founded also on principles of Liberty and aiming at the most effectual security of this invaluable blessing, the powers of government were placed in two Consuls, a Senate, and in the assembly of the people. As contingencies rendered the appointment of the officers necessary among that growing people, we find the institution of directors, of questors or keepers of the treasury, tribunes, prætors, censors, ediles:—each of which offices, that of dictator excepted, was executed by several officers and a new choice of them frequent. The questors, or treasurers of the commonwealth, were annually chosen, their number originally two, afterwards four, and lastly twenty. The tribunes, elected by the people to preserve their privileges and secure their liberties against the power of the nobles, were at their first establishment two, but their numbers were afterwards increased. The censors or superintendents of the people's manners, continued in office five years and were two in number. The prætor was both a military and a civil officer, sometimes commanding armies, but generally presiding in courts of justice; his office was annual and the number of them increased latterly in Rome to fifteen.

This short survey of ancient policy shows, that the practice of those who had liberty in view, was to divide with great care offices of power and profit; nor do we find this maxim departed from without much injury, and in some instances

not without producing the ruin of the State. The Roman dictator, (though never appointed but in cases of the greatest emergency and his office expiring by law in six months,) is a remarkable instance of this truth. This office engrossing all power within itself furnished Sylla and Julius Cæsar with the means of getting themselves declared perpetual dictators; so that under the latter of these and his successors the liberty of Rome was totally annihilated and the iron hand of despotism usurped fair freedom's sceptre.

From ancient if we recur to modern times, we shall find in the States of Holland and that of England, the same prudent policy prevailing. In England, more especially to our purpose as being our parent country, our greatest and best example; do we not see the powers of government, the places of honour, trust and power most carefully and minutely divided? There the different forms of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy are so finely blended, that neither despotism, the pride of nobles, nor the people's licentiousness can destroy the public happiness, but greater peace and power result from the admirable union. In England where civil government has been gradually improving until the revolution perfected the system, are not the great offices of Lord High Steward, Lord High Constable, Lord High Admiral, Lord High Treasurer abolished? the first of these only revived for a moment on particular occasions and the two last put in commission? We are told in history that the cause assigned for the abolition of the two first places was, that they carried with them a power so great as to be dangerous. And although it is not expressly said that the same reason occasioned the

treasury and the admiralty to be commissioned, it is fairly to be concluded so from the same principles that put an end to the High Steward's and Constable's offices.

If then wise and good men in all ages have deemed it for the security of liberty to divide places of power and profit; if this maxim has not been departed from without either injury or destroying freedom,—as happened to Rome with her Decemvirs and her Dictator,—why should Virginia so early quit the paths of wisdom, and seal her own ruin as far as she can do it, by uniting in one person the only two great places in the power of her assembly to bestow?

The reasons adduced in our public print for this union, I own are far from convincing me. They amount, if I mistake not, to the following: That innovations in government are pernicious; that the scheme of disuniting the offices is novel and their union ancient and prudent. It is further urged, that the speaker when invested with the treasury, has no greater weight than he ought to have to give him the pre-eminence fitting his station; that the appointment of committees, and chairmen to them, the right of determining disputes concerning rule and order, give the chair no additional influence, as in the exercise thereof he may offend a dozen by pleasing one. It is suggested, moreover, that a division adopted by ourselves may be the cause of the government at home taking the appointment out of our hands, and we thereby lose the power of applying our own money to the correction of persons exalted above our reach for their violations of law. And, lastly, we are requested to consider the expense of supporting the dignity of the chair. \* \* \* [*Cetera desunt.*]

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## MY POET LOVE.

He sang to me, *only to me*—  
 But the breeze of heaven, o'er land and sea,  
 Wafted the breath of his melody.  
 To-night he lies  
 'Neath the azure calm of Italia's skies.  
 Life was a glorious book to him,  
 Softly closed ere its gilt was dim,  
 Dropped from his hand when the Seraphim  
 Awoke his soul.  
 My poet love! my poet love!  
 He is mine, still mine in the realms above.  
 He is mine, still mine, tho' on land and sea  
 Men list to the voice of his melody,  
 He sang to me, *only to me*.

The days are long, oh! very long,  
 That I spend alone 'mid the city's throng;  
 My heart is breaking for some new song.  
 To-night I thought  
 A hymn of Eden to me was brought.  
 Why speak I of a passing dream?  
 It made my life a moment seem  
 Glad as the flow of a Spring-freed stream.  
 The spell is past.  
 I hear his praise. I hear his praise,  
 It mocketh and followeth me always.  
 Oh! why, in the midst of light revelry,  
 Do the careless echo his melody?  
 He sang to me, *only to me*.

My soul went forth on eager wing  
 To meet, oh! so gladly, its chosen king,  
 To live in his love and learn to sing.  
 The day was brief  
 That dawned so fair ere this night of grief.  
 Why think I of a time so blest?  
 My heart now burns with wild unrest;  
 Oh! would it were cold within my breast!  
 Its joy is dead.  
 The voice of fame! the voice of fame,  
 To the world, is shouting my lover's name.  
 It seems such a pitiful mockery;  
 For this clamor of voices, what cares he?  
 Who sang to me, *only to me*.

A Summer dream, too sweetly told—  
 A beautiful poem, on leaf of gold—  
 Ah! purer, brighter, a thousand fold,  
 Than dream or rhyme  
 Was love's real bliss in life's hoping time.

Why does memory mock to-night,  
 With dazzling scenes, my aching sight?  
 My eyes are dimmed by the burning light.  
     My brains are wild!  
 Oh! words of life! rich words of life,  
 Come, strengthen my heart in this madd'ning strife;  
 Tho' heavy, and weary it still *must* be,  
 'Twill leap to the sound of this melody,  
     " He sang to me, *only to me.*"

MABEL.

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### SAM, ELLEN, AND BEELEZEBUB.

When I first saw Sam, he was, so to speak, a mere lad—scraggy, dirty, large-jointed, disproportioned, and, as I thought, hip-shot. He wouldn't eat scarcely any thing—wouldn't play—wouldn't take any notice of any body, and, in fact, didn't seem to have good sense. He was either idiotic, every body said, or rickety, and probably both. All he cared for was to find a sunny nook between the roots of a tree, or near the back porch, and there, with his head twisted mouth upwards, or tucked under him, to sleep the livelong day. When roused, he would utter a short wail and draggle off to another nook, his ugly, matted tail hanging dejectedly behind him.

I asked my uncle Flatback why he didn't put Sam out of his misery by drowning him. He replied that Sam was a present from a pious and highly respected old negro man in the neighbourhood, and therefore he didn't like to kill him: that aunt Mary had given him (Sam) the scrofula by feeding him with milk instead of pot-liquor, crust of bread and a little meat occasionally.

Sam's little comrade Jinny (we Virginians pronounce it Jinny, and why not write it so?) had a beautiful skin, pure

white, flecked with gold and grey. She was full of life and fun, and we had no end of romps, all over the grassy yard, and in the house with balls of yarn and bits of paper and things.

I petted her a great deal, and, strange to say, found that it gave me more pleasure to carry her upon the top of my head than in my arms, or on my shoulder or elsewhere. I wore a flat checked cap at the time, and Jinny became so accustomed to the top of this cap that she would go to sleep there while I was walking about. We presented an imposing spectacle when she stood up, and I marched to the tune of her purring, my beautiful, animate crest shaming all the head-pieces of antiquity. This property of conferring pleasure by lying or standing on my vertex, was peculiar to the kitten, Jinny, and to her alone. I would like for some body to explain the reason of it.

When I left my uncle Flatback's, Sam was still cachectic and stupid; I expected never to see him again in this world. But upon my return, some six months afterwards, I was astonished to find him, not only alive, but strong, healthy, handsome, a well grown and splendid looking cat. Jinny, too, was grown, and had



gone largely into the kitten business. Like the Spartans, I have little fancy for sickly children. I had neglected Sam in his younger and diseased days, but now that he was looking so well, I began to make strong demonstrations of friendship to him. He received my advances with a cool and quiet ease that fretted me. His few affections seemed to be concentrated upon my uncle,—a surprising thing, for my uncle is not a pretty man, and talks roughly to both cats and men. Perhaps feeding had something to do with it; therefore I would feed. Sam accepted my crusts of corn bread and tops of biscuit very much as paupers do soup; they belonged to him, and no thanks to me. I tried meat, but Sam still held aloof. All the while I could not help admiring his scrupulously clean coat—white ground, with dark grey figures—and the unaffected dignity of his manners. He was no cat to run on fool's errands after the end of your handkerchief, or to sit in your lap and be petted, or to sink his claws in your legs if you tickled his ribs. Yet he was not cold-blooded, for he sometimes rubbed his head affectionately against my uncle's boots; nor was he cross, for he resented attempts to pet him, not by fighting and spitting, but by struggling unclawfully to get away. If held by main force, he made no noise, but patiently submitted, as would a brave man in like circumstances. He evidently hated a scene as much as a *blasé* Parisian. His whole demeanour was gentlemanly in the extreme—calm, courteous, quiet, not playful, and far removed from fussy. His temper rarely ever gave way. Sometimes when breakfast was very late, he would be guilty of the infirmity of hinting his objections to the delay. For this, we men folks will readily excuse him.

Such traits added to my admiration of Sam an unfeigned respect; I determined *nolens volens*, to gain the good opinion of the gentleman. By assuming an indifference wholly foreign to my nature, whenever cats are concerned, by coupling to this indifference some nice lean bacon, and by a great deal of tact and self-denial in making my advances, I succeeded. It

took me about six weeks, hard diplomacy at that. Sam and I became fast friends. Our friendship was altogether manly, without the least taint of puerile sentiment. My privileges were restricted to an occasional scratching of Sam's head, while Sam allowed himself to give me no livelier evidence of regard than a frequent unceremonious visit to my room. He inhabited a garret just over me, and early in the morning, about the time for me to get up, would stalk gravely in with elevated tail and say, "Meow," which I understood to mean "Rise, my young friend," (Sam never pretended to look upon me as his equal either in age or sense) "rise, my young friend, and prepare for the labours of the day." If I didn't get up, he would leave me; if I did, he would take a seat upon the rug and patiently wait until I was dressed. I could tell by the nervous switching of his tail that he hated the way I had of sitting by the fire for a quarter of an hour, cogitating, before I put on my right boot, and then cogitating for another quarter of an hour before I put on the left boot. These silent remonstrances used sometimes to annoy me a good deal, for there was reason in them, and I felt guilty. If he had spoken outright what his tail intimated, my *amour-propre* would have compelled me to knock him down. I think he knew this, and prudently held his tongue. As soon as my coat was on, he would rise up and say, "P-r-r-r-ow," which meant, "Come, its high time we had our breakfast." Our breakfast over, we went to my uncle's room; I to smoke, and Sam to make his toilet. First he cleaned his teeth, using his tongue for a tooth-brush; then he washed his face, using his mouth for a wash-basin, and the fire for a towel; then he dressed his hair, making a comb and brush of his wrists; and, finally, he brushed his clothes with his tooth-brush—his tongue. I noticed that he was more particular about washing the back of his ears than the inside of them, resembling in this not the gentleman he otherwise was, but a schoolboy or a clerk in a small grocery store.

About 7 o'clock I would go up to my

room, and soon thereafter Sam would apply at the door, saying "Wha-oo," or "let me in;" and when the door was opened would remark, "Pr-a-a," or "Glad to see you so regular in your habits." Sometimes he would be briefer, and simply say, "Prounh," or "Good!"

He sat generally under my table, near the fire, and employed himself in going over parts of his hair which had not been combed out or brushed to his satisfaction. His physical man, or cat, being all right, he proceeded next to draw nearer the fire, and there to think, to wink, to nod, to doze, and finally to lie down and stretch out for a nap. During the pauses of my work I would study him, and here are some of my conclusions.

Whatever may be said of the gravity of the owl or the wisdom of the elephant, the cat is certainly the philosopher among brutes. The analogy is very close. The temper of the philosopher is cold, and so is that of the cat. Philosophers are peevish, so are cats. Both are disposed to take things quietly. The philosopher is a lover of the house, so is the cat; nothing pleases either of them more than to sit by the fire, meditating and untroubled. Neither like much company. Compared with dogs, both are cleanly and abstemious in their habits. If the cat plays the sportsman after "rats and mice, and such small deer," it is his misfortune not his fault; a philosopher would do the same if he had four legs. And after all, as Sir William Hamilton has said, what is a philosopher but "a hunter after truth?" and what are your philosophic truths—your "absolutes," and "unconditioneds," your "*enses*" and your "*egos*," more than small game, not worth a "meow."

The cat must not be degraded to the level of the poets because he is fond of serenading; philosophers, in their green and sappy youth, have been just as criminal. Nor ought the cat to be accused of foppery because he pays so much attention to his hair; if philosophers were not as a general thing bold, there is no telling what they would do from a hairy point of view.

It may be urged that the intense gallantry of the cat operates as an efficient drawback to his successful prosecution of metaphysical researches, and that he ought, properly, to be classed with Shakspeare's lover, "sighing or meowing like a furnace." I cannot think so. The philosopher is at liberty to fix his point of departure anywhere within the external or internal world, and it would therefore be grossly unjust in us to assign an arbitrary position either in the objective or subjective domain to the stand-point of feline philosophy. Unquestionably the philosophic system of the cat is tinged and limited by his gallantry. But he occupies high ground. Like Mr. Arsène Houssaye, he views character and biography, or in other words, the human understanding as developed in the biographical time-element, from the plateau of the affections; and unless I am greatly mistaken, the cat and Houssaye are more than half right in their notions. To clinch the psychological identity of cats and philosophers, I need in conclusion only allude to the fact that all the ideologists from Aristotle down to Kant have been compelled to reduce the products of their "exhaustive analyses" to categories; and the word category was no pun to the Greek, but the unavoidable vocal mark resulting from a nice instinctive perception of the relation of things to the philosophic feline intellect.

Apart from all reasoning in the matter, I know from personal observation that the cat is a philosopher, and am convinced that Sam is to his fellows as Comte and Spinoza are to Emerson and Dr. Lazarus. During the winter of our intimacy, and while sitting on the rug under my table, he (Sam) must have solved some of the profoundest generalizations yet unimparted to the world. I indulged the hope at one time that a process of metempsychosis was going on between Sam and myself, and that I was coming into possession of the aforesaid generalizations. I counted upon reaping great honour, and upon conferring great benefits upon the human race by imparting them when time rendered me capable. But that time never came.

Sam was evidently upon connubial terms with Jinny. I seldom saw them together, and never witnessed any thing more than that respectful indifference which becomes cat and wife. They ate out the same plate without quarrelling. I suppose they were as happy as married folk generally are. But a parcel of rival cats, living hard by, at a place called Israel Hill, hearing of Jinney's beauty, came down and destroyed this connubial felicity. I saw these destroyers of Sam's peace. Great, big-whiskered, dirty ruffians they were. I wondered greatly that Jinny condescended to receive their attentions. But great is the vanity of the female cat. Night after night these ugly lovers came down to my uncle Flat-back's and filled the air with their cacophonic petitions. Sam and I suffered dreadfully; he with jealousy, and I with rage. Poor fellow! he rarely came to my room after night-fall, and then only to stand at the window that reached nearly to the floor, watching and bristling with anxious excitement. In the yard he fared even worse than in the house. The Israelitish cats got after him and thrashed him awfully. Many a time have I been awakened by Sam's wailing in the top of the locust tree near my window, and often and over again have I discharged at the heads of his villainous rivals every available missile, including my boots as a matter of course, and even my breeches, rolled into a suitable wad.

There was one of these fellows, the master-cat, as my uncle called him—of a dirty, yellow hue, the very sight of whom infuriated me. Seeing him one morning sneaking through the garden, I gave chase, and should certainly have killed him but for my being so blinded with rage that I ran into the cabbage patch, got tangled, and fell down, crushing a number of valuable heads in my fall. Quickly rising, I threw at the retreating wretch my tooth-pick, lead pencil, pen-knife, three small keys and a five cent piece. It was as much as I could do to keep from throwing my watch with the rest. I mention these facts to warn my readers against a too great attachment to

cats; it will bring them into a peck of trouble.

After showing so much valour in his behalf, Sam permitted me do whatever I chose with him; to pull his tail or his whiskers, to pinch his cheeks, blindfold him, double him up in the bed-clothes—anything. But familiarity breeds contempt, and operates both ways. Sam, who never had much opinion of me, began to have less, and I lost much of my reverence for him. Cats and men stand upon their dignity. Yet my impertinence was not the cause of the falling out between Sam and myself. It came, of the electro-spasmodic intensity of my affection for him. I say "electro-spasmodic," and mean what I say.

You have seen a young mother clasp her rosy babe to her breast with a sudden, loving violence that made the poor thing scream with pain; you have also seen a fellow try to pick up an electrified quarter of a dollar submerged in a basin of water; and you noticed how the fellow's fingers doubled up convulsively the moment they touched the quarter. Comparing these occurrences, you were tempted to establish the identity of love and electricity, and, failing in that, were content to put up with the singular fact that maternal love and electricity alike act upon the flexor and not upon the extensor muscles of the human body. Well: you know how much electricity there is in a cat's back, and you are prepared to believe that when the electricity of the cat's back combines with your affection for the cat, and the two forces operate simultaneously upon the muscles of your hand and forearm—when this occurs, you are prepared to believe that the flexing result will be powerful indeed and deleterious to the cat. It is powerful and it is deleterious, and, curiously enough, the act of flexion occurs exactly upon the cat's head—no where else. It is a fact, which any one may verify, and to which any expert will testify, that, in certain states of the weather, it is impossible, after five minutes' fondling, to refrain from squeezing a cat's head—squeezing it violently.

Thus was it with Sam and I. I had

repeatedly squeezed his head, and he had forgiven me; but one fine, dry day, while he was in my lap, the electro-affectional spasm came upon my digits with an unexpected intensity that well nigh cost poor Sam his skull. Had it been less hard, I would certainly have crushed it. He shrieked in agony, struggled and fought; but for the life of me I could not let go. At length the spasm released; he fled in pain and horror from the room. From that moment our friendship was at an end.

I am sure that, so soon as his headache subsided, he calmly and carefully inquired into the meaning of this outrageous procedure of mine, and decided correctly that it was neither intentional nor malicious. All the worse for him: I was the more dangerous the less my muscles were under my own control; it would not do to associate with a person who had a St. Vitus's dance of affection. This, I am persuaded, was his feeling for the first few days of our estrangement; but he soon learned to entertain for me that contempt which the philosopher must ever feel for the automaton. A "lonely and athletic student" of cats will readily understand me when I state that that contempt was expressed by a certain angle and elevation of tail as he walked off from me whenever I attempted to approach him. The tail is a part and a very important part of a cat's countenance.

The loss of Sam was more than compensated for by the appearance in this world of Ellen, a daughter of that most prolific of mothers—Jinny. Ellen first saw the light in a barrel which my ingenious cousin Betsy had razeed into an odd kind of chair. There I beheld her one morning, with her brothers and sisters, eating breakfast, and there Jinny, evidently gratified at my visit, rose up and exhibited her family with much maternal pride. Ellen was by far the prettiest of them all. Like Leah, the daughter of Laban, she was tender-eyed, and even in her babyhood, showed exquisite beauty of form. Her general complexion was the most delicate shade of tortoise-shell, the gold predominating; her feet and ankles were of the purest white. Very

gentle she was, not very playful, not indiscriminately affectionate. We all fell in love with her. My uncle Flatback claimed her as his own, not for himself, but as a present for his mallet-headed grandson. My aunt disputed the claim, and said Ellen belonged to me. Uncle F. awaited my decision. Then I thought how "little Wills"—the aforesaid grandson, just then in the toddling period of his existence, and, like all other toddlers, as genuine a savage as any Belooch or Carib—when I thought how "little Wills" would torture her, my heart rose up rebellious and angry. But I cut the struggle short by saying: "take her, I am beginning to love her too much."

So Ellen went to Shell-bark (the residence of "little Wills") and I seldom saw her afterwards. "Little Wills" treated her shamefully, but she soon outgrew him and sought refuge in the woods. There she became a forest nymph of wondrous beauty, celebrated for her agility and love of solitude. She had nothing to do with other cats. Came rarely to the house, sometimes to meals, but generally at night, when she knew that the savage "little Wills" was asleep.

In the marvellous beauty of her prime, I saw her, and surely for delicate brilliancy of colour, for symmetry of form, for daintiness of feet, and gracefulness of movement, no cat ever approached her. But beauty is a fading flower; alas! how brief! During the terrible winter of 1857, she fell a napping by the fire and was horribly singed. It was a sad blow to her. She did not play the French woman and commit suicide, but she did lose her health and spirits, and to this day has never regained them. She is lean, haggard, dejected; no longer loves the woods and fields, but mopes about the house continually. I verily believe she has taken upon herself the vows of eternal chastity; certainly she is the only cat I ever heard of who was an old maid.

Pitying my cat and kittenless condition, my uncle Flatback went charitably forth a kitten hunting. Returning late in the evening, he drew from the depths of his overcoat pocket and deposited upon the

floor a dusky ball, probably of yarn ; you might have knitted a pair of black stockings out of it. Standing up, it became a brindled black kitten, who straightway made himself at home, walked nonchalantly to the fireplace, sat down upon the hearth, and began to paw the back part of his ears. I introduced myself to him, became intimate with him, and named him Beelzebub ; named him so because of his complexion and because I have a good opinion of Beelzebub,—just as good as Burns, Shelley, and George Sand ever had of the Devil himself. For there was nothing infernal in his disposition—the disposition of Beelzebub, the kitten. On the contrary, he was the embodiment of philanthropy and forgiveness. True, he was as impudent as Paul Pry or Robert Macaire, but he was as cheerful as Mark Tapley, brave as Havelock, and as kind as George Peabody. Being a cat he was necessarily a philosopher, and among the philosophers I ought to have sought for his prototype and namesake. In all history I find but one man like unto him, and that man was Socrates ; I now heartily regret and wonder that I did not name him Socrates. Like Socrates he was ugly, lazy, shabby about externals, odd in all his ways, so odd that few understood him, and most thought him distracted ; he loved mankind like Socrates, was humorous as Socrates, and in fact had in him Socrates' soul. He had no resentment whatever—toward the *human* race. Sam and Jinny hated him, and he fought them manfully ; every body on the plantation, with the exception of my uncle and myself, hated him, but to their continual kickings, cuffings, and imprecations, he opposed a resolute love that would have done honour to an apostle, a missionary, a martyr. He loved impartially the whole family, and jumped into every body's lap without introduction and without ceremony. This looked like impertinence, but it was not ; it was love. He ever apologized beforehand by a curious explanatory and entreating ejaculation. "R-r-r-ow," and he was in your lap. Knock him down, "r-r-r-ow," he was back again. Throw him out of the window, he reappeared as if by magic,

and "r-r-r-ow" he was in your lap again.

Because I permitted it, he learned to hug me round the neck, and contracted such a fondness for my nose, that I was afraid he would come and eat it while I was asleep. He had a passion for human bed-fellows, and nearly suffocated my uncle Flatback by getting on the pillow and spooning up to the old gentleman's face so closely as to stop respiration. He was always in the way, and though incessantly trod upon, sat down upon, and crushed under the legs of chairs, never profited by the sad experience. Whether this was owing to a want of sense, or to obstinacy, or to absence of mind consequent upon the Socratesian trance, I could never certainly tell. His voice, like everything else about him, was strange. He purred loud enough for two cats and purred all the time. Somehow he got a strange appetite for flies, and would tree them precisely as a dog trees squirrels. The only times I ever heard him cry were when, after repeated efforts, he found he could not leap high enough to catch a fly he had treed.

He was very unfortunate. In addition to the general unkindness he received at the hands of human beings and which made him a dwarf, he was one day run over by the mules and thoroughly dislocated. He gradually partially rejointed himself, never murmured, but kept up an affectionate and cheerful spirit to the last. It was during his dislocated days that he acquired the habit of occupying chairs and suffered his most crushing sorrows. When sat down upon, he vented himself in a shout, which was less a complaint than an argumentative objection ; as if he said, "What possible benefit do you derive from sitting down on *me* ? I can't, I really *can not* see the use of it." When knocked out of the chair, he would walk off a little ways, not angrily, not moodily, but thoughtfully, as if he was trying to come at the logical meaning of such treatment. The internal debate was ever of short duration, and ended invariably with "r-r-r-ow," "its all a joke, he couldn't have meant anything," and back he came into the chair or the lap of the person occupying it, to be knocked down and knock-



ed down, time after time. There was literally no escape from him until he was locked up in the close closet under the stair-case. Let him out in the morning, he came forth with his whole soul beaming in his eyes, the most grateful creature in the world, and the most deliberate, for starvation itself could not put him in a hurry.

Gratitude, indeed, was the cardinal trait in his character. He was foolishly grateful for the smallest favors. Offer him a plate of food, he would never touch it until he had returned thanks to you with a look of ineffable affection and rubbed himself against your legs. Pat him on the head, he would purr as if he were purring a psalm to your generosity, and look at you, oh! how lovingly. Speak to him kindly while he was lying down, he would rise up and contemplate you for a few moments with almost tearful fondness; then he would stick his finger-nails in the floor and pull himself back until his head was nearly lost between his shoulders, still looking tenderly at you; then he would stretch himself limb by limb, with a slow, delicious elongation, that assured you it did him good all over to be so spoken to.

Beelzebub's humour was expressed in almost every look and action, but more particularly in the practical jokes he played upon a conceited little duck, and a poor Shanghai rooster, whose toes had been bitten off by the frost. This duck was the smallest duck my aunt Flatback had; her figure was short and comical, the result most likely of curvature of the spine, brought on, not by tight lacing, but by throwing her head too far back while drinking, or by a needless inflation of the lungs in order to display her bust. Spite of her figure, she was the vainest young woman I ever saw. She exasperated me with her airs. I could not go into the back porch to get a drink of water, but here she would come mincing round the corner, with a mock modest gait, but with her head one side and a round, flickering eye turned to me for admiration. Beelzebub would begin by making love to her, and end by driving her in a desperate, waddling flutter of terror all over the

yard. This done, he would show his appreciation of the joke by twisting his tail in a manner that he thought peculiarly funny, and by running around in a ring, like a deformed and distracted circus horse. After this, he would take a running start and clamber about ten feet up a locust tree, then jump down and come to me for approbation. I always gave it.

Unable to stand up, the frost-bitten rooster succeeded in sitting down. Beelzebub would draw nigh as if to condole with him, then scare him up and enjoy the poor fellow's wretched efforts to hobble out of the way. By propping himself against the side of the house, Shanghai managed at times to stand, but stood very ticklishly on his pins; a touch would upset him. Beelzebub knew this, and his delight was to catch him standing, to sneak up behind him and knock him down. I could not countenance such behaviour, and whipped Beelzebub several times about it; but, like the Elephant's nose to the Irishman, the temptation was too strong for him; in my absence, he could never refrain from pitching into the invalid.

Business called me fifty miles or more from my pets. I heard from them occasionally by letter. Sam was fattening daily; Ellen, no better; Beelzebub about the same, everybody still hated him and abused him. At length news came that Beelzebub was gone, had disappeared or died or been spirited away—no one had seen his remains. Some days afterwards I was sitting at my table with my back to the office door, when hearing a rustle behind me, I turned, and lo! there was Beelzebub peering around the counter, his feet on a copy of the New York Herald.

"Why Beelzebub, my son," I exclaimed in delight, "is that you? Is it possible you have walked fifty miles through the hot sun to see your master? I am really glad to see you. Come here, sir."

He regarded me with fixed and stony stare.

"Belze, Belze," said I affectionately, "come here, Belze. Poor fellow, I know you must be tired. Come Belze, come sit in my lap."

He made no answer. I called him yet



more entreatingly, and rose to go to him. A flash of sorrowful recognition shone in his deep, glowing eyes, and he—evanished.

It was two o'clock in the afternoon, but my readers must not attempt to persuade me that the apparition was not the ghost of the loved and lost Beelzebub.

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### WHAT IS LOVE?

What is love,—can any say?  
 Is it fancy,—is it feeling?  
 Is it safe to give it way?  
 Is there any mode of healing?  
 When 'tis gushing, woe betide  
 Blushing maid who shall reveal it;  
 Many a pretty one has died,  
 Whose pale cheek would still conceal it.

Now 'tis flashing in the eye  
 In the moment of its power,  
 Like the lightning in the sky  
 When the summer cloud doth lower;  
 Now 'tis calm and seemeth blest,  
 As the moonbeam on the ocean;  
 Now 'tis rushing in unrest,  
 Like the billows in commotion.

What is love,—can any tell?  
 As the sunbeam on the rose  
 Makes its blushing bosom swell  
 Till its beauties all disclose;  
 As the dew upon the flower,  
 When the summer night is over,  
 Shedding perfume through the bower,  
 Love return'd is to the lover.

As a lute without a tone  
 Is the soul when love forsaketh;  
 Or, if grief awake a moan,  
 Sad it moaneth and then breaketh.  
 Darkling is the night and dreary  
 With nor moon nor starbeam lighted,  
 Darkling, dreary, all aweary  
 Hearts still beating tho' they're blighted.

## VIEW FROM MY ATTIC.

There is a delicious freshness in this balmy morning air and the birds are out in fine feather. What a burst of melody sends he forth, that "merry mimic of the grove," and the clear note of the cardinal, and the nonpareil, how joyous, as they skip like winged flowers through the rich green foliage. A superb cluster of the cloth of gold crowns the vine-encircled column of my neighbour's porch; and covering the lattice fence are umbrageous bowers of Jessamine and nondescript. An evergreen magnolia, with its peerless bloom, rears its stately form above, and there a noble elm lifts its graceful branches in gentle dalliance with the breeze: how their rich luxuriant growth leaps with the noiseless joy of vegetable life: heaven's blessings on the man who plants a tree.

In the city, the great heart of the slumbering multitude begins to throb, and send through its arteries the principle of life; before Aurora, the rosy fingered, had streaked the Orient, or Phoebus had reigned up his fiery steeds at the pearly gates, the breadman's spavined hack had wheeled with his lumbering cart through a hundred streets, and while, as yet faint and indistinct, swells up upon the morning air the distant hum of busy life, his shrill whistle has piped the reveillée to drowsy butlers, and *bread* is echoed through every garden and gateway from Hamstead to the Battery. Buoyant and babbling now, every thing that has life seems astir; and merry as the morning birds, and varied as their own shades of ebony, are the joyous utterances of those happy rogues, the venders of fish, fruit and vegetables. Little reck Cuffy and Sambo, maum Dinah there, perched so jauntily in her market cart, or the whole rescued race of Ham, for protective tariffs, or fishery bounties, or international imbroglios; or the struggle for power, or the never-sated greed of gain, that cankers the life of their pharisaical sympathisers; happy in their blessed ignorance of any higher authority, they have learned to acquiesce in the decrees of the great Arbitrator of things temporal, and are content.

Cleaving the liquid air above us, post haste for the first discarded sheep's head; that privileged individual, enshrined in the museum and labelled in classic literature, "*Cathartes atratus*," but popularly known as the buzzard, leads his eager phalanx to a democratic banquet at the market place, illustrating many of the dogmas of that respectable and influential party, by practical demonstrations, that "to the victors belong the mutton," "might makes right," "power is always stealing from the many to the few." "Squatter sovereignty, or the right to soil and spoil," &c. How like a witches' dance are their droll but not ungraceful movements!

Bob, my neighbour's valet, over the way, yawns, and stretches himself lazily; he is an amateur musician, and "vexes the drowsy ears of night" with his minstrelsy; how many of his vulgar imitators have grown rich, and set up establishments in other latitudes with a smaller musical capital than Robert; but Bob is major domo, as was his now retired, but venerable and respected sire before him, and has inherited the same indulgence from, and devotion to his master, which so distinguished his predecessor. There is my neighbour, in slippers and gown, and in his accustomed easy chair, he is not old, but time has left unmistakable traces upon his manly frame. Bred to the bar, my neighbour had early achieved a flattering measure of success; gifted with rare intellectual endowments, possessing a commanding presence, easy, graceful and ready in debate, he was a rising champion of his party in the political arena; in the opposite ranks was one in no respect his inferior; they had been early friends; party spirit ran high; brother, in some instances, stood arrayed against brother, father against son, friend opposed friend; the code of honour was the received tribunal for the settlement of real or imaginary wrongs; slight cause when the blood is up sufficeth for deadly strife; my neighbour and his quondam friend met, the usual punctilio was observed, the fatal drama was enacted and the survivor returned to his home, but the sun went

down upon him a raving maniac. It was some time before reason resumed its sway, meanwhile a golden link had dropped from the severed chain which binds the family group, and a bright and beauteous child had passed away. Smitten, but tranquil, his wife bore her grief alone, until at length her pure spirit, like the polished blade which has worn through its case, exhausted the feeble frame in offices of love, and is at rest; now in the saddened yet grateful retirement which he seeks and finds in the society of a widowed daughter, my excellent neighbour devotes a large portion of his time and his fortune to the happiness of his fellow-creatures, and has made munificent provision for the nearest heir of his unfortunate but lamented victim.

Who is that lovely creature? Ah, you know her now, she sits her thorough-bred with a matchless grace; well she may, she inherits that accomplishment from both father and mother; when on the plantation in the winter season, the whole family may sometimes be seen following the dogs in full cry; the father is an old member of the jockey-club, and delights in the purest blood whether of man or beast; whilst the mother, when in the city, is the centre of a charming society; that young gentleman, her brother, you perceive, bestrides the late winner of the handy cap; that mixture of live oak and catgut upon which old Scipio brings up the rear, is a marsh tackey: they have just returned from a gallop among the sequestered groves of St. Andrews, where she has gathered that rose-bloom upon her cheeks, having crossed Ashley river bridge before the first antlered stag of the parish had shaken the dew drops from his flanks. Ah it was she, who so enamoured our young Spartan from Georgia at the Moultrie House. "Sparta has no worthier son than he."

His prompt exhibition of self-forgetfulness and personal courage, in rescuing our little friend, when the receding waves had swept him beyond his depth, whilst bathing in the surf near the Fort, was an act worthy the ground consecrated by the heroism of Moultrie and of Jasper.

That antiquated gable you perceive a short way along the street, festooned with the luxuriant Wisteria, once sheltered from the obtrusive gaze of the world the domestic life of one who subsequently filled no mean place in the history of our republic. You may discover through the foliage the mutilated remains of the family arms, there yet is the uplifted hand, grasping the broken sabre, as if still resisting the encroachments of the last enemy, time; and like a guardian genius defying the attacks of paint, or the innovations of progress. In the roistering days of that "first gentleman of England," this was the rendezvous of some of the rebel compatriots of Washington: a fracture in the wall chronicles a very inopportune missile from one of his majesty's vessels; upon the wainscotted walls within, still hang a few of the family portraits by Copley and Sir Joshua, in which may yet be seen traces of beauty that were not surpassed in the famous court of Charles the Second. The unwritten history, which the records of that obscure building alone could furnish, would afford material for fame and fortune, for a modern pictorial historian; and, in faithful hand, would fix the stamp of infamy upon the front of the wretch, who owes his position to the defamation and abuse of Southern heroes and statesmen.

But come, we must heed that tiny tinnabulum, and join the family circle in the parlour, preparatory to our morning meal.

CHARLESTON, June 1858.

## THE FADED FLOWER.\*

A MYSTERY.

*Φωδὴν σμερδισίην.*

PINDAR.

## VII.

The sun beyond those hills afar  
 Has left in shade the level plain;  
 And in the west the evening star,  
 The first of all the nightly train,  
 Shines faintly, half withdrawn from sight  
 Behind a living veil of light,  
 In which vermilion's gorgeous dye  
 Blends softly with serener blue,  
 And tinges all the Western sky  
 With that resplendent rosy hue,  
 Which (offspring of ethereal birth)  
 Admits no rival tint on earth.  
 Beneath the copse's denser green  
 There falls a shadow dark and damp;  
 And there, in fitful flashes seen,  
 The fire-fly lights her evening lamp.  
 Sequestered in yon briery glade,  
 Beneath the clustering bamboo's shade,  
 The wood-lark chants his even-song  
 In mellow warblings, full and strong.  
 The whippoor-will begins his lay,  
 A requiem to the parting day,  
 In notes not rapid, high and shrill,  
 As might the nightly chorus fill,  
 But faintly heard and quivering slow,  
 His plaintive voice is deep and low.  
 These pensive sounds within the mind  
 A soft responsive echo find,  
 Enhancing that serene repose  
 Which like a mantle twilight throws  
 Around the wood, the heath, the hill,  
 When skies are clear and winds are still.

## VIII.

But in that tranquil evening hour,  
 With feelings haply less serene,  
 A maiden sits within her bower,  
 And from her window views the scene.  
 Her cheek reclines against her hand;  
 Her elbow rests upon her knee;  
 Her locks escaped from clasp and band,  
 Are from the temple waving free,

Along her smooth white arm descending  
 In yellow ringlets low depending,  
 And golden-bright to see.  
 The lady's cheek is flushing high,  
 And deep and frequent breathes the sigh,  
 And by the lashes partly hid,  
 A tear is trembling on the lid.  
 Her glance, abstracted, yet unfixed,  
 A restless spirit seems to show,  
 As fainting hope with anguish mixed  
 Imparts a keener edge to woe ;  
 And haunting still the wounded mind,  
 To patient sorrow unresigned,  
 Still struggles feebly with despair,  
 And holds a dying conflict there.  
 She weeps in bitterness the pride  
 That drove her lover from her side ;  
 Yet dreams the while, in reveries vain,  
 That he perchance will come again,  
 And she the fond emotions tell  
 That her deep bosom heave and swell,  
 When in his own if yet there live  
 Love's faintest spark, he must forgive.

## IX.

How passing strange, the heart that long  
 Disdained a warm devoted lover  
 Should first a kindred flame discover  
 When pierced by insult and by wrong.  
 What weak caprice, that one who never  
 Esteemed the offering while she knew  
 His heart in every pulse was true,  
 Should weep its loss when gone forever.  
 And yet this curious paradox,  
 Which startles faith and reason shocks,  
 The close observer's eye detects  
 As 'twere connatural with the sex.  
 Thus she, the girl of Erin's isle,  
 By Erin's lyric poet sung,  
 Blessed not her lover with the smile  
 On which, as more than life, he hung.  
 But when a manlier passion burned,  
 He left his lady's side, and turned  
 To seek in deadly civil strife  
 A patriot's wreath, a warrior's glory ;  
 Or for his country yield his life,  
 And add to her ensanguined story  
 One blood-red page, which still with tears  
 The nobler Irish youth might read,  
 And learn, like him, in later years  
 To strike for freedom or to bleed.  
 The maid—(at least I so infer  
 From what is somewhere told of her ;

And if the tale from history swerve,  
 It may as feigned example serve)—  
 The maid beheld her hero part,  
 Without a sigh or saddened heart;  
 Watched his dark perilous career,  
 Nor blanched her cheek with woman's fear;  
 And when a nation's head was bent  
 In grief and shame by that event  
 Which rolled his head upon the block,  
 Her heart impassive stood the shock.  
 Does this seem cold?—and yet at last,  
 When his high fame is with the past,  
 And bards and maids his deeds rehearse  
 In choral song and lyric verse,  
 The lady then begins to feel  
 Emotions through her bosom steal  
 Unknown before: for pity came,  
 And kindled soon a brighter flame,  
 Which burning deep within the breast,  
 Her throbbing heart deprived of rest.  
 Thus month by month she drooped and pined  
 With a slow fever of the mind,  
 Till sunk within the closing tomb.  
 Her wasted form and withered bloom.

X.

The night is past its highest noon;  
 And in that still and dreamy hour  
 A lover sits beneath the moon,  
 And in his hand a faded flower.  
 Its yellow leaves are crisp and dead,  
 Erewhile so beautiful to be seen;  
 Its fragrant breath forever fled,  
 As if such fragrance had not been.  
 In that dead flower he seems to see  
 A symbol of his joyless doom;  
 For life to him henceforth must be  
 Bereft of fragrance and of bloom:  
 Nor withered hope nor faded flower  
 Shall wear its lovely hues again,  
 But clouds along his pathway lower  
 In gloom, remorse and careless pain.  
 No springing tear hath dimmed his eye,  
 Nor swells his breast the silent sigh,  
 But sternly brooding o'er his fate  
 All lonely, cold and desolate,  
 He seeks in solitude relief  
 From burning and corroding grief,  
 And in the rankling thoughts that fill  
 His memory, finds augmented ill.  
 His mind reflected o'er the past,  
 In melancholy musing cast,



Recalls that memorable day  
When love and hope so brightly glowed,  
As with a blush the maid bestowed  
The rose that on her bosom lay.  
And now his restless fancy teems  
With fiercer thoughts and darker dreams,  
As memory lives that hour again  
When last he sat the maid beside,  
Whose taunting words of bitter pride,  
Like lightning flashes, seared his brain.  
And thus his mind, by passion tost,  
Has wrecked its peace, its tenor lost;  
For rankling memories, as they spring,  
Plant each its sharp envenomed sting,  
And while of bliss his heart is reft,  
No bright reserve of hope is left.

## XI.

I said the maid's capricious change,  
As told above, was passing strange:  
But fraught with greater marvel still  
Was that proud man's unchanging will.  
He viewed in silent sullen dread  
The clouds that lowered above his head,  
While hope disclosed no dawning morrow  
To chase his rayless night of sorrow;  
And yet believed, if he could now  
His pride to due concessions bow,  
Her love would bid his anguish cease,  
And soothe his troubled soul to peace,  
And brighter hopes and happier days  
Upon his path would pour their rays.  
Her heart the haughty lover knew  
To woman's impulse all was true;  
That pain professed for his offence  
Would win her easy confidence;  
The darker past she would forgive,  
And love alone in memory live;  
Her pride of beauty, grace and youth  
Engage to him in plighted truth;  
And in due season, by his side,  
Arrayed in white, a blushing bride,  
With holy vows devote her life,  
And be his fond and faithful wife.  
But love, hope, anguish—none possessed  
The power to move his haughty breast  
To such required submission—first  
Let his swol'n heart in secret burst.

## XII.

The heart by passion blindly swayed  
To fearful madness is betrayed.

When virtue's mandate is withstood  
By fear of ill or hope of good,  
Or prudent caution floats aside  
On pleasure's smooth and rapid tide,  
Though sad the frailty, still we find  
That human motives work within ;  
That specious forms seduce the mind,  
And tempt to folly or to sin.  
But sterner passion holds its course  
As by a blind and fatal force  
Which some dark spirit has supplied,  
His demon will alone the guide.  
Then, though the fiend no promise shew  
But present grief and future woe ;  
Though dying hope afar is borne,  
And by despair the breast is torn,  
Yet that malignant power's control  
To deeds accursed compels the soul,  
While pleasure, love and threatening pain  
Allure or warn the heart in vain,  
And conscience, cowering mute and still,  
Obeys a more despotic will.

Nor deem by haughty man alone  
This moral madness has been shewn,  
Though burning hate and passions strong  
More aptly to that sex belong.  
If all be true that histories state,  
And bards in magic song relate,  
And they that social life unfold  
In long and varied tale have told,  
With dire revenge, for trivial ill,  
The female heart may burn and thrill,  
And all unchanged by rolling years,  
Unmoved by pity, faith or fears,  
The deadly purpose nourish still.  
Or some capricious impulse weak,  
That prompts the mind redress to seek  
For fancied wrongs, its spite may wreak  
By means with long remorse and pain  
Deplored, it may be, but in vain.  
Who closely scans this scene of life,  
With all its follies, passions, strife,  
Shall find disclosed in such review  
Enough to prove the charge is true :  
And would some fairy raise the veil  
That hides ill deeds and errors frail,  
To shew, as in a magic glass,  
Their pale and shadowy phantoms pass,  
Then might he gaze in wild surprise,  
As thick and fast before his eyes  
Such sad examples rise detected,  
Where none of earth the truth suspected.  
No real woe the breast may wring,  
No piercing grief the bosom sting :

For hearts with wrongs that deepest bleed  
Less often prompt the vengeful deed,  
As those with keenest anguish tried  
Seek not relief in suicide ;  
While fancied ill, and grievance slight,  
Such desperate counsels oft invite,  
When dark imaginings are wrought  
To specious shape by morbid thought.  
Not seldom thus a maid, 'tis said,  
By some fantastic fancy led,  
Suspects, with angry, proud emotion,  
That to some rival fair, perchance,  
Her lover gave so kind a glance  
As suits not quite his vowed devotion.  
Then all forgetting, till too late,  
In what the step involves her fate,  
But blindly bent this jealous pique  
Upon her lover's heart to wreak,  
Unawed by conscience' dread command,  
With falsest vows bestows her hand  
On one not loved, but whom she meant  
To make revenge's instrument.  
Then happy dreams forever cease,  
Then wasting blight consumes her peace  
Thenceforth her share of earthly life  
Is one incessant weary strife,  
By which the dark deceit, whose stains  
Infect her soul, she still maintains.  
If burning tears by stealth are wept,  
The dreaded secret must be kept,  
And her cold lips, with sickening guile,  
Shall wear perforce a sunny smile :  
For still the wife, dissembling woe,  
Must hide the grief she dare not show,  
Disgust with honeyed words conceal,  
And feign the love she cannot feel.  
Meantime her tears must flow in vain  
Till fate shall burst the nuptial chain.  
Though love indeed might solace bring,  
Could that within her bosom spring,  
It far transcends all earthly art  
To wake its thrill within the heart ;  
And 'tis, I doubt, high heaven's decree,  
Who bosoms fraud like this shall be  
Foreclosed emotions which infuse  
Their healing balm like gentle dews,  
And nourish love, ordained to bless  
The good with placid happiness.  
As on the scorched and arid heath  
Bloomed not the rose of virgin-white  
Which maidens wove into the wreath  
She wore upon her bridal night ;  
So love, a flower of paradise,  
Springs not in falsehood's blasted soil,

Or by mephitic vapours dies  
Despite the tiller's care and toil.—

And what the end she sought to gain?—  
What guerdon of her guilt and pain?  
She meant the man she loved should feel  
More than the tortures of the wheel;  
Should writhe in that extreme of woe  
She could not wish her direst foe.  
And if, by healing time, the smart  
Subsides within the lover's heart;  
If in some kinder glance is found  
A balm to soothe his aching wound;  
It formed no part of *her* design  
His weary breast should cease to pine,  
But by the fact, her own, I ween,  
Is moved to more envenomed spleen.  
It is a by-word worn and trite,  
And seems too commonplace to write,  
That poisoned love engenders hate  
Dark as despair and stern as fate.  
Thus, though the heart, with decent show,  
May seek from all to hide its woe;  
To veil the folly and the sin  
That deep from view ferment within;  
Yet could some hand the curtain raise  
That screens its depths from every gaze,  
It would, when from disguises free,  
In either sex, be found to be  
A strange and frightful mystery.

### XIII.

In a sad, dreary, dreaming mood,  
Within her bower we left the maid,  
When, bowed in pensive attitude,  
She mused beneath the twilight shade.  
But since those summer dews were shed,  
Full fifteen months their course have sped,  
With weal and ill to mortals fraught—  
Their fortunes, views, relations changing,  
Defeating hopes, and plans deranging—  
But sickness to the maid they brought,  
Which slow its cankering progress wrought.  
The pure and lustrous pearly-white  
Beneath her lid's dependent fringe;  
The large dark iris sparkling bright,  
Yet with a soft and dewy light;  
The rich carnation tints that tinge  
With feverish glow her virgin cheek—  
All these a fatal presage speak,  
And to the mother's anxious fear  
Foreshow the truth she dreads to hear.  
But what can be the secret cause  
That from the silent maiden draws

The half-suppressed, half-furtive sigh ?  
 Why stands the tear-drop in her eye ?  
 Is it, her trembling spirit shrinks  
     In shuddering dread to view the grave,  
 And her sad heart despairing sinks  
     To know no earthly power can save ?  
 Or weeps she still for that false lover  
     Who wove erewhile her bosom's chain ?  
 Does yet her dreaming fancy hover  
     Round him she ne'er must see again ?  
 It may be so—perhaps she yet  
 Remembers one she should forget :  
 But slighted love and wounded pride  
 Within the heart so closely hide,  
 What troubled thoughts her bosom swell  
 And cloud her brow were hard to tell.  
 The slow disease within her breast  
 Had not been caused by love unblessed ;  
 For ere that painful thrill was known,  
     An old hereditary taint  
 Had long its lurking presence shewn,  
     When with fatigue her frame grew faint :  
 Then a fixed burning flush would paint  
 Her cheek ; and short and panting breath  
     Find frequent vent in languid sighs—  
 Symptoms that wake the sad surmise  
 Of one foredoomed to early death.  
 Then not in sorrow's secret sting  
 The maid's disorder had its spring ;  
 But whether love still held her breast,  
 Let each infer as likes him best.

## XIV.

Meantime beneath this fell disease  
     The maiden's frame grew light and thin :  
 Her strength was wasted by degrees ;  
     For death insidious lurked within,  
 And drank the life-blood of his prey,  
 Who drooped declining day by day,  
 Yet lovely in her slow decay.  
 Her dark blue eyes still brightly beam,  
     As with a mild seraphic light ;  
 Her cheek reveals the rosy stream  
     In soft accord with lily-white :  
 Thus flowers may wear their freshest hues,  
 When watered by sepulchral dews ;  
 Thus roses wreath their brightest bloom  
 Around the marble of the tomb ;  
 Thus violets yield their sweetest breath  
 Above the mouldering couch of death.

## XV.

To change or check impending fate,  
 She went to pass (but all too late)

A winter in a Southern State.  
The final passage may be told  
In words appropriate to the case  
Of numerous others, late and old,  
That closed, like hers, their mortal race.  
At times her varying mood would give  
The flattering thought that she might live :  
Then hope would in her bosom spring  
Serene and sweet, and with it bring  
Fond memories of the distant past,  
Which, into soothing reverie cast,  
Bright future years appeared to show  
Undimmed by sickness and by woe.  
And then a change such hope would blight,  
And scatter wide the vision vain ;  
Then sink her heart, and gloomy night  
Brood o'er her darkened soul again.

Thus many weeks were passed away ;  
Till once, when evening closed a day  
Of brighter hope and softer ray,  
The maid retired ; and as 'tis said,  
Was found next morning lying dead,  
Baptized in blood, upon her bed.  
A ruptured artery, as 'twould seem,  
So fast discharged the vital stream,  
That when for aid she strove to speak,  
Was scarcely heard her strangled shriek,  
But sinking as she sought to rise,  
Eternal darkness closed her eyes.  
These sounds a moment reached the ear  
Of one within a chamber near,  
But when so soon were hushed and still,  
The neighbour lady thought no ill.  
The servant maid that should have kept  
More careful watch, securely slept,  
Nor knew, till ruddy morning shone,  
That in the deep and drowsy night  
The lady's spirit winged its flight  
To realms by spirits only known.  
Her nearest friends the body sought,  
Which from the South in bronze was brought ;  
And where her infant feet had trod,  
With chanted hymn, and service read,  
Was laid beneath Virginian sod ;  
Reposing on their dreamless bed  
Her aching heart and weary head.  
There, mid those old embowering trees  
A monument the stranger sees  
That from the base where marble tears  
Two mourning seraphs weep, uprears  
A broken column o'er the tomb—  
Sad symbol of untimely doom :  
And thither still, as neighbours say,



The pilgrim mother, old and grey,  
Repairs alone to weep and pray.

# XVI.

A wanderer far to distant lands,  
Self-banished from his natal shore  
Where his paternal mansion stands,  
The lover comes no more.  
He chooses as his fixed retreat  
An ancient capital ; the seat  
Of science, learning, art and taste,  
With wealth and courtly fashion graced,—  
Where all the varying shades of mind  
Pursuits congenial to their kind,  
In business, crime or pleasure find.  
Amid the scenes of bustling life  
Within that teeming city rife,  
He seeks to banish from his thought  
The sad remembrance of the past,  
That, with remorse and sorrow fraught,  
Its shadow on his soul has cast.  
In vain ; still on his soul shall fall  
That shadow like a funeral pall,  
Nor art, nor time, nor change be found  
To staunch his bosom's bleeding wound.  
If any friend of other days  
Across the moody exile strays,  
By his reserved, forbidding mien,  
And cold repelling speech, is seen  
How far his heart has been estranged,  
How his ungenial spirit changed  
From what it once had been.  
And couched within his evil eye  
A strange expression seems to lie,  
Which wakes a doubt allied to fear,  
As guile or crime were lurking near.  
Some mystery hangs around the man :  
In vague and distant hints, 'tis said,  
That close colleaguings with a clan,  
Of banded men, their chosen head,  
He sways a dangerous secret power  
Which well might make the bravest cower.  
Such is the whispered tale, although  
I cannot say the truth is so.  
Not meanly born, nor with a mind  
By early culture unrefined ;  
Yet from his proper sphere receding,  
His course of life obscurely strays  
Through devious and ignoble ways,  
Beneath his rank of birth and breeding.  
Meantime his talents, which, applied  
With steady purpose, might have placed  
His name on honour's roll, beside

The names with circling laurels graced,  
By low companionship debased,  
Are slowly mouldering into dust,  
Corroded by the cankering rust  
Which sloth engenders. Still his heart  
Is pierced by envy's poisoned dart,  
When more aspiring spirits rise  
To bear away the glittering prize  
Which many sigh for, yet by none  
But energetic souls is won.  
Dark fantasies of guilt and fear  
Assail his soul with visions drear :  
For often apparitions rise,  
Like spectres of the sheeted dead,  
On which his fixed dilating eyes  
Gaze in an ecstasy of dread.  
Sometimes within the banquet hall,  
Mid wine and wassail, toast and song ;  
Or in the crowded public ball,  
Where pleasure's gayer votaries throng ;  
He sees the form of one that died  
In days long past, before him glide,  
On which his straining eye-balls glare  
In mingled terror and despair—  
But when (the frightful phantom past)  
His looks relax their stony cast,  
Then writhes his lip a bitter sneer,  
And mocking words would fain conceal  
From those that gaze in wonder near,  
The pangs he cannot cease to feel.  
If wandering forth he seek to share  
The zephyr's cool and dewy air,  
When from the west in golden streams  
The sun declining shoots his beams,  
The softly brilliant summer cloud  
That floats above in golden light  
Becomes a pale and bloody shroud,  
A frightful portent in his sight.  
For from his breast, with anguish stung,  
The dark and fearful secret wrung,  
Was caught by one who listening heard  
His muttered, broken, gasping word.  
Thus does the life of this bad man,  
This cankered misanthrope, decay  
In gloom and dread, beneath the ban  
Of moral parricide : no ray  
Within his broad horizon's scope  
Predicts for him a dawning day,  
Or cheers his weary soul with hope  
The sable cloud will pass away.

## XVII.

Severe, inscrutable and deep  
Are the decrees of heaven ;

Nor down that dread abyss to sweep  
 To mortal thought is given :  
 If outraged nature seem to sleep  
 In silent sufferance long,  
 Yet bitter tears the wretch shall weep  
 That dared the impious wrong.\*  
 O Nemesis, great Nemesis,  
 Whose silent watch and stealthy pace,  
 Through time and change and severing space,  
 Pursued the offender's path ;  
 Thou with the breath of the abyss  
 Didst blast his bud of opening bliss,  
 Then give his envious, gloomy soul  
 To sullen phrensy's dire control,  
 In slow-consuming wrath :  
 If invocation thou canst hear,  
 If words of dread may soothe thine ear,  
 Then, fatal maid, mysterious power,  
 Accord thy votary's prayer ;  
 The Stygian flame let others feel,  
 Round other hearts the serpent steal,  
 But in the dark avenging hour  
 Thy lowly suppliant spare ;  
 Nor doom his weary tortured breast  
 To envious throes, and drear unrest,  
 And wasting, wan despair.†

#### POSTSCRIPT.

Now, gentle ladies, lend your ear ;  
 And, gallant youths, I rede you hear.  
 The story which has just been told  
 You doubtless think an idle tale,  
 Like those that shepherds piped of old  
 In some remote Arcadian vale,  
 Where, by the brook, beneath the shade,  
 The lover wooed the bashful maid ;  
 And she, capricious, coy and pettish,  
 The sighing swain would sadly vex—

\* Severi, imperscrutabili, profondi  
 Sono i decreti di lassè ; nè lice  
 A mortal occhio penetrarne il buio.  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . . apprenda  
 A rispettar natura, e la paventi.  
 Credi al mto detto : ell'è feroce assai  
 Quando è oltraggiata.

† Dea, magna Dea, Cybelle, Didymi Dea domina,  
 Procul a mea tush sit furor omnis, hera, domo :  
 Alios age incitatos, alios age rabidos.

*Catullus.*

For maids, 'tis said, were then coquettish,  
As in these days we find the sex—  
Till, wasting hope by long delay,  
She played at length a faithless part,  
And rending without ruth away  
His freshly-budding myrtle spray,  
Planted a thistle in his heart:  
Then in a rudely plaintive strain  
He sung his sorrow and his pain,  
And told how hope, erewhile so bright,  
Was quenched in everlasting night.  
Thenceforth his ways no tenour keep;  
He leaves his charge, neglects his sheep;  
And wandering in the woods alone,  
Far from the haunts his fellows use,  
Is as the *sullen shepherd* known—  
A discontented sour recluse.  
But notes as from the tragic muse,  
If blended with such simpler strain,  
As when a web of lightsome hues  
Is twined with threads of sombre grain,  
You think evince a want of skill  
That mingles tones and colours ill.  
Well, let me hint, if thus you deem,  
Not always things are as they seem;  
For wisdom often lies enshrined  
In what is trivial to the view,  
And still the shrewd, sagacious mind  
In plain, familiar themes will find  
Important truths and new:  
And he, I guess, may chance to make  
In his critique a wide mistake,  
Who thinks the minstrel's fingers sweep  
The lute in light and trivial song;  
Nor heeds the murmur still and deep  
That rolls its quivering chords along,—  
Imparting to the varying verse  
A pointed moral quaint and terse.  
In that far land where rolls his flood,  
'Mid obelisk and pyramid,  
Old Nile, adored for floating mud,—  
There, under hieroglyphics hid,  
Is sacred lore which reverend sages,  
That lived in long-forgotten ages,  
Esteemed too rich and pure a prize  
To be profaned by common eyes.  
The heedless and the undiscerning,  
Mid symbols rude and shapes uncouth,  
Perceive in this primeval learning  
No vestige of such sacred truth;  
But that acumen which suffices  
To spell its quaint and dark devices,  
May from their deep mysterious meaning  
Collect what well repays the gleaning.

So, though the story told above  
 The simple deem a tale of love,  
 Yet let the more sagacious try  
 What secret sense they can descry;  
 And he that rightly reads, I weet,  
 And through the story's floating veil,  
 Detects a deep and strange conceit  
 Beneath the drapery of the tale,  
 Has wit as sharp, in his degree,  
 As sage Champollion's proved to be.

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### THE GREAT RELIGIOUS AWAKENING.

A great religious movement like that which has pervaded the minds of the American people during the present year, offers material of thought appropriate, in some of its aspects, to almost every class of our periodical literature. In the following views, we shall endeavor to avoid touching upon the province belonging to the pulpit or the chair of theology, and shall aim to consider what we regard as the leading phenomenon in this movement, in the light of reason. The close observer must have remarked, that whilst there were thousands—perhaps millions—of the people in various parts of the land, differing in habits and opinions, and expressing their religious feelings in a variety of forms, there was one controlling sentiment common to all, viz. *the necessity of a direct Divine Power to effect a radical change in the natural state of the soul.*

This sentiment will, in these pages, be taken for granted, and around it will be gathered some analogies and illustrations designed to show the accordance of this doctrine with the laws of the human mind. The whole subject is considered from the Christian stand-point,—but not with any air of authority.

Amidst all the aberrations of man from his true moral orbit, there has yet been preserved among his deepest convictions a sense of his dependence upon a Higher Power, and a belief not only in a providence governing the external world, but also in some sort of divine influence flowing into the soul for its purification and guidance.

Deism professes to learn this from Nature. Mythology peopled the mountains, the vales and the supernal regions with higher spirits, to whose influence were ascribed all life, activity and motion, and even all the extraordinary and unusual mental excitements, the talents, acquisitions, courage and magnanimity, which appear among men. And all those prayers that ascend in our day not only from Christian churches, but from Mosques and Pagodas, Temples and Shrines of every description, in all parts of the earth, evince man's conscious need of a superior Power to rectify and sustain his blind and feeble nature.

There was once an influential Jew who came to Jesus by night to question him upon religious subjects. The interview was commenced by a frank acknowledgment that Jesus was a teacher sent from God, he having been convinced that no man could do the miracles which Jesus had done, unless God were with him. Jesus perceiving that Nicodemus was an earnest and honest inquirer, at once entered *in medias res*, declaring the necessity of a new birth—a regeneration—a renovation of his inner man by the Divine Spirit—thus uttering truths so new and strange to the inquirer, that he exclaimed, "How can these things be?" If this question were asked in a doubting or cavilling spirit, it was inconsistent and illogical in Nicodemus, who in the beginning had acknowledged the divine mission of Jesus, and thus committed him-

self to receive in the most docile and believing spirit, all that the teacher might communicate—a species of inconsistency, however, not uncommon in the world in all ages. But our Saviour evidently treats the inquiry as reasonable and pertinent, and as prompted by a simple desire for more light upon this practical and momentous subject, but does not encourage him to expect to gain very minute insight into the processes of the Spirit. On the contrary he intimates to him that he is trenching upon a domain full of hidden mystery. He compares the Spirit's operations to the blowing of the wind—a comparison of peculiar significance, the words wind and spirit having the same origin. They both come from the idea of *breath*. And speaking figuratively, whilst the Holy Spirit may be regarded as the breath of God—an idea favored by our Saviour when he breathed upon the disciples and said, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost;" so the wind may be regarded as the breath of Earth: and the Spirit of God, like the Spirit of earth, is to us sovereign, free, invisible, mysterious—its comings and goings, its changes and destiny, are to us unknown and to a great extent incomprehensible. We know not but that as the two were conversing in the dead hour of the night, the sound of the wind blowing without, occasioned the use of this illustration: and what is more mysterious and impressive than the voice of the night-wind! We can never anticipate its approach, but when all has been still and solemn, we suddenly hear it moving in the tree tops, and if it comes in its strength, it whirls and sweeps through a strange diapason, now piping loud and shrill, now sighing sad and low, and now cheerily singing as in a fairy dance; and presently it is gone and quiet reigns again. Such is the night-wind—the elected type of that mysterious afflatus, which on the day of Pentecost came like "a rushing, mighty wind," but which came to Elijah in the "still, small voice"—and which in various ways has for months been moving the minds of thousands and tens of thousands of our American people, leading them to penitence and prayer, and faith in Him who

thus discoursed to Nicodemus eighteen centuries ago.

The mystery in this subject does not lie in the doctrine itself viewed as a part of didactic religion. When it is declared that the efficient power in the regeneration of the human soul is the Spirit of God, the proposition is a very simple and comprehensible one—and no more calculated to excite the skepticism of men than the declaration that God is the original creator of the minds of men. But when we attempt to dive into the mode of operation, then come the difficulties. Well, let us suppose this point to be impreguably entrenched in the most insuperable difficulties, there is nothing in this fact that ought to disturb the comfort of any honest mind. For even if there were no analogies among familiar and universally received truths concerning mode and manner of operation—even if the first birth as dwelt upon by the Psalmist did not furnish an apt illustration of the mystery pertaining to the second birth—the equilibrium of the mind need not be at all disturbed: for as Dr. Arnold truly observes: "Before a confessed and unconquerable difficulty, the mind, if in a healthy state, reposes as quietly as when in the possession of a discovered truth, as quietly and contentedly as we are accustomed to bear that law of our nature which denies us the power of seeing through space, or being exempt from sickness and decay."

Let us, however, not exaggerate the difficulties of this subject, or ascribe the whole of them to the fact of this divine operation belonging to supernatural causes. A part of the difficulties lie fairly within the domain of ordinary mental science—which as every intelligent man knows is one of the most immature of all the sciences. How can expounders of the doctrine of the Spirit explain the manner in which the human conscience is enlightened and the will renewed, when philosophers have great controversies as to the nature of both conscience and will, many denying their existence at all as separate faculties of the mind? Confronted in the outset with a host of such unsettled controversies in the domains of



psychology, what folly would it be in any man attempting to draw out any detailed theory of the mode in which God's Spirit renovates the soul, without violating any law of its physiology or disturbing the freedom of choice in the man thus acted upon!

There is nothing strange in the general idea that our minds are liable to be moved by external influences. Our thoughts and feelings, our opinions, purposes and habits, indeed the whole succession and nature of our mental states—all are modified if not controlled and determined by powers or at least causes operating from without. The same remark may be made as to the condition and changes of our bodies. Food and raiment, the purity and temperature of the air, and a variety of other external agencies are concerned in modifying the action of the physical organs. So that passivity is as characteristic of man as activity: and the former is as essential a characteristic as the latter—and is never in common matters supposed to detract either from man's dignity or his free agency. When disease is expelled from the body by the use of medicine, no one thinks that the free action of the physical organs has been thereby impeded. The remedies act in accordance with the laws of the animal economy, and so far from impeding the action of the organs, really relieve them from obstruction and allow increased freedom of action. And when the orator by his eloquence powerfully influences the mind of his auditor, filling his narrow soul with high aspirations and noble resolutions, revolutionizing his views of life and duty, and ultimately ennobling his whole nature, no one supposes that this auditor's independence of mind has been at all compromised. And when the Spirit of God acts upon the soul of man, analogously as does the medicine upon his body and eloquence upon his mind, inspiring him with a hatred of sin, penitence because of his own past sinfulness, and earnest longings after a higher life, there is no more occasion in this case than in the other two, of predicating any interference with the free operation of man's faculties. Indeed a little reflection

will satisfy any candid mind that whatever tends to promote the health of the sin-paralyzed soul of man, must foster his free agency, just as unshackling a prisoner favors his liberty. This principle the Scriptures affirm in the passages, "Where the Spirit of God is, there is liberty;" and "If the Son make you free, ye shall be free indeed."

There are some forms of disease which the physical system is able to throw off by its own recuperative energies, but there are other forms of disease which so entirely prostrate the system, that the means of recovery must come from without, or the patient must die. Such is the moral state of the race of man, as all history and every earnest man's consciousness unite with the Scriptures in declaring. And such a period of awakening as the present, should be hailed as the visits of the Great Physician were by all the sick and afflicted in Judea and the regions round about. There was a great moral lesson in Christ's habit of curing the physical maladies of the people. It illustrated his power and the great object of his advent. It is said of man morally, that the whole head is sick and the whole heart is faint—that from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, there is no soundness in him. This virulent, all-pervading malady is, by the Spirit of Christ, rebuked, neutralized, and gradually eradicated—the organs are re-energized, and the moral man once more stands erect.

This analogy between the physical and the moral will bear pressing somewhat into detail. In the ailments of the body, even when the disease is radically cured, all its remains and consequences do not immediately disappear, and yet the crisis has been successfully passed—a radical change for the better has taken place—the hold of the disease has been broken—the tendency is toward perfect soundness, which has now become only a question of time. His relapses are brief and partial like the eddies of a stream whose current is still onward.

Thus is it with man's spiritual restoration. Though radically cured at the moment of regeneration, yet he is not at once delivered from all the remains and

consequences of his old disease. Slowly perhaps do his long-crushed energies revive; but gradually they rise superior to the obstructions which hamper their action, until they presently act with steady vigor, though not with that sure and unflagging persistence which is impracticable in the tainted atmosphere of earth, but which is realized with the first breath of that air which meets the redeemed soul on its first emergence from these terrestrial associations.

We shall not here moot the question, how far man is active and how far passive in the act of regeneration and in the work of sanctification. Of course God might accomplish the whole work of man's spiritual restoration without the intervention of any means or second causes whatsoever, or without any coöperation of the faculties of the object of his remedial power. But as in the world of both matter and mind the parts are all so geared into the same system as to fulfil their several purposes only by perpetual action and reaction, so God in this mighty work of saving man through Jesus Christ, by the agency of the Holy Spirit,—in other words, in superinducing upon the natural order of things, this new, gracious and supernatural order or system, has had respect to the established laws of mind, and applies this spiritual power through the ordinary channels of human thought and feeling, summoning to His aid a variety of means or second causes. Of course we may easily get beyond our depth in attempting to sound our way through all the mysteries that lie in the detailed action of the efficient and the subsidiary causes in working out the grand result of man's conversion and entire sanctification—but it is a blessed fact that there is no practical mystery to darken the pathway of him who desires to attain to the better life.

The Word of God is the great instrumentality employed by the Spirit in the salvation of men. In this Word are presented to the mind many powerful inducements in favor of a life of holiness—in-

ducements overwhelming in their logical force and highly captivating in their nature, and altogether sufficient to secure the willing obedience of a pure soul; but alas! the human heart originally so tender and pliable has, in Scripture phrase, become hard and stony—so that these inducements, mighty as they are, fall as powerlessly upon it as the rain upon the rock. But this divine effluence comes as a solvent to the stony mass, dissolves out the petrifying matter and restores the heart to its normal fleshly character. The heart then becomes sensitive to the influence of the truth, as does the photographic sheet to the rays of light. Then these various considerations presented in the Word of God concerning man as a fallen, guilty, accountable, undying creature, whom God in amazing mercy proposes to pardon, purify and save through the mediation of his co-equal Son, begin to produce their proper impression upon the character and life. As long as the heart was devoid of the divine influence, the truths of the Gospel were distasteful, useless, perhaps hardening, but now they are delightful, invigorating, sanctifying. Just as whilst a man is thoroughly diseased in body, food is distasteful, useless, perhaps injurious to him—society is oppressive—sounds harass him—the most beautiful scenery is insipid to him—locomotion and perhaps even fresh air are intolerable to him. But as soon as the disease has been conquered, food is grateful and strengthening—society cheering—sounds and scenery inspiring—air and locomotion invigorating.

Thus we have an illustration of how the Divine Spirit not only breaks the power of the moral malady in the soul, but makes use of a variety of appliances in carrying on the work of restoration. And thus we see the propriety of every man entering upon the use of these means which the Spirit is wont to employ with as much hopeful earnestness as if the great achievement of his salvation depended wholly upon his unaided exertions.

## THAT GENTLEMAN.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

The following most agreeable sketch is taken from the charming work recently published by the Appletons and already noticed in our pages—Burton's "Cyclopædia of Wit and Humor." As Mr. Everett appears in it in the somewhat novel character of a humourist, we think it will not be unacceptable to our readers.—[ED. SOU. LIT. MESSENGER.]

Among the passengers on board the steamer Chancellor Livingston, on one of her trips up the North River, last year, a middle-aged gentleman was observed by the captain, whose appearance attracted notice, but whose person and quality were unknown to him. The stranger was dressed in clothing of the latest style, but without being in the extreme of fashion, or conspicuous for any thing that he did or did not wear. He had not, however, availed himself of the apology of travelling, as many do, to neglect the most scrupulous care of his person, and seemed rather to be on a visit, than a journey. His equipage had been noticed by the porters to correspond in appearance with its owner. The portmanteau was made to increase or diminish in capacity, the upper part rising on the under by screws, according to the contents; the whole of it was besides enveloped in a firm canvas. A cloak-bag of the best construction; a writing apparatus, with a most inscrutable lock; an umbrella in a neat case, a hat in another, ready to take the place of the travelling seal-skin cap, which the stranger wore during the trip, were so many indications of a man, who placed the happiness of life in the enjoyment of its comforts. The greatest of all comforts is yet to be told, and was in attendance upon him, in the shape of a first-rate servant, a yellow man by complexion, taciturn, active, gentle; just not too obsequious, and just not too familiar; not above the name of servant, and well deserving that of friend.

This strange gentleman was quiet, moderate in his movements, somewhat reserved in his manners; all real gentlemen are so. A shade of melancholy settled over his face, but rather lightening into satisfaction, than dark and ominous of growing sorrow. It was a countenance, which care had slightly furrowed, but in

which the springing seeds of grief were not yet planted. There was a timid look of the one, that had been deceived by appearances, and feared to trust himself to an exterior, that might betray his heart into a misplaced confidence. There was an expression, which one might almost call sly, of a man, who had at length found a secret treasure, which he would not expose, lest it should be torn from him, or he should be disturbed in its enjoyment. Of the beauties of the scene, though plainly a man of cultivated mind, he took little notice. He cast an eye of equal indifference on nature's Cyclopean masonry at the Palisades, and on the elegant erections of art on the opposite side of the river. Even the noble entrance into the Highlands scarcely fixed his attention.

With all the appearance of a perfect gentleman, there was nevertheless conspicuous about this personage, a punctuality in obeying the bell which summoned to the meals, and a satisfaction evinced while at them, which evidently proceeded from some particular association of ideas, to which the spectator wanted the key. It was not ravening appetite; it was not for want of being accustomed at home to what are commonly, and we think correctly, called "good things;" his whole appearance negatived such an idea. But he repaired to the table with a cheerful and active step, as if he were sure he could find things as they ought to be; and he partook of its provisions as if he had found them so. He did not praise the abundance and good quality of what he saw and enjoyed; but maintained the same rather mysterious silence here, as elsewhere on board. But the expression of calm inward satisfaction, which reigned in his face, spoke volumes. In like manner, with respect to every part of the domestic economy of the boat; the com-

modious berths, the conveniences of the washing apparatus, and of the barber's shop; the boot-brushing quarters, in short, all the nameless accommodations and necessities, which will suggest themselves without being specified. In regard to them all, you might read in the stranger's looks and mien, that he was perfectly satisfied; and for some reason, which did not suggest itself for want of knowledge of his history, he evidently enjoyed this satisfaction, with a peculiar *relish*. In fact, the only words that had been heard to escape from "*that gentleman*," (for so the captain had called him, in pointing him out to the steward; and so the barber had called him in speaking of him to the cook; and so the engineer had designated him, in describing his looks to the fireman;) the only words which "*that gentleman*" had been heard to utter to any one on board, were his remarks to the captain, after having finished a tour of observation round the boat,—"*Very convenient, very comfortable.*"

As they drew near to Albany, this air of satisfaction was evidently clouded. Nothing adverse had happened on board the boat, which was walking cheerily through the water, at the rate of eleven miles and a half per hour. Mr. Surevalve, her engineer, was heard to say that he could double her steam without coming near her proof; "*but then*," he added to the fireman, "*what good would that do, seeing the resistance of the water increases with the velocity of the boat*;" a remark, to which the fireman returned, what may be called, a very *unknowing* look. The weather was fine; the company generally exhilarated at the thought of arriving at the journey's end; and all but the stranger rising in spirits, as they drew near to the landing place. He, on the contrary, proceeded about the business of disembarking, with the only discontented look he had worn during the trip.

But in the crowd and hurry of landing two hundred and fifty passengers, with as many trunks, carpet-bags, and handboxes, and the tumult of conflicting porters, draymen, hackmen, and greeting friends, the stranger was lost sight of. Several of the passengers had secretly determined

to keep an eye upon him; an idea having got abroad that he was a member of parliament, or some said the Duke of Saxe Weimar, which the engineer averred with an oath to be the case, adding, that "*it was hard, if he could not tell a Frenchman.*" But it so happened that every man on board had an object of greater interest to look after in the crowd, viz. himself; and what course the stranger took on landing, no one could say.

It was not long before the captain discovered that the stranger had not gone on shore, for he perceived him occupying a retired seat on the transom, aft in the cabin; and that he appeared to intend returning to New York the next trip. His countenance had recovered its prevailing expression, and he just opened his lips to say that he "*believed he should take the boat back.*" Various speculations, no doubt, were made by the captain, the steward, the engineer, and the fireman, on a circumstance, upon the whole, so singular; but recollecting his clouded aspect as he approached Albany, they came to the conclusion that he had forgotten something of importance in New York; that the recollection of it did not return to him, till near the arrival of the boat, and consequently he was obliged to go down the river again. "*You see that gentleman again*," says the engineer to the fireman. "*I do*," replied Mr. Many-scald. "*I suppose he has forgotten something in New York*," pursued the engineer; and thus closed a dialogue, which a skilful novelist would have spread over three pages.

The stranger's demeanor, on the return, was the exact counterpart of that which he had worn on the ascent; calm, satisfied, retired; perfectly at ease; a mind and senses formed to enjoy, reposing in the full possession of their objects. To describe his manner more minutely, would be merely to repeat what we have already said, in the former part of this account. But the hypothesis, by which the engineer and fireman had accounted for his return, and his melancholy looks, at Albany, was overthrown by the extraordinary fact, that as they drew near to New York, his countenance was overshadowed

owed by the same clouds that had before darkened it. He was even more perplexed in spirit than he had before seemed; and he ordered his servant to look after the baggage, with a pettishness that contrasted strangely with his calm deportment. The engineer who had noticed this, was determined to watch him closely; and the fireman swore he would follow him up to the head of Cortlandt street. But just as the steamboat was rounding into the slip, a sloop was descending the river with wind and tide: and some danger of collision arose. It was necessary that the engineer should throw his wheels back, with all possible expedition. This event threw the fire-room into a little confusion, succeeded by some remarks of admiration at the precision with which the engine worked, and the boast of the fireman, "how sweetly she went over her centres." This bustle below was followed by that of arriving; the usual throng of friends, porters, passengers, draymen, hackmen, and barrowmen breasting each other on the deck, on the plank which led from the boat, on the slip, and in the street, completed the momentary confusion; and when the engineer and fireman had readjusted their apartment, they burst out at once on each other, with the question and reply, "Did you see which way *that* gentleman went?" "Hang it, no." The captain and the steward were much in the same predicament. "I meant to have had an eye after '*that* gentleman,'" said the captain, "but he has given me the slip."

It was, accordingly, with a good deal of surprise, that, on descending to the cabin, he again saw the stranger, in the old place; again prepared to all appearance to go back to Albany, and again heard the short remark, "I believe I shall take the boat back." But the captain was well-bred, and the stranger a good customer; so that no look escaped the former, expressive of the sentiments which this singular conduct excited in him. The same decorum, however, did not restrain the engineer and fireman. As soon as they perceived the stranger, on his accustomed walk up and down deck, the engineer cried out, with a preliminary obtes-

tation which we do not care to repeat, "Mr. Manyscald, do you see '*that* gentleman?'" "Ay, ay," was the answer, "who can he be?" "Tell that if you can," rejoined the engineer, "it ain't every man that's willing to be known; for my own part, I believe it's Bolivar come to tap the dam over the Mohawk, and let the kanol waste out." The fireman modestly inquired his reason for thinking it was Bolivar, but the engineer, a little piqued at having his judgment questioned, merely muttered, that "it was hard if a man who had been an engineer for ten years couldn't tell a Frenchman."

During the passage, nothing escaped the stranger that betrayed his history or errand; nor yet was there any affectation of mystery or concealment. A close observer would have inferred (as is said to be the case with free masonry), that no secret escaped him, because there was none to escape; that his conduct, though not to be accounted for by those unacquainted with him, was probably consistent with the laws of human nature, and the principles of a gentleman. It is precisely, however, a case like this, which most stimulates the curiosity and awakens the suspicions of common men. They think the natural unaffected air but a deeper disguise; and it cannot be concealed, that, in the course of the third passage, very hard allusions were made by the engineer and fireman to the character of Major André, as a spy. The sight of West Point probably awakened this reminiscence in the mind of the engineer, who, in the ardor of his patriotic feeling, forgot it was time of peace. The fireman was beginning to throw out a submissive hint, that he did not know, "that in time of peace, even an Englishman could be hung for going to West Point;" but the engineer interrupted him, and expressed his belief with an oath, that "if General Jackson could catch '*that* gentleman,'" (as he now called him with a little sneer on the word,) "he would hang him, under the second article of the rule of war." "For all me," meekly responded the fireman, as he shouldered a stick of pitch-pine into the furnace.



It is remarked by authors, who have spoken on the subject of juggling, that the very intensity with which a company eyes the juggler, facilitates his deceptions. He has but to give their eyes and their thoughts a slight misdirection, and then he may, for a moment, do almost any thing unobserved, in full view. A vague impression, growing out of the loose conversation in the fire-room, had prevailed among the attendants and others in the boat, that the gentleman was a foreigner, going to explore, if not to tap, the canal. With this view, they felt no doubt he would, on the return, land at Albany; a lookout was kept for him, and though he was unnoticed in the throng at the place of debarkation, it was ascribed to the throng that the gentleman was unnoticed. "I tell you, you'll hear mischief from '*that* gentleman' yet," said the engineer, throwing off his steam.

What then was their astonishment, and even that of the captain and steward, to find the stranger was still in the cabin, and prepared to all appearance for a fourth trip. The captain felt he hardly knew how; we may call it *queer*. He stifled, however, his uneasy emotions, and endeavored to bow respectfully to the stranger's usual remark, "I think I shall take the boat back." Aware of the busy speculation which had begun to express itself in the fire-room, he requested the steward not to let it be known, that "*that* gentleman" was going down again; and it remained a secret till the boat was under way. About half an hour after it had started, the gentleman left the cabin to take one of his walks on deck, and in passing along was seen at the same instant by the engineer and fireman. For a moment they looked at each other with an expression of displeasure and resolution strongly mingled. Not a word was said by either; but the fire-man dropped a huge stick of pine, which he was lifting into the furnace; and the engineer as promptly cut off the steam from the engine, and brought the wheels to a stand. The captain of course rushed forward, and inquired if the boiler had *collapsed* (the modern polite word for *bursting*), and met the desperate engineer coming

up to speak for himself. "Captain," said he, with a kind of high-pressure movement of his arm, "I have kept up steam ever since there was such a thing as steam, on the river. Copper boiler or iron, high pressure or low; give me the packing of my own cylinder, and I'll knock under to no man. But if we are to have '*that* gentleman' up and down, down and up, and up and down again, like a sixty horse piston, I know one that won't raise another inch of steam if he starve for it."

The unconscious subject of this tumult had already retreated to his post in the cabin, before the scene began, and was luckily ignorant of the trouble he was causing. The captain, who was a prudent man, spoke in a conciliating tone to the engineer; promised to ask the stranger roundly who he was, and what was his business, and if he found the least cause of dissatisfaction, to set him on shore at Newburgh. The mollified engineer returned to his department: the fireman shouldered a huge stick of pine into the furnace, the steam rushed hissing into the cylinder, and the boat was soon moving her twelve knots an hour on the river.

The captain, in the extremity of the moment, had promised what it was hard to perform; and now experienced a sensible palpitation, as he drew near to the stranger, to fulfil the obligation he had hastily assumed. The gentleman, however, had begun to surmise the true state of the case; he had noticed the distrustful looks of the crew, and the dubious expressions of the captain and steward. As the former approached him, he determined to relieve the embarrassment, under which, it was plain, he was going to address him; and said, "I perceive, sir, you are at a loss to account for my remaining on board the boat for so many successive trips, and, if I mistake not, your people view me with suspicious eyes. The truth is, captain, I believe I shall pass the summer with you."

The stranger paused to notice (somewhat wickedly) the effect of this intelligence on the captain, whose eyes began to grow round at the intimation; but in a moment pursued:—"You must know, captain, I am one of those persons,—fa-



vored I will not say.—who being above the necessity of laboring for a subsistence, are obliged to resort to some extraordinary means to get through the year. I am a Carolinian, and pass my summers in travelling. I have been obliged to come by land, for the sake of seeing friends, and transacting business by the way. Did you ever, captain, travel by land from Charleston to Philadelphia?"

The captain shook his head in the negative. "You may thank Heaven for that. O! captain, the crazy stages, the vile roads, the rivers to be forded, the sands to be ploughed through, the comfortless inns, the crowd, the noise, the heat; but I must not dwell on it. Suffice it to say, I have suffered every thing, both moving and stationary. I have been overturned, and had my shoulder dislocated in Virginia; I have been robbed between Baltimore and Havre de Grace. At Philadelphia, I have had my place in the mail coach taken up by a way passenger; I have been stowed by the side of a drunken sailor in New Jersey; I have been beguiled into a fashionable boarding-house in the crowded season, in New York. Once I have had to sit on a bag of turkeys, which was going to the stage proprietor, who was also keeper of a hotel; three rheumatic fevers have I caught, by riding in the night, against a window that would not close; near Elkton, I was

washed away in a gully, and three horses drowned; at Saratoga. I have been suffocated; at Montreal, eaten of fleas; in short, captain, in the pursuit of pleasure I have suffered the pains of purgatory. For the first time in my life, I have met with comfort, ease, and enjoyment, on board the Chancellor. I was following the multitude to the Springs. As I drew near to Albany, my heart sunk within me, as I thought of the little prison in which I should be shut up, at one of the fashionable hotels. In the very moment of landing, my courage failed me, and I returned to the comforts of another trip in your excellent boat. We went down to New York; I was about to step on shore, and saw a well-dressed gentleman run down by a swine, in my sight. I shrunk back again into your cabin, where I have found such accommodations as I have never before met away from home; and if you are not unwilling to have a season passenger, I intend to pass the ensuing three months on board your boat."

The captain blushed and bowed; gratified and ashamed of his suspicions. He hurried up to put the engineer at ease, who was not less gratified at the high opinion the stranger had of the Chancellor; and as long as the boat continued to ply for the rest of the season, remarked, at least once a trip to the fireman, "*that gentleman*' knows what's what."

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#### SONNET.—BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

(*On the occurrence of certain very Cold Days in the month of April.*)

We thought that WINTER with his hungry pack,  
Of hounding WINDS, had ceased his dreary chase,  
For blooming SPRING with arch, triumphant face,  
Lightly descending, had strewed o'er his track  
Gay flowers that hid the stormy season's wrack;  
Vain thought! for wheeling on his Northward path,  
And girt by all his hungry BLASTS, in wrath  
The shrill-voiced Huntsman hurries swiftly back;  
The frightened vernal Zephyrs faint, and die  
Thro' the chilled frost; the rare blooms expire,  
And SPRING herself, too terror-struck to fly,  
Seized by the ravening WINDS with fury dire,  
Dies 'midst the scarlet-flowers that round her lie  
Like waning flames of some rich funeral fire.

## Editor's Table.

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✓ It is rather an annoying thing to see one's ideas appropriated by another and given to the world as his own, and the annoyance is perhaps greatest to those who are conscious of poverty in ideas. When a man knows that such a thing as a bright fancy very rarely comes into the chambers of his brain (which may be thronged with the great thoughts and well-dressed imaginings of other people's cerebral developments,) he experiences a sense of joy in welcoming a new visitor, far more vivid and pleasurable than is felt by him who greets every day a crowd of happy guests to be sent out, upon his introduction, to gladden the world beyond. The intellectual pauper is therefore inconsolable when he sees the poor little idea of which he was proud, after failing to receive the recognition he hoped for it, taken under another's patronage and presented to the public under auspices calculated to ensure for it a more gracious reception.

But while a writer may rightfully claim sympathy in cases where the notion of plagiarism cannot be excluded, he must always be gratified to find his ideas occurring to gifted men who are totally ignorant of their previous utterance and far too rich in striking and graceful images to need to play the borrower. It is a most agreeable thing to know that the same conceit which has imparted a delight to him in its birth, has been born anew in a mind of opulence and originality, and has there conferred such pleasure as to be thought worthy of expression for the benefit of the mass of readers. We have just been gratified in this way. Some years ago, the editor of the *Messenger* published in this magazine a little poem of which he could say with Touchstone, "a poor thing, sir, but mine own." In this poem occurred the following stanza, descriptive of a little girl on her regular morning walk—

An hour or two, and forth she goes,  
The school she brightly seeks—  
*She carries in her hand a rose*  
*And two upon her cheeks.*

The conceit was thought pretty by some of the editor's friends, and he was afterwards flattered by seeing it quoted, but he placed no undue estimate upon the lines or the poem in which they occurred, and it was therefore with a feeling of satisfied surprise that on turning to the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," in the August number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, (which so far anticipates the date of its stated publication, that we always receive it before our "Table" is made up.) to find that delightful humourist and true poet, Dr. Holmes, commencing in this way—

"The schoolmistress came down with a rose in her hair,—a fresh June rose. She has been walking early; *she has brought back two others,—one on each cheek.*"

Here is a coincidence which is soothing to our poetic soul, for it shows that an idea of our own has become an idea of a real, genuine, regally-endowed poet, and been accepted by him as good. Of course our modest verses, which were published anonymously, never were seen by the Autocrat. Let us, in justice to Dr. Holmes, allow the reader to see how he has followed up the fancy and improved it. He continues,

"I told her so, in some such pretty phrase as I could muster for the occasion. *Those two blush roses I just spoke of turned into a couple of damasks.*"

There, that is as exquisite as the perfume of the flower. We acknowledge the sway of the Autocrat gratefully, and wish we could turn over to him some other similitudes to be worked upon with equal felicity.

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*Apropos* of the *Atlantic Monthly*, we observe that its usual bad political article gives place this month to a very flippant piece of ridicule directed against the recent 4th of July celebration at Boston, and the Hon. Rufus Choate. This gentleman was guilty of the offence of making a patriotic speech on "Nationality," and, in the estimation of the "Atlantic Monthly," it

were indeed a grievous fault. And grievously has Rufus answered it, in the smart spitefulness of the nimble Arachne who spins his web of sophistries and nurses his venom in the concluding pages of the Boston magazine. Our purpose, is not with Mr. Choate and his reviewer, Mr. Choate might crush the spider forever if he chose, but with the following query which is put forth with an air of sincerity, as if the querist would really like to be answered.

"But we would seriously ask Mr. Choate who the big ministers of the country are, if the Beechers, if Wayland, Park, Bushnell, Cheever, Furness, Parker, Hedge, Bellows, and Huntingdon are the little ones?"

We do not profess to be very intimately acquainted with the theological ability of the United States, but if we were asked to mention some of our "big ministers," we should probably name Plumer, Thornwell, Breckinridge, Bethune, Alexander, Stiles, Hawks, McIlvaine, Johns, Atkinson, Potter, Fuller, Manly, Soule, Smith, Pierce and Summers. The test of greatness with the *Atlantic Monthly* is vehement opposition to slavery, which fully accounts for its association of the names of the eccentric Ward Beecher and the respectable but not eminent Dr. Bellows, with the great Wayland, and Theodore Parker, who preaches a religion of his own, with Bushnell.

So far as we know, the subjoined extravaganza of poor Tom Hood has never been fully printed in America. It appears in no edition of his humorous poems that we have met with, and we are indebted for it to a friend who found it in an English journal. Some months ago an incomplete version of it was communicated to "Harper's Drawer" by one who had committed it to memory from the copy of our correspondent, but he fell into many mistakes, and the droll succession of puns, just as Hood conceived them, is now presented for the first time to the American reader—

### THE MEANING OF WORDS.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

We know the meaning of most words  
By sound as well as sight;  
They *mean*, although they have no *mien*,—  
So mind and *write* them *right*.

For thus, in "eccentricity,"  
One *sees* good many *e's*;  
Also, in "hubbububberous,"  
The *b's* are thick as *bees*.

There are no *i's* in English "*eyes*,"  
But *e's* there are in "*ease*;"  
*A* does want *ye* to make it *aye*,—  
There's but one *p* in "*peas*."

Some *judges judge* the English tongue,  
But kill it with a breath;  
With wind and words they *sentence* some  
Fine *sentences* to death.

A sea-horse is a sea-horse, when  
You *see* him in the *sea*;  
But when you see him in a *bay*,  
A *bay* horse then is he,

Of *course*, a race-course isn't *coarse*,  
A *fine* is far from *fine*;  
It is a saddening sight to see  
A noble *pine* tree *pine*.

If *miners* are all *minors*, then  
Their guardians get their gains;  
All glaziers extra *pains* should take  
To put in extra *panes*.

A kitchen *maid* is often *made*  
To burn her face, or broil it;  
A lady knows no labour, but  
To *toil* it at her *toilet*.

"How do you do?" said Sal to John;  
"So, so," replied he;  
"How do *you* do?" said John to Sal;  
"Sometimes *sew*, *sew*," said she.

If one were ridden o'er a *lot*,  
He might his *lot* bewail;  
But 'twould be of no use to him  
To *rail* against a *rail*.

A bat about a farmer's room,  
Not long ago I knew  
To *fly*. He caught a *fly*, and then  
*Flew* up the chimney *flue*;

But such a *scene* was never *seen*,  
(I am quite sure of that,)  
As when, with sticks, all hands essayed  
To hit the *bat* a *bat*.

A *vane* is *vain*, one would suppose,  
Because it wants a mind;  
And furthermore, 'tis blown about  
By every idle wind.

'Tis *pun*-ishment for me to *pun* ;  
 'Tis trifling, void of worth ;  
 So let it pass unnoticed, like  
 The *dew* that's *due* to earth.

The following sketch of the life and works of the late lamented Dr. Gilman, of South Carolina, has been prepared officially by Dr. Joseph Palmer of the "Association of the Alumni of Harvard University," and is published, by order of that society, in its Necrology for the past Academic year. We transfer it to our pages as a just and discriminating biography of one whom living we loved and whose memory we cherish with peculiar fondness.

"Rev. Samuel Gilman, of Charleston, S. C., died at the residence of his son-in-law, Rev. Charles J. Bowen, in Kingston, Mass., 9th February, 1858, aged 66. He was son of Frederick and Abigail H. (Somes) Gilman, and was born in Gloucester, Mass., 16th February, 1791. His father had been a very successful merchant in Gloucester, but died insolvent nearly sixty years ago, his insolvency having been caused by the capture of several of his vessels by the French, in the war of 1798. He left a youthful widow and four male children; and when Samuel was about seven years old, his mother took him to Atkinson, N. H., to be educated in the academy there, under the charge of Rev. Stephen Peabody. (H. U. 1769) whose quaint, primitive ways are described with inimitable humor in a biographical sketch by Dr. Gilman, published in the Christian Examiner in 1847. Not long subsequently, the family removed to Salem, Mass., and Samuel was for some time employed as a clerk in the old Essex Bank. He graduated with high honors in a class remarkable for eminent talent. A poem, which he delivered on his graduation, "On the pleasures and pains of the student," was replete with humor and elicited rapturous applause from a crowded audience. This poem he repeated on the evening of Commencement day in 1852, at the residence of Hon. Edward Everett in Boston, whither the Class had been invited to celebrate the forty-first anniversary of their graduation; and added a sequel in which he gave a retrospect of the time from their graduation to that period, paying a brief and beautiful tribute to the memory of those of the class who had deceased. The poem concluded with the following fine compliment to their host, the Hon. Mr. Everett:—

'Stay yet, dear friends; the Minstrel bids  
 you toast  
 In pure, bright water, our accomplished  
 host;  
 Who gives, one need not say, our class its  
 name,  
 Tinged with the lustre of his well earned  
 fame.  
 Health for his labors, for his cares relief,  
 To him, our first and last unenvied chief!"

"These two poems were printed immediately afterwards, for distribution to the surviving members of the class.

"Among the various pursuits which offered themselves to Dr. Gilman's choice, was that to which, by character and endowments, he was best adapted, and it was the profession which was the choice of his heart. He soon began the study of Theology under the supervision of Drs. Ware and Kirkland, who then constituted the Theological Faculty. Fortunately for him, he was not hurried, like most young Americans, immediately and prematurely into professional life. He lingered long under the roof of his Alma Mater, maturing his mind, extending his knowledge, and laying up those intellectual and literary treasures which his future isolation rendered so important. In 1817 he was appointed Tutor in Mathematics at Harvard College, which office he held two years. Early in 1849 he went to Charleston, S. C., where he received a pastoral call as successor to the Rev. Anthony M. Foster, and after a few months of probationary service, he was ordained, 1st December, 1819, as pastor of the Unitarian or Second Independent Church in that city. The ordination sermon was preached by Rev. Joseph Tuckerman, D.D., of Chelsea, Mass. [H. U. 1798). Here he labored faithfully and acceptably until his last sickness. He was universally respected by the people of the city of his residence, and his influence extended far beyond the limits of the religious denomination with which he was connected. He was the life and soul of the New England Society of South Carolina, and was always hospitable to all visitors from the North. During his residence in Cambridge, he was a frequent contributor to the North American Review, in which periodical his papers are marked by their polished elegance of diction, the grace and felicity of their illustrations, and their racy humor. Among his contributions were a series of able papers on the Philosophical Lectures of Dr. Thomas Brown, and translations of several of the satires of Boileau. One of his most noted essays was on "The Influence of One National Literature upon Another." He also wrote a fine paper on "The Writings of Edward Everett," his classmate and

warm personal friend. After his removal to Charleston he continued to write for different periodicals, his contributions embracing a wide range of subjects, from profound philosophical discussions to sparkling satirical essays. A selection of these was published in a volume a few years since, under the title of "Contributions to American Literature, descriptive, critical, humorous, biographical, philosophical and poetical." Among his productions, the "Recollections of a New England Village Choir," has, perhaps, become the most generally popular. For apt local description, a keen sense of the ludicrous, and a happy intuition of characteristic peculiarities, it has seldom been matched in the humorous literature of this country. Dr. Gilman possessed the gift of poetry, which he cultivated with no inconsiderable success. He had a luxuriant fancy, an excellent command of natural imagery, and great fluency of expression. As a pulpit orator he was affectionate and persuasive, equally removed from languor and vehemence, never boisterous, but always in earnest, loving the sphere of universal ethics rather than the subtleties of sectarian doctrine, and commending the great lessons he taught by the shining and noble example of his private life.

"Dr. Gilman married, 14th October, 1819, Miss Caroline Howard, daughter of Samuel Howard, a shipwright of Boston, a lady of remarkable talents and acquirements. She is the author of several excellent books, viz: "Oracles from the Poets;" "Recollections of a New England Housekeeper;" "New England Bride and Southern Matron;" "Poetry of Travelling in the United States;" "Tales and Ballads," and others.

"Dr. Gilman had four daughters who survive him, viz: Abby Louisa, wife of Francis J. Porcher, merchant, of Charleston; Caroline H. Glover, widow of William Glover, planter, of South Carolina; Eliza W. Dodge, wife of Pickering Dodge, Esq., of Salem; Anna, wife of Rev. Charles J. Bowen, of Kingston, Mass. He had also a son who died young. His widow survives him. His occasional visits to the home of his youth kept his ancient intimacies unbroken; old associations were preserved amid the excitement of novel scenes and fresh interests; and now that he has passed away, his remembrance will be tenderly cherished both by those to whom he devoted the maturity of his strength and those among whom he had found a grave.

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## Notices of New Works.

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**LORD MONTAGU'S PAGE.** *A Historical Romance of the Seventeenth Century.* By G. P. R. JAMES. Philadelphia: Childs & Peterson, 602 Arch Street. 1858. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

"Lord Montagu's Page" will prove by no means the least worthy and interesting page in Mr. James's literary biography—indeed it is in his best manner, and would confer a reputation on a new aspirant for celebrity in fiction. We say his best *manner* rather than his best *style*, for Mr. James has written many books, we think, of more careful, graceful and elegant English, but we should not know where, among the numerous volumes he has given to the public, to put our hands on a story of greater vigour, of more skilful delineations of character, of pleasanter colouring, of more delicate and tender love. The heart-

romance of the gallant English stripling and the sweet maiden of his idolatry, runs through the crowded but never confused narrative of battles and sieges like a gay thread through a tapestry of wars, throwing a kind of Claude-like glow over dark and stormy scenes. In the period selected for the development of his plot, Mr. James has been most happy. The fortunes of the hero are largely connected with Rochelle,

—our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,

at the time when the great Cardinal of France and his servitor, Louis Trieze, sat down before its walls and reduced its indomitable inhabitants to famine. Edward Langdale, the page of Lord Montagu, goes thither as a courier of the Duke of Buckingham, carrying important des-



patches, is waylaid, twice nearly killed, brought into intimate relations with the Cardinal, whose distinguished favour he secures without playing false to his King or his creed, thrown into dungeons and brought thence into boudoirs, made to do an extraordinary quantity of horseback exercise in all parts of France, married early in the story, then separated from his *chère amie*, and at last, when Europe knows a brief respite of tranquillity after years of turbulence and intrigue, re-united to her under circumstances that are perfectly satisfactory to all parties. But it is no part of our purpose to trace the plot of "Lord Montagu's Page." Our readers must, each and all of them, procure the volume and learn for themselves how the hero bore himself, through what perilous escapes and romantic adventures.

The character of Richelieu, as drawn in these pages, is relieved by many generous traits, and would seem to have been designed as some reparation for the harsher portraiture of him given by Mr. James in the novel which bears his name. At the date of the leaguer of Rochelle, the wily prelate was yet a young man, and we may imagine that such an episode in the affairs of the State as the love-match of Langdale and Lucette, would call forth whatever was left of sentiment in a nature so absorbed by ambition, but the pity manifested by him for the unfortunate Chalais, and his desire to save the Rochellois from the worst extremity, are calculated in some measure to redeem him from the severe judgment which has been passed upon his fame.

In description Mr. James equals his finest passages in this volume. The account of the destruction of the Abbey of Moreilles by lightning, with the subsequent voyage of the fugitives, and the picture of Rochelle during the siege with its dead and dying, are powerfully wrought, the latter recalling the dramatic sketch in Philip Van Artevelde of the famine during the investment of Ghent. As a representation of the manners of a past age of greater license in speech and social habits than our own, it is no small praise to say of "Lord Montagu's Page," that while it faithfully reflects the characteristics of the times, it is a very pure and unexceptionable composition.

Mr. James's new publishers have done themselves great credit by the beautiful externals they have given to the novel. The fine vignette of the "Phantom March" on the ornamental title-page is from an original sketch by a young artist of Richmond, Mr. W. B. Myers, who has given many evidences of talent in a non-professional way. *En passant*, was it the fault of the engraver, or is it peculiar to ghostly equestrianism, that the phantom horses have no bridles?

**THE LIFE OF THOMAS JEFFERSON.** By HENRY S. RANDALL, LL.D. In Three Volumes. Vol. III. New York: Derby & Jackson, 119 Nassau Street. 1858. [From George M. West, under the Exchange Hotel.

The concluding volume of Mr. Randall's valuable "Life of Jefferson" is by far the most entertaining of all. It embraces the period between the year 1802 and the death of the great man, and comprises some of his most important public measures, treating of the acquisition of Louisiana, the Tripolitan war, the treason and trial of Burr, the famous *batture* case, and, towards the close, his efforts in founding and establishing the Virginia University. Upon all political questions, our author espouses the side of Mr. Jefferson with enthusiasm, believing the Republicans always right and the Federalists always wrong, and seeking to show that our venerated Democratic President never committed an error in affairs of State. It is not within our province to follow Mr. Randall in his examination of Mr. Jefferson's acts as the leader of a great party, and we are free to confess that in this volume, as in those which preceded it, the charm has been in the picture it has given us of the eminent statesman at his own fireside, or under the shade of his Monticello trees, full of affectionate interest for his household, beguiling the leisure of retirement with his books, riding over his fields at morning and devoting the residue of the day to literature, correspondence and social converse. We can recall no more pleasing realization of the *De Senectute* of Cicero than the last years of Mr. Jefferson's eventful and memorable life as presented in Mr. Randall's pages. Troubles, indeed, came upon the old man,—the loss of those dear to him, the ruin of his private fortune, the misconstruction of political enemies—yet no murmurs escaped him; ever cheerful and considerate he bore reverses, as he has borne success, with equanimity; and sought to extend the law of kindness to all with whom he was brought in contact. He enjoyed the poetry of Moore who, in other days, had satirized him, and he forgave readily all who in the bitterness of party spirit had done him wrong. Thus led to the grave by "an old age serene and bright," he passed from the scene of his labours in sight of the dome of the college he had succeeded in establishing, surrounded by his fondly attached descendants and his faithful domestics, and leaving behind him a name to be inscribed within all the temples dedicated to liberty and learning which shall ever be erected on earth. It is an attractive portraiture, and it imparts to the volumes of the learned and zealous biographer an interest which will cause them to be read with delight by succeeding generations.



**THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA: A Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge.** Edited by GEORGE RIPLEY and CHARLES A. DANA. Volume III. Beam—Browning. New York: D. Appleton and Company. [From J. W. Randolph, 121 Main Street.

Each succeeding volume of this admirable work but more satisfactorily demonstrates its interest and value. The Third of the series, which is now on our table, opens with the article *Beam*, and closes with the article *Browning*, (being a memoir of the poet,) between which are contained very many useful and entertaining essays on a great variety of subjects coming under the letter B. of the alphabet. The New American Cyclopædia is especially rich in geographical and biographical papers relating to our own country, and accordingly we find in this volume papers of a discriminating kind on Boston, Bfooklyn, Benton, the Baltimore Bonapartes, the Breckinridges, the Brooke family of Virginia, and others that might be mentioned. There is a fine article on the first Emperor Napoleon, and the volume contains well digested summaries of Belgium and Brazil, a compact history of the Bible Society and some pleasant literary papers on Beranger, Blarney, Bookselling, Bookbinding, &c. These are a few of the various delightful contributions which have arrested our attention, and they warrant us in continuing to commend this magnificent enterprise of the Appletons to public favour. It must find friends wherever knowledge is valued in the United States.

**A CYCLOPEDIA OF COMMERCE AND COMMERCIAL NAVIGATION.** Edited by J. SMITH HOMANS and J. SMITH HOMANS, JR. New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers, Franklin Square. 1858. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

This noble work took us completely by surprise, inasmuch as it came before the public altogether unheralded, whereas the custom has been to prepare the purchasing community for literary enterprises of such magnitude by prospectuses and advertisements months in advance of their appearance. None but a publishing house of vast resources could have issued a volume

of more than two thousand pages of closely-printed matter, relying for a return upon the capital invested solely on subscriptions after the publication had been made. The commercial class of the United States owe the Harpers a large debt of gratitude for placing within their reach a compendium of knowledge so much to be desired. No Mercantile establishment in the country should be without this Cyclopædia. The arrangement of its contents seems to us excellent, and for the authenticity of its statements the public has a sufficient guaranty in the well-established reputation of the editors, whose labours in the *Banker's Magazine*, during many years past, are so well known and have been so generously appreciated.


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**COLLECTIONS OF THE SOUTH CAROLINA HISTORICAL SOCIETY.** Volume I. Charleston, S. C. S. G. Courtenay & Co., Booksellers, 9 Broad Street. 1857.

The Historical Society of South Carolina has been in existence only three years, but it has been doing good service as this volume will show. Indeed we have only to read over the names of the officers of the institution to feel a gratifying assurance of its usefulness. Already these gentlemen have procured from the State Paper Office in London all the documents relating to the early history of their State, which they now give to the public, together with a most interesting narrative of the confinement of Henry Laurens in the Tower and other valuable memoranda. The materials of the volume are very well arranged, but the typography and paper are not so good as could be desired for so excellent a work.

---

We have received from Mr. James Woodhouse "St. Ronan's Well," in two volumes, from the press of Ticknor & Fields of Boston, being the latest issue of their beautiful Household Edition of the *Waverley Novels* which we have so often had occasion heretofore to commend to our readers. The Edition is now nearly completed and exceed in its desirable qualities all others with which we are acquainted.

 Newspapers publishing this Prospectus will receive the Magazine in exchange.

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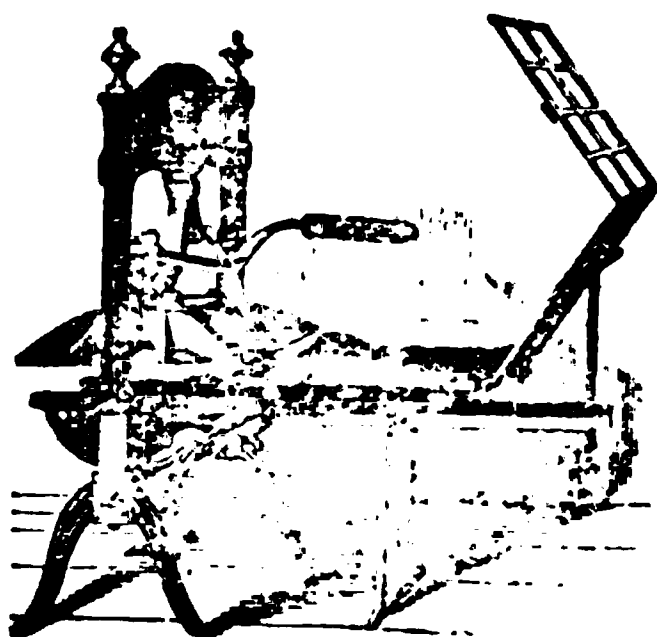
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## LIST OF CONTENTS.

---

1. COTTON, STEAM AND MACHINERY. By HOLT WILSON,	- 161
2. MY MOTHER. By LOTTIE LINWOOD,	- 176
3. AARON BURR,	- 177
4. IN A DREAM,	- 181
5. SELECTIONS AND EXCERPTS FROM THE LEE PAPERS,	- 182
6. A GREENWICH PENSIONER,	- 190
7. AREYTOS; OR, SONGS OF THE SOUTH. By ADRIAN BEAUFAIN.	
I.—THE AMULET.	
II.—“WHILE THE SILENT NIGHT.”	
III.—WOODLAND VESPER.	
IV.—SERENADER IMPIORES HIS MISTRESS TO AWAKEN.	
V.—“THE SERENADER BIDS HIS LADY “GOOD NIGHT.”	
VI.—“BE IT FOLLY OR FRENZY.”	
VII.—“FRIENDS ARE NIGH.”	
VIII.—WHAT! AFTER LONG SEASON.	
IX.—“FARE THEE WELL, SWEET RIVER!”	
X.—“OH! LINGER WE NOT.”	
XI.—BALLAD.—“THE SIGH THAT SAYS.”	
XII.—“NO! NEVER, THOUGH LOVED BE THE VOICE.”	
8. THE LETTERS OF MOZIS ADDUMS TO BILLY IVVINS,	- 191
9. SOMEBODY AND I. By AMIE,	- 200
10. THE PORTFOLIO OF A RAMBLER IN VIRGINIA,	- 204
11. THE GIFTS AND THE GIFTED. By MABEL,	- 206
12. FEMALE EDUCATION,	- 214
13. COWPER AND HIS CRITIC,	- 218
14. WASHINGTON COLLEGE—LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA,	- 221
15. THE LATE LUCIAN MINOR,	- 222
16. SHAKING HANDS. By EDWARD EVERETT,	- 225
17. EDITOR'S TABLE:	
Apologetic and Salutatory—Mount Vernon Association—Origin of	
“Florence Vane—The Schoolmaster Abroad—Knickerbocker and G.	
P. R. James, Esq.—Forthcoming Volume of Poems by “Matilda,”	
230-234	
18. NOTICES OF NEW WORKS:	
Memoirs of Rachel—Sappho—Sketches and Recollections of Lynch-	
burg—Belle Brittan, or a Tour at Newport, and Here and There—	
Two Millions—The Age—History of Civilization in England—A	
Text Book of Vegetable and Animal Physiology—Curiosities of Lit-	
erature—Doctor Thorne—“Redgauntlet,”	
	234-240

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## TO BOOK-BUYERS.

**J. W. RANDOLPH, 121 Main St., Richmond, Va.,**

COMMENCED in January last a Quarterly List of new and old Books, received and for sale by him. Nos. 1 and 2, for January and April. are out. No. 3 will be published in July, and No. 4 in October.

They will be sent post-paid to any one who will order. Book buyers will find them very useful, as the size, binding, and price of each book is given.

J. W. R. is the Publisher of the Quarterly Law Journal, (the only legal periodical issued in the South,) which, so far, has received more *praise* than *profit*. It is sadly in want of paying subscribers to keep the work alive.

# SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

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RICHMOND, SEPTEMBER, 1858.

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## COTTON, STEAM AND MACHINERY.

BY HOLT WILSON.

*"Were the benefits of civilization to be partial and not universal, it would be only a bitter mockery and cruel injustice."*—*Duchâtel*—as quoted by John Wade in his *History of the Middle and Working Classes*.

An English writer on the observance of Whit-Week in Manchester, says: "The last century has witnessed many revolutions. Thrones have been toppled over like nine-pins, and monarchs have been hustled off the stage like so many bad actors. But, as far as our country is concerned, the greatest revolutionists have been steam, machinery and cotton. What wondrous changes have these mighty agents wrought among us! Instead of our pack-horses lumbering over mountains and heathes, through bogs and quagmires, we rattle over rivers, above cities, through the bowels of the earth, at the rate of forty miles an hour; instead of spinning cloth with the fingers, we have jennies and mules by the million throwing off in an hour as much work as it would take all the fingers in creation to complete in a lifetime; instead of hoisting up coals from the deep caverns of the earth with the sweat of

man's labour, the enormous loads rise by some magic influence, while man looks on with his hands thrust into his pockets; instead of being mere feathers tossed before wind and tide, we sail across the ocean, and, if need be, astonish an enemy's fortress with a few lively rockets, almost in defiance of the elements; instead of laborious type-printing with the hand, we can cover the surface of the globe with printed broad sheets in a miraculously short time. Steam, machinery, cotton! mighty enchanters! Ye have summoned forth populous cities in the solitudes; ye have converted fishing stations into bustling seaports; at your bidding the huge factory has risen and the spacious workshop rings with the hammer. Are ye three heavenly maidens scattering enjoyment, comfort and plenty from your golden urns? or, are ye the three wierd sisters joining in the chorus—

---

NOTE.—The following authorities have been consulted and freely quoted:

Baine's History of the Cotton Manufacture; Richmond Dispatch; Von Raumer's England; Jay's Political Economy; Life of Watt; Employer and Employed; American Organ; The Pennsylvanian; Macaulay's History of England; Hume's History of England; Wayland's Political Economy; Wright's Universal Dictionary; McCulloch's Commercial Dictionary; Burn's Statistics of the Cotton Manufacture; Conversations with a Sick Student; Cotton is King; New York Journal of Commerce; The Albion; The Cotton Trade, Letter from Secretary of State, Ex. Doc., June 10, 1856—No. 108; Commerce and Navigation, 1849—1853, Pub. Doc.; Graham's Colonial History.



"Double, double, toil and trouble;  
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble."

Such is the inquiry which is at present to engage our attention.

We are at liberty and not without reason to infer, that when the Almighty formed the world and created man, He designed that the earth should not only be replenished and the human race increased and multiplied, but also, that both should be advanced to a degree in the scale of progress far in advance of their primeval state. We may infer that this entered into the design of the Divine Mind, not only from what has actually taken place, but from the nature of the constitution of man himself. Endowed as he is with those faculties whose existence is manifest by the powers which they have exhibited, it would have been impossible for him, constituted as he is, not to have discovered, invented and contrived, mechanical aids with a view to facilitate and enlarge his manual operations. He could never have remained inactive or content without having succeeded in devising such aids and rendering them—as he has the very lightning of heaven—subservient to his controlling will and contributory to his benefit and advancement. In thus acting as a seemingly independent and creative energy, he has been, after all, only working in accordance with the subjective and objective laws of his being. In such sense he may be regarded as the mere tool or machine, so to speak, of a higher power, by virtue of whose energy, not only has he had his very being, but likewise in accordance with the operations of which, in a certain sense, he has "moved merely as he has been moved." Thus, in subservience to the law of his being—a law ceaseless in its operation as irresistible in its power—man, "the feeble tenant of an hour"—has evolved from his incessant brain, those inventions, appliances and discoveries, which have raised him from the dust, moved him onward and upward from a state of comparative savagism, and firmly placed him upon the high and commanding eminence of civilization and refinement. The plough—the loom

and the anvil—steam, machinery and cotton—form the mighty combination, which, wielded by his godlike mind, in accordance with the subjected laws of his own being and those unchanging laws operating in the subjective world, have elevated him to the position he at present occupies. How wide, how unbounded the prospect which is spread out before him! From the lofty eminence he has attained—the moral and intellectual Pisgah which o'ertops and surveys the gloomy wilderness through which he has passed—he may see that the clouds and the shadows and the darkness which formed his night of thick gloom in the ages that have gone before, have all been dispelled by the glorious sun of enlightenment which illumines the present. In its broad glare he is enabled, from his commanding standpoint, to obtain a foresight of the still more brilliant epoch of the future, full of promise, of hope, and of encouragement.

No production of the soil occupies a more prominent or important position in the commerce of the world than the cotton plant. None has contributed more, perhaps, to the accumulation of the capital and the employment of the labour of Great Britain. In the infancy of its manufacture in England its future importance seems to have been foreseen by her men of thought. Hence it was that the inventive genius of that powerful and grasping nation occupied itself in devising those mechanical means by which the manufacture of cotton might be improved and multiplied, labour economised, the cost of the fabric reduced, and the growing demands of consumption accommodated. The prominence of this great staple being undoubted and undenied, its consideration must attract and occupy the attention of him who seeks to reach a comparative estimate of the benefits which man has derived from what are termed the economisers of labour. Indeed, in estimating these benefits, cotton, steam and machinery form the triple elements, so united by the steel bands of a common interest as not to admit of separation, without destroying that system whose effects have exerted so benign and marked an influence upon man's social,

moral and intellectual condition. Commerce has not inaptly been called King. But, if the manufacturing interest of Great Britain is really in "the power of an oligarchy of planters," and her commercial prosperity may in a great measure be traced to the importance of that staple whence that prosperity is in great part derived, it may be said, perhaps, with more of truthfulness, Cotton is King. Deprive her of this and she would cease to occupy that position among the peoples which steam, her unrivalled machinery, and an adequate supply of cotton, enable her to maintain. It is this triple element of her greatness which has wrought a commercial revolution in her history, the result of which has been to constitute her the spinner as well as "the workshop of the world." That current which, we are told, had set in a comparatively unimpeded course from India, she has long ago been enabled to direct and cause to flow back to the East. So that so swollen, indeed, had become her commerce, based upon this staple, her export of £200,354 worth of cotton goods in 1764 had risen in 1833 to the enormous sum of £18,486,400, or nearly one hundred millions of dollars. It has been asked "what would become of England, the arch-agitator of abolitionism, but for cotton, by the manufacture of which she has waxed fat and strong, while she curses the system by which it is produced?" All the opposition of the English abolitionists—all the opposition of Northern abolitionists—have resulted in really nothing so far as the accomplishment of their ends is or has been attained. Slavery has become a fixed institution and slave territory has been enlarged to meet the demands of the commercial and manufacturing interests of the United States, England and of the world. With it are linked in interest manufactures and agriculture or the grain-growing interest, which minister to it and contribute to its perpetuation. Gerrett Smith was not far wrong in his speech on the Kansas-Nebraska bill, when he proclaimed that the invention of the cotton gin fastened slavery upon the country. When we view the professions of Great

Britain in relation to slavery, with her actions, we are forced to regard those professions as approaching to hypocrisy. If slavery is the curse she pronounces it—if it is as she and her coadjutors on this side the Atlantic aver, a curse and a sin, why does she and her Northern sympathisers and allies continue to purchase cotton and tobacco, or indeed any of the products of slave labour? Does not she, and do not her abolition confederates consent to the robbery and the sin by purchasing these fruits of slave labour, and thus yielding willingly the substantial aid in upholding and perpetuating this godless institution which they feign to decry? In 1839, the notorious George Thompson, the English abolitionist, asserted that the scheme of the increase of cotton cultivation in the East Indies must succeed, and that slave-labour cotton would be repudiated by the British manufacturer—and as we further learn from David Christy,—upon whose admirable work, entitled "Cotton is King," we are largely drawing,—in that year England only consumed 445,744,000 pounds, while in 1853, fourteen years after Thompson's prediction, England consumed 817,998,048 pounds, nearly 700,000,000 of which were obtained from slave-breeding and slave-growing America! In fact, England, as all the civilized world knows, is, as Mr. Christy asserts, "dependent upon our slave labour for cotton."

Blackwood, for January 1853, says—"with its increased growth has sprung up that mercantile navy which now waves its stripes and stars over every sea, and that foreign influence which has placed the internal peace—we may say the subsistence of millions in every manufacturing country in Europe—within the power of an oligarchy of planters."

And the London Economist says—"Let any great social or physical convulsion visit the United States, and England would feel the shock from Land's End to John O'Groats. The lives of nearly two millions of our countrymen are dependent upon the cotton crops of America—their destiny may be said, without any kind of hyperbole, to hang upon a thread. Should any dire calamity befall the land of cot-

ton, a thousand of our merchant ships would ride idly in dock; ten thousand mills must stop their busy looms; two thousand thousand mouths would starve for lack of food to feed them."

In 1849, England exported of cotton fabrics in value \$140,000,000, while as Mr. Christy shows from the *London Economist*, all the other woven fabrics exported did not reach in value \$68,000,000. Showing a preponderance of the cotton fabrics in value, exported, of \$72,000,000. So much for the pratings of English and American abolitionists about the wrong and robbery of Southern slavery, upon which they live and move and have their being—upon which, by the confession of their leading journals, "millions in Europe are dependent for subsistence"—and from which the Northern free grain-growing States and the whole manufacturing interest of Massachusetts, and the entire North, derive their very pabulum—and without which they would famish. But is not Great Britain herself responsible for Southern slavery? What is the history of her connection with the slave-trade as wound up with our own colonial history in relation to this traffic? We learn that the first English trader was Sir John Hawkins. He was subsequently Admiral and Treasurer of the English Navy. The journals of his father, an English seaman, contained observations relative to the richness of the soil of America and the West Indies, which attracted the attention of Sir John. The climate was too sultry and debilitating for the European labourer, but admirably suited to the African cultivator. The journals of the elder Hawkins were the stimuli imbibed by the younger. Sir John formed a plan of transporting Africans to the Western World, which he submitted to the consideration of his friends for their sanction, concurrence and coöperation. A subscription was opened—and by the assistance of Sir Lionel Ducket, Sir Thomas Lodge, Sir William Winter and others who were enlisted in the lucrative enterprise, Hawkins, in the year 1562, set sail from England for Sierra Leone, where he commenced his traffic. No

doubt the same inducements which were then presented to the untaught and rude African, by this knighted English fillibuster, centuries ago, are now agitated and presented under the name of the apprentice system, now actually practiced by France and advocated by a party in England. Sir John Hawkins induced about three hundred to embark with him for Hispaniola; but they were attacked by a hostile tribe, which, by the aid of Hawkins, was repulsed, a number of prisoners captured and taken on board his vessel. The next day he set sail with the mixed human ware, and on his arrival at Hispaniola disposed of the whole cargo to advantage. He returned to England with a cargo of pearls, sugar and ginger in exchange for his slaves. In reply to the offended (?) sensibilities of the nation at his procedure, the Englishman stated he deemed it an act of humanity to carry men from a worse to a better condition, from a state of heathen barbarism to an opportunity of sharing the blessings of Christianity and civilization. Upon a second expedition Hawkins was joined by a British man-of-war, who collected by force another cargo of human beings. Such was the origin of the English branch of the slave-trade. Cardinal Ximenes was opposed to the traffic. But after his death Charles the Fifth encouraged the slave-trade and granted, in 1517, a patent to certain favourites, conferring an exclusive right to import 4000 Africans into America. In 1542, however, he made a law putting a stop to the traffic; but upon his retirement into a monastery this edict was defeated. To place more clearly before the mind of the reader the prominent part which the British government took in this traffic, we have only to refer to the treaty of Utrecht. One of the provisions of this treaty had special reference to the slave-trade. It seems that a French mercantile corporation had been established as early as the year 1701, called the *Apiento Company*, or *Royal Company of Guinea*. This Company had entered into contract to furnish the Spanish settlements in South America with negroes. This contract was in conformity with a

treaty between France and Spain. It was entitled "*Traité fait entre les deux rois très chretien et catholique avec la Compagnie Royale de Guinée établie en France, concernant l'introduction des Nègres dans l'Amérique.*" But by the treaty of Utrecht, this Contract of the Apiento or Royal Company, was transferred from the French to the merchants of England—the King of Spain granting to them for thirty years the exclusive privilege of supplying his colonies with Africans. And Queen Anne engaged that her subjects should, during these thirty years, transport to the Spanish Indies 144,000 of *Indian pieces*, technically so-called, that is negro slaves, on certain specified terms, and at the rate of 4,800 negroes per annum.

And this same Queen Anne, in her commission and instructions to her kinsman Edward Hyde, Lord Cornbury, when appointing him Governor of the province of New Jersey, charged him to take especial care that God Almighty be devoutly and duly served—and that in promoting trade, her kinsman, Lord Edward, should especially countenance and encourage the Royal African Company of England—a mercantile association that had been formed, as we are further told, for the piratical purpose of kidnapping or purchasing negroes in Africa and then selling them in America as slaves, just as did Sir John Hawkins years before, assisted by a British man-of-war. It is further stated that it was declared to be the intention of Her Majesty to recommend unto the said Company, that the said province of New Jersey may have a constant and sufficient supply of merchantable negroes at moderate rates.

The Queen, in her speech before Parliament, on the 6th of June, 1712, in terms of satisfaction, states that "the part which we have borne in the prosecution of the war entitling us to some distinction in the terms of peace, *I have insisted* and obtained the anento or contract for furnishing the Spanish West Indies with negroes, to be continued for thirty years." And in this new article of commerce all persons of other nations were strictly forbidden to engage. It was re-

served for the *exclusive benefit of England*, and so profitable was the trade deemed that the sovereign of Great Britain condescended to become in *her own person the chief slave-trader in the world*. Of a company formed to supply the colonies of America with slaves, Queen Anne subscribed for one quarter of the stock, as well to reap the profits from the adventure as to *encourage her subjects to embark in the enterprise*. Maryland, Virginia and Carolina in vain endeavoured by laws, by remonstrances, and protests, to stop the traffic in human flesh. It was too profitable for British cupidity to forego. "*English ships, fitted out in English cities, under special favour of the royal family, of the ministry and Parliament, stole from Africa, in the year 1700 to 1750, probably a million and a half of souls.*" The sagacity of the English merchants taught them that monopolies were prejudicial to commerce, and they maintained that if the trade were thrown open, a healthful competition would reduce the price of negroes, and insure an abundant supply. Accordingly, in 1750, Parliament passed a law, from which the following is an extract:

"AN ACT FOR EXTENDING AND IMPROVING THE TRADE TO AFRICA. Whereas, the trade to and from Africa is very advantageous to Great Britain, and necessary for supplying the plantations and colonies thereunto belonging with a sufficient number of negroes, at reasonable rates, and for that purpose, the said trade ought to be free and open to all His Majesty's subjects: Therefore, Be it enacted, and it is hereby enacted by the King's Most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords, *spiritual and temporal*, and Commons in the present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, That it shall be lawful for all the King's subjects to trade to and from any place in Africa, between the port of Saltre, in South Barbary, and the Cape of Good Hope, *without any restraint whatsoever.*"

Under this act, the first essay of the British Government in free trade, removing all impediments and restrictions, vessels were fitted out at every port to

embark in the traffic. Thus the Parliament of England, by the enactment of laws; her Ministers of State, by instructions and by treaties; her *judges*, by their expositions from the bench; and the sovereign, by commendations from the throne, swelled the trade in human flesh until it became the chief item in her foreign commerce. An obscure hamlet on the banks of the Musey, the abode of a few fishermen, was made the depot of the trade. It has risen [partly] from the gains of slave-stealing to the rank of the first cities of Europe, and now stands in all its pride and wealth, a monument of prosperous crime. The illustrious author of the Declaration of Independence, in the original draft of that remarkable paper, set forth the grievance in this emphatic language:

"He [the King of Great Britain] has waged cruel war against human nature itself; violating its most sacred rights and liberty in the persons of a distant people who never offended him, capturing and carrying them into slavery in another hemisphere, or to incur miserable death in their transportation thither. This piratical warfare, the opprobrium of infidel powers, is the warfare of the Christian King of Great Britain. Determined to keep open a market, where men should be bought and sold, he has prostituted his negative for suppressing every legislative attempt to prohibit this execrable commerce; and that this assemblage of horrors should want no fact of distinguished dye, he is now exciting these very people to rise in arms among us, and purchase that liberty of which he has deprived them by murdering the people upon whom he has also obtruded them; thus paying off former crimes committed against the liberties of one people with crimes which he urges them to commit against the lives of another.' One of the last acts of the British government to the subject colonies was the official declaration of the minister, that 'the government could not allow the colonists to check or discourage in any degree a traffic so beneficial to the nation.'"

Such is the account we derive from a

glance at our colonial history, and such is the position which the present arch-agitator of abolition has occupied in relation to slavery. To proceed. The Industrial Exhibition at Paris seems to have disclosed the fact that "the manufacturing greatness of England has reached its culminating point." We learn from a notice of this Exposition in 1851, that "twenty years ago the cloth manufactures of England monopolised all the markets of the world. Spain, Portugal, Italy, British India, China, North and South America, and the Canadian Provinces, all drew the greater portion of the woollen goods they consumed from the manufacturing districts of Great Britain. Of late years, French and Belgian cloths have driven the English fabrics almost entirely out of the American markets, by reason of their superior dyes, the excellence of their finish, and their lower cost. But the superiority of England in the mechanic arts, as applied to machinery, to cutlery, and to the manufacture of cotton goods, was so strikingly manifested at the World's Fair, that there were few of her merchants and manufacturers who found successful competition in the manufacture of these particular articles. Three years have passed [we are told] and the Paris Exhibition has startled them from their security by showing the immense strides which the French have made in the manufacture of woollens and cutlery; while in the coarser cotton fabrics, the United States now enters the field as a dangerous and enterprising rival. \* \* Sensible that the power of England was based upon her preëminence as a manufacturing and commercial nation, and in view of the danger threatened by the acknowledged excellence of the French in the manufacture of staples in which for ages England has enjoyed almost a monopoly, the English members of the International Navy called a meeting to consult upon the causes which have led to this condition of things, and to suggest the means best adapted to meet it. At this meeting it was resolved 'that the manifest progress made by France, and other continental States, as evidenced by the variety and



excellence of the national products, the number and ingenuity of the inventions, and the general character of the manufactures exhibited in the *Palais de l'Industrie*, induces the conviction that it is only by great exertion, under the most favourable circumstances, that the hitherto almost uncontested superiority of Great Britain, in the mechanical and chemical arts, can be maintained.' Coming from such men as Sir David Brewster, Sir Charles Manly, Professors Owen, Wheatstone, and Cockerell, Messrs. Fairbairn, Rennie, and other eminent persons, the opinion assumes a gravity and importance well calculated to disturb the digestive functions of Englishmen. The Committee contended that the paramount obligation of the English Government is to become the active patron of the national genius." And as the same reviewer proceeds—"At subsequent conventions of scientific men the patent laws of England were almost unanimously admitted to act as a dead weight upon the inventive spirit of the country. Under the old law the cost of a patent to the inventor ranged from two thousand to twenty-five hundred dollars. It is now contended, with reason, that the total expense of a patent should not exceed twenty-five dollars; and strenuous efforts are being made to induce the government to conform to the popular desire. If the measures contemplated should fail in proving practically operative, England has reached the highest point of her greatness, and must consent to see her power pass into the hand of more enterprising nations." In this connection it is not irrelevant to notice, in passing, the advanced position of the United States in this branch of mechanical improvement. From an article in the *New York Journal of Commerce*, we read,—“There was a time when we were indebted to Europe for a portion of our finest machinery, and foreigners regarded American ingenuity as at its climax in the production of wooden nutmegs and clothespins. Latterly, we have astonished them with our patent reapers and six shooters, and, at last, they have come to acknowledge that our mechanics are entitled to

rank with the best of their own. A further illustration may now be given. Yesterday a sloop arrived at this harbour bringing from the Jersey shore forty tons of iron machinery, constructed for use in Scotland, and the same is now being shipped direct to Glasgow. It is designed for the manufacture of India Rubber goods, a process in which America is ahead of the world.”

Thus much it has been deemed proper to cite in order that the positions of the nations might at least be noted in an essay like the one in hand. We now resume the subject more particularly under consideration.

When we survey the present condition of mankind, and view it in contrast with that which prevailed years ago—even at the close of the seventeenth century—or previous to the various discoveries and improvements which have been made and their application to the useful arts and employments of life—no unprejudiced mind can fail to observe a marked change—an onward and an upward progress from a lower to a higher position, or, in other words, from a worse to a better condition. The general use of the hitherto, comparatively, unapplied power of steam—that great economiser of human labour—the introduction and use of the art of printing, that mighty lever wielded by man for the dissemination of knowledge and the enlightenment and civilization of his species—and the various improvements in machinery which have rendered memorable the names of Hargreaves, of Arkwright, of Crompton, of Cartwright, of Whitney, and those other benefactors of their species who have contributed so much to the general advancement and prosperity—these, all, have produced progressive results from a worse to a better condition, which are both gratifying to contemplate and full of hopeful promise for the future. In estimating the benefits to mankind which the triumphs of genius have achieved, we are not to confine our observation to any mere locality. Nor are we to look exclusively to what any particular branch of trade may for a brief period have been inconvenienced by the introduction of im-



proved machinery and the use of steam as a motor, in its peculiar sphere of operation. Our view is not to be circumscribed or contracted within such "pent up" limits. But, on the contrary, it is to range even beyond the boundaries of civilization itself, and wherever the results of such improvements may have reached and become realized. Are we to be told that because the introduction of the printing press threw out of employment a handful of scribes and copyists, therefore mankind has not been benefitted by the genius of a Gottenburg, a Faust, a Schaeffer? Are we to be told, because of the successful triumphs of the genius of a Cartwright and the consequent introduction and use of the power-loom in the manufacture of that great staple which forms one of the chief elements in the commerce of the world, and which has contributed so much to elevate England to the present position she occupies among the nations of the earth—that, therefore, a handful of weavers and spinners of Manchester, of Preston, and of Glasgow, have been inconvenienced, and mankind, society at large, have not been benefitted? What numerical position—what relative proportion, did the weavers and spinners of the world occupy to the rest of mankind, admitting that they were losers, which they were not ultimately? For, they, as a class, were proportionally benefitted by increased production and consequent reduction in the price of the manufactured fabrics. "Who [asks Von Raumer] has gained by all the changes which modern times have produced, if not the manufacturer and his workmen? Perhaps, those for whom they work—the buyer, the public. And if buyers are, in another point of view, sellers, the gain must be distributed over all. The assertion that the condition of the labourer depends entirely on his earnings, is false and mischievous;—it depends quite as much on his expenditure. If, instead of the three shillings he received a few years ago, he now receives two, and with these two can buy more bread, more beer, more meat, and more manufactured goods than before with the three, his condition is in fact improved. That this is actually

the case may be proved by accurate calculations, and may also be inferred from the general appearance of the workmen, from the large deposits in the Savings Banks, and from many other facts. The hatred of machinery [continues this distinguished traveller] is daily on the decline. It is not more more certain that two and two make four, than that, since the invention and by means of the employment of machinery, more people can be and are actually employed than before. One workman now produces as much as 266 in former times, or, 252,297 persons employed in the cotton manufactories of a large district of England now produce as much as would formerly have required 67,000,000 of hands. And this wondrous augmentation of human power and human dominion over matter ought to be destroyed or denounced as a calamity."

The same authority states, that "a century ago the use of stockings was confined to comparatively few. Now 50,000 families are employed in the manufacture of them; and the export amounts to 1,200,000l.—that is, to as much as the value of the whole cotton manufactory in 1760. With the consumption of one bushel of coals, which costs three pence, or a fourth of a shilling, a steam engine raises as much water as could be raised by human labour for fifty shillings. If the coals employed in England in the various manufactures and commerce, were replaced by human hands, the whole agricultural population would be required to execute the same quantity of work. But the profits of their labour would not nearly suffice for their subsistence—not even were coals twenty times as dear as they now are; the inevitable effects of which would be to annihilate all those manufactures which are calculated upon cheap fuel." And so, likewise, in the art of printing, to which allusion has been made. A celebrated French political economist states in his work, "Setting aside all consideration of the prodigious impulse given by the art of printing to the progress of human knowledge and civilization, I will speak of it merely as a manufacture, and in

an economical point of view. When printing was first brought into use, a multitude of copyists were of course immediately deprived of occupation; for, it may be fairly reckoned, that one journeyman printer does the business of 200 copyists. We may, therefore, conclude that 199 out of 200 were thrown out of employment. What followed? Why, in a little time, the greater facility of reading printed than written books, the low price to which books fell, the stimulus this invention gave to authorship, whether devoted to amusement or instruction, the combination, in short, of all these causes, operated so effectually as to set at work, in a very little time, more journeymen printers than there were formerly copyists. And if we could now calculate with precision, besides the number of journeymen printers, the total number of other industrious people that the press finds occupation for, whether as type-founders and moulders, paper-makers, carriers, compositors, book-binders, book-sellers, and the like, we should probably find that the number of persons occupied in the manufacture of books is now one hundred times what it was before the art of printing was invented." And the same author states that "the manufacture of cotton now occupies more hands in England, France and Germany, than it did before the introduction of the machinery that has abridged and perfected this branch of manufacture in so remarkable a degree."

From data which have come under our notice, we learn that the amount of paper produced annually in France is about 156,000,000 pounds, of which 17,000,000 are exported. England produces about 177,000,000 pounds and exports 16,000,000. The United States consumes about 270,000,000 pounds more than England and France combined. In England and France it is estimated that four and a half pounds are consumed for each person—while in the United States ten pounds are estimated for each individual. The rags required to make the 270,000,000 pounds consumed in the United States amount to 337,000,000 pounds—one pound and a quarter of rags being required to make

one pound of paper. Education in America being more general, and the Americans being a reading people, she requires more paper than any other country. So rightly argues our authority. And may we not ask, is it not a benefit to mankind to have the price of cotton twist reduced from thirty-eight shillings a pound, as it was in 1786, down to one shilling and a few pence in 1850?

It has been estimated that the steam power of Great Britain and Ireland is equal to about 8,000,000 men's power, or about 1,600,000 horse power, and that a horse requires eight times the soil for producing food that a man does. Guided by these data, let us for a moment suppose the whole amount of steam power as a motor of the machinery of Great Britain and Ireland to be utterly abolished—that power by which production has been multiplied, prices reduced, and to which, including the machinery and tools which it propels, society is so largely indebted for most of the luxuries and comforts of existence and the elevating refreshments of social life. Let us imagine that the sweet melancholy hum of the soft rumbling mill-music has been suddenly stilled—the power-looms of Manchester and of the whole manufacturing districts rendered inoperative and paralyzed. In such a state of mechanical palsy and commercial stagnation, it would require, provided such machinery could be put in motion by human or physical labour, additional subsistence of 1,600,000 horses, or an area of soil which would produce the food of 12,800,000 men, a number exceeding the whole population of Spain, nearly equal to one half that of England, Scotland and Ireland, and about one-third that of France. And when we come to estimate the wages of 8,000,000 able operatives, more by upwards of 7,500,000 than all the ship-builders, carters, millers, grocers, bakers, butchers, masons, smiths, tailors, and shoemakers in England—and then compare the result with the present cost of steam as a motor of the machinery of Great Britain, we should see in another view the vast benefit to mankind of its discovery and application in the prac-

tical arts of life, as the world's great economical motive power. There is a vulgar notion abroad that the few are made rich at the expense of the many; and, notwithstanding the idea entertained by the prejudiced and unthinking and attempted in some quarters to be sustained, that the operative classes, the bone and sinew of the body politic, are not benefited by the use of steam and the introduction of machinery—or, are poorly paid even,—it is surprising to one to whom it may be new, to learn that wages absorb the greater part by far of the cost of many or most of the articles of manufacture. It has been ascertained by careful calculations, that out of £100 worth of fine scissors, the workmen have £96. Out of £100 worth of razors, they have £90. Out of £100 worth of knives and forks, they have £65. Out of £100 worth of fine linen yarn, they have £48. Out of £100 worth of fine woollen cloth, they have £60; and so on with most of the articles of manufacture. And this, too, without contributing to the necessary capital invested in the various branches of manufacture in which they labour. To elucidate still further how mechanical skill and labour enhance the value of the raw material, it has been estimated that “a bar of iron valued at five dollars, worked into horse shoes is worth \$10 50—into needles, \$353—into penknife blades, \$3,285—into shirt buttons, \$29,480—into balance springs of watches, \$250,000. Thirty-one pounds of iron have been made into wire upwards of one hundred and eleven miles in length, and so fine was the fabric that a part of it was converted, in lieu of horse hair, into a barrister's wig.” A paragraph in a paper of the day, tells us that a single pound of flaxen thread, intended for the finest specimen of French lace, is valued at \$600, the length of the thread being about 226 miles. Thus, when we estimate the value of a pound of the raw material before it has been subjected to the manipulation of the operative or the appliances of machinery, and then compare it with its acquired value when spun into the finest lace thread, we may form an adequate con-

ception of the large proportion of that superadded value by labour, which went into the hands and pockets of the operative. Surely such proportion is better than a shilling a day. For, as we are informed by Mr. Macaulay, “in the generation preceding the Revolution, a workman employed in the great staple manufacture of England thought himself fairly paid if he gained six shillings a week.” And Mr. Hume tells us that in the reign of Henry VII. the wages of “a mason, a bricklayer, a tiler, were regulated at about ten pence a day.” Macaulay states that, at the close of the seventeenth century, the wages of labour, estimated in money, were not more than half of what they now are; and, that there were few articles important to the working man, of which the price was not more than half of what it now is. “Bread, [such] as is now given to the inmates of the poor-house [we are told] was then seldom seen on the trencher of the yeoman or of a shopkeeper—the great majority living on rye, barley, and oats; sugar, salt, coal, candles, soap, shoes, stockings, and generally all articles of clothing and all articles of bedding were much higher.” An old ballad, as cited by Macaulay, informs us that “sixpence a day was earned by hard labour at the loom.” And, “a shilling a day, the poet declares, is what the weaver would have, if justice were done.” This master clothier thus sings in the ballad referred to—

“In former ages we used to give,  
So that our work-folks like farmers did  
live—  
But the times are changed, we will make  
them know,  
We will make them to work hard for six-  
pence a day.  
Tho' a shilling they deserve if they had  
their just pay.  
If at all they murmur, and say 'tis too  
small,  
We bid them choose whether they'll work  
at all—  
And thus we do gain all our wealth and  
estate,  
By many poor men that work early and late.  
Then hey for the clothing trade! It goes  
on brave—

We scorn for to toil and moyl, nor yet to slave.

Our workmen do work hard, but we live at ease;

We go when we will and we come when we please."

It is beyond all question that the wages of the spinners and of all the work-people employed in the mills are high, and that they will command more of the comforts and necessities of life now than formerly. The gain to the nation, according to Mr. Baines, in his *History of the Cotton Manufacture*, from the production of clothing at so much less cost and of so much better quality must never be overlooked. The price of cotton yarn in 1786 was 38 shillings; in 1832 it was 2 shillings 11 pence; one thirteenth of its price forty years ago. We also learn from the same authority "that the wife of a laboring man may buy at a retail shop a neat and good print as low as 4 pence a yard, so that, allowing seven yards for the dress, the whole material shall only cost two shillings and 4 pence. Thus the humblest classes have now the means of as great neatness and even gaiety of dress as the middle and upper classes of the last age. A country-wake in the nineteenth century may display as much finery as a drawing-room of the 18th; and the peasant's cottage may at this day, with good management, have as handsome furniture for beds, windows and tables as the house of a substantial tradesman sixty years since." What has been effected in the cotton manufacture by the introduction of machinery, whereby production has been multiplied and prices reduced, may be asserted proportionally in relation to other branches of trade in which labor-saving or labor remunerating machinery and its appliances have been introduced.

It will be found that production has been increased, and the prices of fabrics, or the various articles of manufacture, have been reduced. And so, mankind in an economical point of view, have been benefitted. Von Raumer, who visited the manufacturing districts of England and Scotland in 1835, and who must be re-

garded as an independent and impartial observer, states, in his interesting travels, that "steam engines and iron railroads have altered and immeasurably extended all trades carried on in the neighborhood of Edinburg. The folly of opposition to all machinery is here as clear as day, and it may be proved with mathematical precision, that without these new powers and resources, thousands of men could not gain a livelihood; that the population has increased, and more than one entirely new branch of industry has arisen." In a large coal mine he visited, he states, "there are three steam engines, of 100 horse power each, and one of 300 horse power, making altogether 600 horse power. The beam of this largest engine contains 81,840 pounds of massive iron. It makes fifteen strokes in a minute, each of which raises 800 pounds weight of water. The price of this one engine was 10,000 pounds sterling. The iron railroads run for miles in different directions, and the cost is, on an average, 4 shillings a foot. Every day about 3,240,000 pounds of coal are taken from this one mine, or 972 millions pounds in 300 days' work. If all this labor were to be effected by men and horses, many square miles of country would be required for their support, and coal would rise to an exorbitant price. All manufactories which cannot be carried on without cheap fuel, would go to ruin."

But labor-saving machines, as they are called, are, in fact, labor producing machines also. Increased production leads to increased reduction in price. Reduction in price leads to increased consumption. Increased consumption of products leads to accumulation of capital. Accumulation of capital leads to increased employment of labor, because in order to render capital remunerating, it must be linked with labor. Without the employment of labor by capital, the latter must remain dormant and unproductive, and be merely gazed upon, as are the boards of the miser locked up in his unproductive coffers. Hence, it is evolved that capital, the capitalist, instead of being the poor man's enemy, as we hear at times from the lips of demagogues, be-

comes his best and indispensable friend. Capital is the natural element in which labor lives, and moves, and has its being. It is its natural magnet and ally. Like the swell of the ocean, the accumulation of capital leads but to its own subsidence again, and dispersion throughout the vast expanse and ramifications of trade and enterprise, whose operations led originally to its accumulation. Its very element is motion—not inactivity and stagnation. Constituting as it does the very pabulum of trade and civilization, without it the arm of labour, in the present epoch of the world's progress, would be paralyzed, and the conditions of the working man, deplorable indeed. It may be true that it has been abused. The power of gold, at times, doubtless has been wielded in the heartless cause of human oppression. But instances of its abuse have become more and more rare, as the knowledge of human rights has become more and more diffused, and the law of progress has made itself more operative by the teachings of the school-master and the printing-press. We do not now read of any Mr. John Basset in the House of Commons, sometime member from Barnstaple, who, like that worthy prototype, is blind enough, and hardy enough, to stand up at his desk in that Assembly of the Witenagemot, in this, our day and generation, and proclaim to his compeers, that an English mechanic, instead of slaving like a native of Bengal for a piece of copper, exacts a shilling a day! Oh, no, my brothers! Those gloomy periods of the past, when oppression was, indeed, the scourge of the many and the weak; when, after a day of hard toil, the sturdy yeoman or mechanic returned to his home with the miserable pittance of a six-pence as the due reward of his labour—these dark times, we may believe, are passed away forever, and man's destiny is still onward and upward. But, as it is with capital, so may we say it is with labour. Indeed they act and re-act upon each other. Their life is activity, and they may be regarded as in a sound condition only when linked together in that golden chain of mutually remunerating operations, which contribute so much to the

prosperity of mankind. And thus it is evolved, that the true interests of mankind are inseparable. There ought to be no clashing of classes or interests, but on the contrary, a union and a harmony should ever be encouraged and promoted. Every forward and upward move—every successful struggle of genius, in whatever sphere it may exert its efforts or direct its aims—every improvement in the practical arts of life, which the analytical mind of Europe and her offspring has invented or discovered—every successful application of the science of mechanics in the construction of labor economisers—all carry along with them in the great upward, though gradual movement, the whole human race; elevating it to a position, no matter how little, still somewhat higher in the social scale than that previously occupied. The beneficial results of the combination of intellect, capital, labor—brilliant, elevating, and grand, as they are, can scarce be fully estimated. We must go backward into the darkness of the past, and gaze upon “the disease, and the famine, and the toil.” We must behold the oppression of the weak, and feel sensible of the helplessness and nervelessness of our own arm. We must behold the human mind beclouded by ignorance, fettered by superstition, and groping amid the surrounding gloom. And, when we emerge from this ancient Crimea—this Cimmerian darkness—which abode for a time, like the Divine wrath, upon the face of the great deep of the past, and then behold the comparatively dazzling brilliancy which illumines and characterizes the vast expanse of the present, we become well nigh blinded by the change, and are almost incapable of realizing the wondrous transition.

About the time that Arkwright was contemplating his inventions, the quantity of cotton introduced into England was about 16,000,000 pounds. The quantity of yarn, which at the same period was comparatively nothing, was a few years ago, about 100,000,000 pounds. Its price at that time, about the year 1780-3, was 38 shillings. In four years the increased production had reduced the price to 9 shillings and 5 pence, and subse-



quently to 2 shillings and 11 pence. Not only so with regard to the price. The number of persons employed is greater than at any previous period—both in the cultivation and manufacture of this staple—and the area for its production will be still further enlarged. We are told by Macaulay that at the end of the 17th century, Manchester did not receive annually more than 2,000,000 pounds of cotton, an amount which would not now supply the demand for forty-eight hours. It was then a mean, ill-built, market town, containing under 6000 people, with not a single printing-press nor a coach. It now receives from the port of Liverpool, that once “obscure hamlet on the banks of the Musey, the abode of a few fishermen,” 600,000,000 pounds of cotton annually—maintains one hundred printing presses—and supports twenty coach factories. Her 6000 population has swelled to the astonishing number, including the township of Salford, of 315,900. The population of Manchester proper in 1851 was 228,437. So, of the progress of Leeds, of Sheffield, of Birmingham, of Preston, and of Blackburn. Indeed wherever capital has accumulated, and steam machinery and cotton have been linked, there population and labor have gathered, attracted by their natural magnets. Such are some of the cheering results of the combination of intellect, capital, labor, steam, machinery and cotton; results not confined exclusively in their beneficial effects to the few, but which have been enjoyed in their measure by the civilized world, and whose influence has reached the utmost bounds of the earth. The cotton manufacture, it has been estimated, furnishes subsistence for 1,200,000 to 1,400,000 and upwards, of the operatives of England. The number of cotton mills in 1787 amounted to 143. In 1838, the factories of Great Britain and Ireland numbered 1903. But increased production in manufactures requires increased production of the raw material. Hence springs increased demand for labor, which exerts its influence throughout those branches of trade naturally or artificially connected with the manufacture of the staple. It demands

increased area of soil; it demands increased facilities of transportation to market; it demands increased amount of tonnage for shipment in a domestic and foreign trade; it demands increased number of seamen. So that cotton, steam and machinery, by which labour is economised, in their peculiar sphere, may be regarded as a most important spring in commerce, upon which the prosperity of England, America, and the world, much and mainly depends. The demand for increased production renders it necessary that the primeval and luxuriant forests shall be felled, or made fields of, and cleared of the virgin growth; so that lands which may have been hitherto comparatively unproductive to the land-owner or agriculturist, are brought under the transforming influence of the plough, in order that the increased demand of the loom may be amply supplied. Rail-roads are rendered necessary, reaching their iron arms into hitherto distant and comparatively inaccessible regions of country, so that the iron horse harnessed upon the metal track, and puffing and panting for action, may convey by his magic power into the marts and sea-ports of the thriving land, the lumber, the coal, the iron, the hemp, the tobacco, the sugar, the grain, the cotton, and all those rich mineral and agricultural products of the soil, which form the staples of trade, the basis of commerce, and enter into the elements of that grand system of intercommunication and national reciprocity whose benign influence has so much contributed to the present state of enlightenment, civilization and general prosperity.

The primeval and unalterable law of human progress, seems in due time to have exerted its influence upon the subjective or intellectual as well as upon the outward or objective domain of the creation. Intellect, labour and capital have supplied the demands of growth. The Godlike mind of man has devised these various improvements and evolved those original creations, which, by multiplying production, reducing prices, and increasing consumption, have accumulated capital and furnished to labour its necessary



pabulum. It is cotton which, chiefly, as an isolated product, enables the United States to pay its annual indebtedness for importations. It is cotton which gives to the South her importance in the Confederacy. It is cotton with which the interests of the whole country are interwoven. It is cotton which employs the more than 20 millions of spindles in the factories of England and feeds and sustains millions of her people. It is cotton which makes it the interest of the free States to sustain slavery. It is cotton and the Cotton Gin which has enlarged the slave area and made it the Institution of the country. It is cotton that is King, Emperor, Autocrat, President. For the last five years the annual average amount of cotton exported from the United States reached 1,025,659,156 pounds—or 256,414,789 bales at 400 pounds each bale or, at 10 cents a pound, worth upwards of 102½ millions of dollars. In 1855 the value of the cotton supplied to Great Britain by the South was \$57,616,749. Cotton constitutes, in value, more than two-thirds of the domestic exports of the United States to France. And if we compare the total amount in value of the domestic exports up to June 1846, which reached \$132,666,955, with the annual average value of the cotton alone exported to Great Britain during the last four years, we shall find that the value of the cotton is nearly equal to one half of the whole domestic exports of the country in 1849. It was more in 1849 than one half of all the domestic exports of the growth, produce, and manufactures of the United States—including the sea, the forest, the field and the loom.

Up to June 1853 the total amount of the value of the exports of the growth, produce and manufacture of the United States was \$213,417,697 of which amount, the value of the cotton alone was \$109,456,404—or, more than one half in value of the whole domestic exports of the country. This statement excludes the thread and yarn and manufactured goods, which reached in value \$8,768,894. Such is the position which this great staple occupies in the domestic exports of the country. Having arrived at this stand-

point, we may pause and ask if the various discoveries and inventions, which, from time to time have been made and laid before the once wondering gaze of mankind, have not resulted in incalculable benefits to society, what is progress worth? Of what use is the application of mechanics in the construction of labour economisers, and of what worth is the employment of steam as a motor? If the genius of Watt, of Hargreaves, of Arkwright, of Compton, of Cartwright, of Whitney, and of those others who have shed a ray of light so brilliant upon struggling and toiling man, have not contributed to his elevation and benefit, then for what have they lived and toiled? If the results flowing from the discoveries and labours of these public benefactors are not to be regarded as blessings, then intellectual improvement and social elevation, after which mankind has been struggling from the days of Adam, through each successive generation to the present period, are phantoms and dreams! If man has not been benefitted, then the results of enlightenment and civilization are nothing worth. The workshops of the world may as well be closed, enterprise become clogged in all its avenues, and the triumphs and achievements of mind over material elements, be utterly cast down and annihilated. Strange as it may now be regarded, there was no little opposition to the inventions which were designed to operate in the peculiar sphere of labor in which they were engaged by those who deemed their interests most deeply involved. The conduct of such reminds us forcibly of that of Demetrius the Ephesian silversmith and those craftsmen who united with him against what they deemed the pernicious intermeddling of St. Paul. Their outcry "Great is Diana of the Ephesians"—was the same in spirit as that raised against the "new way" introduced by those other apostles heralding the inventions and improvements of a later age. It has turned out to have been an error in those who thought that the handicraft of the weaver and spinner was to be endamaged—and that their occupation, if not gone, was at least to be greatly endamaged. They seem to

have been under the delusion that the more improvements one introduced and the more the old paths are forsaken and abolished, for the new paths which a necessity was laid upon the inventive genius of man to open—a necessity coeval with the endowment of mind itself—so much the more are the opportunities lessened of securing employment in those spheres of labour thus ruthlessly invaded. But such a delusion is opposed to facts and experience. It was a subjective truth wholly at war with the objective, and equal in absurdity to the shrine-makers and shrine-worshippers of the Ephesian goddess. The argument of all such is what has been aptly characterised as the “slow-coach argument”—and was used against the use of coaches after this form: “Before coaches were set up, travellers rode on horseback, and men had boots, spurs, saddles, bridles, saddle-cloths, and good riding suits, coats and cloaks, stockings and hats, whereby the wood and leather of the kingdom were consumed. Besides, most gentlemen, when they travelled on horseback used to ride with swords, belts, pistols, portmanteaus, and hatcases, for which, in these coaches, they have little or no occasion. For, when they rode on horseback, they rode in one suit, and carried another to wear when they came to their journey’s end; but in coaches they ride in a silk suit, silk stockings, beaver hats, &c., and carry no other with them. This is because they escape the wet and dirt, which, upon horseback they cannot avoid; whereas, in two or three journeys on horseback, these clothes and hats were wont to be spoiled; which done, they were forced to have new very often, and that increased the consumption of manufactures.” So much for the “slow-coach argument”—as urged in 1673. One hundred years after, that is, in 1779, a desperate effort was made, as we read in Mr. Baine’s work, to put down Hargreaves’s spinning jenny. A mob rose and scoured the country for several miles round Blackburn, demolished the jennies and with them all the cording engines, waterframes and every machine turned by water and horses. It may appear strange that not merely the working classes but even the

middle and upper classes entertained a great dread of machinery. Not perceiving the tendency of any invention, which improved and cheapened the manufacture, to cause an extended demand for its products and thereby to give employment to more hands than it superseded—those classes were alarmed lest the poor rates should be burdened with workmen thrown idle. They therefore connived at and even actually joined in the opposition to machinery and did all in their power to screen the rioters from punishment. The same authority which we are citing also informs us that the Grandfather of the late Sir Robert Peel, who was an enterprising spinner and calico printer, had his machinery thrown into the river and was in personal danger from the fury of the mob. But we need not multiply such instances of blind opposition to the irresistible law of human progress. Such opposition has ever been exhibited towards what have been erroneously regarded as novelties disturbing the peace and equilibrium of society. History has made us familiar with the trials and difficulties and persecutions of those men of mark of former times. We may regard them as so many prophetic harbingers and pioneers—the solitary voices of men crying in the wilderness, whose proclamations, though fraught with glad tidings, brought down upon them the anathemas of their blind compatriots. Who does not remember the persecution of that noble Florentine, whose idea was deemed heretical by the sacred college—and the meanness and treachery of the 2d John of Portugal towards the great Genoese.

But as the abolishment of the craft of the shrine-makers and by consequence that of the worship of the great Diana of the Ephesians, was made to yield to the introduction of what was called the “new way”—and as that worship was more than insignificant when compared with the benefits derived from the introduction of christianity—so does the temporary inconvenience of a handful of craftsmen in any employment of life, in which machinery may have been introduced and labor economised, sink into insignificance when viewed in contrast with the triumphs and

general advantages achieved and diffused by the inventive genius of man. And, "what are to be the ultimate limits and advantages of mechanical discoveries" no one can foresee. The investigation of natural forces is yet far from being finished. Every day discloses some new scientific truth, which is forthwith impressed into the service of mankind and tends to diminish the sum of human druggery and suffering." The immutable law of progress is still in action and the flattering dream of man's ultimate perfectibility may yet be realized. In the language of the *Student* "to the man who finds it possible to entertain this hope, how different an aspect the world

wears! Casting his glance forward, how wondrous a light rests upon the future! the farther he extends his vision, the brighter the light! Animated by a hope more sublime than wishes bounded to earth ever before inspired, he feels armed with the courage to oppose surrounding prejudices and the warfare of hostile customs. No sectarian advantage—no petty benefit is before him—he sees but the regeneration of mankind! From the disease and the famine and the toil around him, his spirit bursts into prophecy and dwells among future ages! Even if in error, he luxuriates in the largest benevolence—and dies, if a visionary, the visionary of the grandest dream.

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## MY MOTHER.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

Mother, I'm weary now, life's mazes threading—  
My feet are faltering, and I long for rest;  
Long for thy love-light where I now am treading,  
Long for thy voice to tell me I am blest.

Cold ones are 'round me, those who love me never,  
With all the fondness of my earnest heart;  
In the wild thoughts that tremble there forever,  
And poet-dreams—they bear but little part.

I miss thy love, I miss thy low words stealing  
Like music o'er me, and thy fond caress;  
Thy kiss at eve, my wounded spirit healing—  
Thy prayer—all, *all* thy tenderness.

Home is not home without thee, dearest mother!  
I miss thy smile at morn, at noon, and eve;  
Thy precious love I find not in another,  
Hope's flow'ry garland blossomed to deceive.

And they have faded—all those brilliant flowers,  
E'er the young morning of my life is o'er;  
Those asphodels that bloomed in early bowers,  
Have dropped their petals on Time's barren shore.

And thy sweet love comes o'er my memory stealing,  
Like the still moonlight over midnight streams;  
Stilling to peace the wilder waves of feeling,  
Hushing to rest life's fitful fever-dreams.

## AARON BURR.

The May number of the *Messenger* contained a review of Parton's *Life and Times of Aaron Burr*, which struck me as peculiarly candid in spirit and just in conclusion. The final "summing up" or analysis given of Burr's character is, to my mind, the most consistent and satisfactory one I have ever read.

A reperusal of that admirable paper has just reminded me that I am in possession of two pieces of information in respect to Mr. Parton's hero, and Luther Martin's "honorable friend," which are too characteristic and too well authenticated to be permitted to perish without a record.

The late Judge Hammond, author of the *Political History of New York*, was familiarly acquainted with Burr as well as with all his most prominent New York contemporaries. His *History* betrays no violent prejudices, nothing like animosity, against the former. Judge Hammond stated to me, as a fact derived from unquestionable authority, that when Burr was lying concealed in the house of a friend, on the eve of his flight to Europe in 1808, and when his friend, to avoid exciting the suspicions of servants, employed his own young daughter to secrete food and carry it to Burr, in his hiding place, the latter made improper advances to the young girl—in plain English, attempted her seduction!

A retired lawyer and judge of the first standing, now living in New York, informed me that the Hon. James Porter, former Register in Chancery in the same State, told him that he never suffered Burr to examine any papers in his office without having him closely watched by a Clerk, because it was "well understood" that papers were not safe in his hands, when his own or his clients' interests required their abstraction or destruction. A more magnanimous and unsuspecting gentleman than James Porter, never lived. He was the soul of generosity—had not a political or personal association which should have rendered him individually hostile to Burr. I believe I venture nothing in saying that it was "well un-

derstood" by the New York bar generally that Burr was a trickish and unscrupulous practitioner in his profession—as ready to win his cause by a gross fraud or by any practicable deception, as by fair and legitimate means—and that he was not at all ashamed of his own well-established reputation in this particular.

But let us, for the credit of an old adage, give Burr "his due" in one particular, where his earlier biographer, Davis, heaped a mountain of obloquy upon him. Davis expressly declares that "he *alone* had possessed the private and important papers of Colonel Burr." He states that Burr preserved his old *billets doux*—that he would not have them destroyed—and that thus passed into his (Davis') hands, on the decease of Burr, "matter that would have wounded the feelings of *families* more extensively than could be imagined"—but that he—this most discreet and gossip-spurning of biographers—"as soon as Colonel Burr's decease was known, with his own hands, committed to the fire all such correspondence and not a vestige of it then [at the time of writing] remained."

In the will made by Burr on the eve of his duel with Hamilton, he seems to have directly provided for the destruction of such correspondence, and in his last one, in which he left his papers to Davis, he directed that individual "to destroy or to deliver to parties interested, all such [papers] as might, in his estimation, be calculated to affect injuriously the feelings of individuals against whom he had no complaint."

Nor is this quite all. Mr. Randall, in his *Life of Jefferson*, which will be accused of exhibiting no partiality for Burr, declares, in a note (vol. 2, p. 581), that Judge Edwards, of the Court of Appeals of New York, a near relative of Burr, informed him that he (Edwards) and his father were permitted by Burr to examine his private papers before his death for the express and avowed purpose of finding and destroying letters from females—that they did so examine and destroy as long

as they saw fit. Mr. Randall says that Judge Edwards declared that "Burr's amours were generally low"—that none of the correspondence seen by him compromised any "families" that he (Edwards) had ever met in society. So much for Davis's assertion that Burr "prohibited the destruction of any part" of his female correspondence "during his life-time."

This remarkable biographer encounters another blow on his veracity from an unexpected quarter. It being denied that he had ever received any such deposit of scandalous letters from Burr, as he claimed, the Editor of the Albany Evening Journal, (understood to be the "Senior," Mr. Thurlow Weed) came to his defence by stating that he saw such letters in the possession of Davis, that on one occasion, at least, he was employed by Davis to return such a letter to the female writer, &c., &c. No man will doubt the truth of Mr. Weed's assertions. But, unfortunately for Davis, it appears from the same assertions, that these things took place after Burr's death, and consequently they do not very well harmonise with the declaration backed by a pledge of "honor" that *all* such papers were destroyed "as soon as Colonel Burr's decease was known!"

Davis was one of the most supple, active, intriguing and wholly unscrupulous disciples of the "Burr School," to use a favorite expression of Mr. Parton. He was Burr's readiest, and except Van Ness, his most dangerous instrument—his scout-master, who tracked a political opponent to the bed of a courtesan and then suborned her to draw out the secrets or steal the papers of that opponent—his certificate-maker and witness procured in all emergencies—in a word, his associate in planning every trick and fraud necessary to carry out his objects, and his tool in turning the screws and pulling the wires for their execution. Having, in his "Memoirs," invented and uttered a hundred pure fictions for the benefit of Burr, or to damage his opponents, he probably thought he ought to be allowed to make a little "capital" for himself at the expense of his principal. Perhaps too

he thought, with Mr. Jefferson's biographer, that a shade more or less would have no effect on the portrait of Aaron Burr.

It is refreshing to find that there was *one* gratuitous and motiveless piece of heartlessness which this man did not exhibit in his connection with females. It is pleasant to find that no man can be proved to be an utter demon in any important class of human relations—though it must be confessed that the accusation from which I have vindicated Burr involves but a shade more of wanton dishonor, of utter and abject depravity, than his pretended disclosures to Bentham, which are recorded by Neal. And then to think of an ex-Vice President, when on trial for his life, snuffing at scented billets and affecting to confess that they "amounted to a disclosure," when, in all probability, they would at most have disclosed only an amatory correspondence with a chamber-maid—but when they, in reality, it is much more likely, contained only expressions of sympathy from wives and daughters of "honorable friends" who had been taught to think that the prisoner was an innocent victim of Jefferson's persecution! A man on trial for his life—a man fifty years old—a man with a grown up daughter, attending him in his confinement, would have it *basely* thought that he had just triumphed over the virtue of one or more females of standing—and, it would seem, of females belonging to the families of his "honorable friends," for we know not what other *ladies* approached him in his confinement! If it is infamous to "kiss and tell," what shall we say of him who falsely pretends to tell, when he has not kissed?

Apropos of Jefferson's persecution—so urgently insisted on at Burr's trial. Did the President seek to remove a rival from his path by a judicial murder—or would nothing short of Burr's blood appease him because the latter had endangered his election in 1801? The "rival" theory will hardly pass when we consider that Burr had failed to obtain a single vote for a renomination to the Vice Presidency, and when Jefferson had been *unanimously* renominated to the Presidency and elected by a greatly increased majority. It ap-



pears by Jefferson's correspondence with his daughters, now public, that he entertained no doubts of Burr's good faith just before the Presidential balloting in 1801; and I have observed nothing in his writings to show that he changed his mind on that point. But if we admit, what certainly is very probable, that he did subsequently change his mind, we should expect so outspoken a man in his confidential correspondence, and especially in his *Ana*, to at least mention a conviction which, according to the theory under examination, rendered him eager to shed human blood on a charge which he knew to be false, and which was indeed trumped up by himself and his official satellites. In the case of Hamilton, in the case of Quincy and Pickering, in the case of any other bitter personal enemy, do we find Jefferson thirsting for their *blood*? Was his nature ferocious and truculent towards any human being? The theory of his conduct towards Burr was a good enough theory for the precise object it had in view on Burr's trial—but the man who would credit it now ought certainly to be put in a straight jacket; he's unsafe at large. If even the "honorable friends" who advanced the theory *continued* to believe it, what are we to say of their conduct after Burr's return from Europe in 1812? Was it manly in them, one and all, to completely turn their backs on the innocent victim of "Jefferson's persecution"—to leave him to contempt and almost to beggary—to shun his house and his hand as if both were plague-stricken? It appears that Luther Martin did not desert him—or rather that he did not desert Luther Martin. Mr. Parton says that the latter "ruined though high living and deep drinking" was taken by Burr "into his house," a *permanent apartment assigned to him*, and that Burr *maintained* him until his death in 1826. (See Parton's *Life of Burr*, p. 601.) Alas! was *such* the fate of Luther Martin! No other of the "distinguished friends," who crowded about Burr in 1807, needed a *maintenance* from him, and it appears no other one ever noticed him. Which had they abandoned, their *theory*, or the decent obligation of former friendship?

At the risk of being tedious in these desultory observations I must again do credit to an adage: and herein I am compelled to dissent from the positions of your able review. That review adopts Col. Benton's theory that "Burr challenged Hamilton for having conscientiously opposed his Presidential aspirations, four years after that exciting canvass, from motives of deliberate and calculated revenge." I do not think you are fairly entitled to say this. How far revenge for *mere* political opposition led to that challenge, I am not of course prepared to say, but when ample provocation has been given for a challenge, according to the duelling code, those who acknowledge that code, are not, I submit, entitled to go behind the patent facts to impute bad motives to the challenger, and therefore to the injured party. Hamilton's published correspondence shows that in a *multitude* of instances he used language in respect to Burr not only politically, but to the last possible degree, personally offensive. Better causes of challenge were never given under the duelling code. If, therefore, Hamilton admitted the obligations of that code, he deliberately put on paper provocations to a challenge, and he took all the risks of their becoming public. Should we grant (what I consider very doubtful) that Burr got no nearer clue to any of these expositions than he found in the Cooper letters, still that clue was a *real* one. Hamilton *had* expressed "more despicable" opinions. He could not, he did not deny it. The ground of hostility was not therefore trumped up and fictitious.

Was Hamilton a duellist? If not, he had but to say so. Nobody else can be made responsible for *his* decision in the matter. And much as we may admire that condemnation of the practice which was dictated by his conscience on the eve of the tragedy, we cannot forget the repeated *facts* of his life which prove him far more ready to resort to this mode of arbitrament than Burr ever showed himself. He distinctly intimated his readiness to accept a challenge from Jefferson in 1792, when publishing his "Catullus" articles which, on both po-



litical and personal grounds, violently attacked the latter—then his colleague in General Washington's Cabinet. He made the same intimation to Colonel Monroe in 1797, in the correspondence growing out of the famous Mrs. Reynold's affair. About two years before his own death, he followed a son to a bloody grave, who fell in a duel growing out of a political dispute. I will not allude to *rumors* in regard to General Hamilton's course on that melancholy occasion; but I esteem it strictly proper to ask if in his own remarks on duelling, if in all the subsequent attempts to show his disapprobation of the practice, we have even had an *intimation* from any authorised source, that he was kept in ignorance of his son's duel prior to its occurrence—that he ever advised his son to a different course. And, finally, when Burr called upon him for an avowal or disavowal of the expression of a "more despicable opinion" he closed his letter, refusing to accede to the demand, by saying that he trusted that Colonel Burr, upon further reflection, would see the matter in the same light—if *not he could only regret the fact, and abide the consequences*. I do not propose here to discuss, or, in the most remote manner, pass upon General Hamilton's positions taken in that letter. Let us suppose them perfectly well taken; and still what means that closing intimation? No person will pretend that Hamilton did not understand Burr's first letter to be that technical demand for satisfaction, which is the initiatory step to a challenge, provided other satisfaction is not given. If Hamilton's argument against the propriety of Burr's demand was a candid one—if he really hoped that Burr would be induced to "see the matter in the same light"—if he felt at that time all that aversion to the duel afterwards expressed by him—why did he purely gratuitously express his readiness to *abide the consequences*, if Burr was not convinced by his reasoning? Was that the way to close a *pacific* communication? Was that proper language, under the circumstances, for a man who had scruples against duelling? Knowing that Burr's object was either to obtain a disavowal which

he had determined not to make, *or to fight*, when Hamilton used those words, he distinctly, and, I repeat it, gratuitously expressed his own *then* willingness to fight, or else he indulged in a piece of gasconade which his worst enemy would be ashamed to impute to him.

I aver then, that in every point of view, he was *more* responsible for the duel which resulted in his death, than was his infamous antagonist. It matters not that he reserved his first fire—for I believe he did reserve it, the allegations of Burr's gang (I beg Mr. Parton's pardon—I mean his "*school*") to the contrary notwithstanding. Whether the impolicy of his killing Burr, or a wish to terminate the contest by a single shot, or a desire to obtain the credit of magnanimity if he fell, or to provide a *defence* from public indignation in case he killed Burr by a later shot, or *any other* causes influenced him to fire into the air, still by every rule of a code *which he acknowledged*, he was first and principally responsible for the duel and all its train of consequences. And I will add that, steeped as I regard Burr not only in crime but in meanness, I have yet to find the first evidence that he was *blood-thirsty*. The history of his life proves nothing of the kind. He was heartless—insensible to woe when causing it afforded a gratification to his lust or his vanity. But he was too supremely selfish to enjoy *mere* revenge. Unless the sufferings of another would bring him some tangible return, the effort, risk, etc., necessary to secure it, would not "pay." He challenged Hamilton because Hamilton had offended him, and because it was according to "the code." I shall not say that he did not feel resentment for Hamilton's political opposition. As it happens in nineteen cases out of twenty, when a challenge is given, there were probably causes of offence not embraced in the avowed ground of the demand for satisfaction. But it is a mistake to suppose that Hamilton had achieved any triumph for himself at Burr's expense, which was peculiarly calculated to stir up envy and revenge. If Burr had fallen in the political contest, his antagonist had fallen with him. Burr was actually victorious

in their last individual encounter. He had received the support of a decided majority of the Federalists in his candidacy for the Governorship of New York in spite of Hamilton's efforts; and if defeated in the election, he went down with the sympathies of more political supporters than Hamilton could rally about himself. If the first fire had not proved fatal, if a second one had ensued and proved fatal to Burr, Hamilton instead of Burr would have been the ruined outcast—not probably to the same degree, because he was infinitely a better man, and therefore obloquy would not have

found so much to prey upon—but still he would have been ruined. As it was, it required his bloody death to restore his popularity with the great body of his own party.

Perhaps it is needless that I say that you will not, from any of the preceding remarks, understand me as defending what is termed the "code of honor." I should do violence to my conscientious convictions were I to do so; but in judging on a duel between duelists, we must apply the principles of that code equally and impartially in estimating the *motives* of the parties.

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### IN A DREAM.

Last night I held her to my heart—  
Oh dream that would not stay!  
The world, of which I am a part,  
How poor it is to-day!

A-glow with bashful, faint alarms—  
Without a thought of wrong—  
She rested in my clasping arms,  
The maid I've loved so long.

Her eyes were timidly downcast,  
Dear eyes so fond and meek!  
Her tender heart was beating fast,  
And tears were on her cheek.

She seemed so like an angel fair  
And pure, from holy skies,  
I scarcely dared to touch her hair,  
Or look into her eyes!

But, gaining heart, I told her how  
I'd loved her many a day,—  
And smoothed the ringlets from her brow,  
And kissed her tears away.

And so, for hours of happy rest,  
She was my love, my own—  
With blushing cheeks, and fluttering breast—  
My queen upon her throne!

## SELECTIONS AND EXCERPTS FROM THE LEE PAPERS.

The following extracts will need no explanation to those who are acquainted with the leading incidents in the history of Virginia during that era.

SAM'L WASHINGTON TO R. H. LEE.

*Mt. Clear, Feb. 22d, 1766.*

I make no doubt you have heard of the bait laid to catch the trading part of our country. That Great Britain is determined to enforce the Stamp Act, but will allow us a free trade. This is a piece of finesse I hope every man among us will clearly see into; that they (the Parliament) have it at all times in their power to lay the same restrictions on trade that they have so severely felt.

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FROM CHARLES GORE, A MERCHANT OF LIVERPOOL, TO R. H. LEE.

14 Aug., 1766.

I gave you a few lines by Cap. Pollard, who sailed immediately after the Stamp Act was repealed, which was matter of great rejoicing on this side, and must be more so in America. Yet I look upon it of little moment to the great advantages gained afterward, for the benefit of trade both in Great Britain and the Colonies, which you will have heard long before this time. Yet I cannot, for the honour of Liverpool, omit to inform you, as I have done a few more, that early in the session the merchants in general associated, chose a President and Vice President, appointed a select committee to draw up what was material to lay before the House, not excluding any merchant from being present. In consequence of the first meeting a petition was signed to Parliament, praying for relief in the then miserable situation of trade and commerce. \* \* \*

The hardest task we had was to answer two demands made by Mr. Dowdeswell and Mr. Townsend. One requiring to have a particular account of all the different manufactures exported to the coast

of Africa, distinguishing every article, whether the manufacture of Great Britain or the East Indies, and the quantity purchased in Holland, together with the several prices. The other required to be informed of the number and burthen of vessels employed at this port to the coast of Africa, and to the several parts of the coast destined for, and the number of negroes purchased there, and where sold in America, and at what prices, and both these for ten years last past. These demands were not agreeable; however, there was a necessity to satisfy those gentlemen, and all things have succeeded beyond our expectations. \* \* \*

We were obliged to Mr. Pitt for his assiduity in the repeal of the Stamp Act, and thanked him accordingly; but he lost himself in the opposition to free ports and other regulations in trade. However, he is taken in the trammel by being created Earl of Chatham, vulgarly called Earl *Cheat-em*. He is a man of great capacity but fickle.

—

FROM LANDON CARTER TO R. H. LEE.

March 2nd, 1769.

I cannot drop these blades. A captain Gardner, a most simple swain indeed as I hear, (though a kind of Superintendant to an inquisitive as well as stuttering Mr. Tyrrel,) displayed abundance of his stupid ignorance in talking of frigates and what not, to destroy the trade of all our rivers. Frank,\* I understood, grew warm, rejoiced in such a scheme, but told the fool to take care how he landed. Had I been there I should have complimented the guard-ship, which could not interrupt our trade above or below her without dividing her company; and if she did, perhaps a prame or two might silence

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\* F. Lightfoot Lee.

such division; and a fire stage from every quarter, just as wind and tide would suit, might be contrived to give them a warm jacket. But why do we reason with such asses. A most mercenary brute, that seemed to acknowledge the oppressiveness of every measure, yet because he was a hireling, he must turn butcher against nature and conscience. They bought horses, and I think had better employ their laced jackets in carrying their strings about; because, from all accounts, they are much fitter for the Yorkshire jockey than they are for the politician.

I hear Jennings has just sent you a letter big with his own apprehensions "that all epistolary correspondence will be searched and stopped;" but I hope, unless they stop the mouths of the captains, some of those honest tars will give us intelligence what mighty things are to be attempted. And perhaps it will be a pretty scheme to send the alarm back by a well-seasoned letter to the Banbury Blade, the Lord North, a supercilious mouth-piece who wants America to be laid at his feet; to the hell-born Grenville, who wants a few heads to chop off; and to the other Democks, who know not what they want; but as they were under the protection of Parliament, could wield the tongue of a champion, at the same time without spirit to resist the kick of a Duchess. I vow I laugh; at the same time I cannot help cursing them.

Dobby, I hear, has arrived, but as yet no news of his bringing. My peaceful disposition inclines me to wish for the best; though I hardly feel a nerve vibrating with the least apprehension of the worst.

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FROM PRESIDENT NELSON TO ARTHUR LEE.

*Virginia, March 31st, 1769.*

SIR:

I feel myself much obliged for your favour of the 8th January, from Bath, enclosing the Resolves and Address of the House of Lords; in which I find they have animadverted upon the late conduct of the Bostonians with much severity and warmth: though I look upon them as a

rod held out and shook over our heads *in terrorem*; and they seem to have laid hold of the only condemnable part of America as a pretence to delay giving us that justice which I still hope and think they will not long withhold from us. It is a pity the handle was given them; otherwise, I persuade myself, they would this session have given way to the conviction of their minds; for we are told from pretty good authority, that had the people to the northward behaved with the same degrees of Moderation and Decency which have appeared in the conduct of the more southern provinces, this session would have put an end to all our fears and uneasinesses. We shall, I trust, continue in the same track, but with all the firmness and perseverance you so warmly recommend.

Our new Governor arrived here with all imaginable advantages, just after we had heard of his good disposition towards the colonies; and he seems to be pleased with everybody and everybody with him. The Assembly is to meet the 8th of May, and then we shall see how long this harmony is to last. Truly, I think it will be perpetual if his Lordship has no orders from home to interrupt it; for he seems to be possessed of every quality that can recommend him to the good opinion and respect of the people, yet not sufficient to prevent their perseverance in their applications for Redress.

It gives me pleasure to learn that you are settled in a place that must be agreeable to you; in which I wish you all the success your merit and abilities entitle you to, and which they will not fail one day or other to procure for you.

We have hardly any private news:—no doubt you have heard of the happiness of your brother Frank with Miss Becky. The Captain (Thompson) of his Majesty's ship Ripon, who brought the Governor to Virginia, hath made prize of the President's daughter, Miss Betsey, a charming frigate, that will do honour to our country, if you take her by and large, as the sailors say; but this, I dare say, your heart hath told you before.

I am, Sir, y'r most ob't humble serv't,  
WM. NELSON.

FROM ROBERT CARTER NICHOLAS TO ARTHUR  
LEE.

Williamsburg, in Virg'a, }  
31st May, 1769. }

DEAR SIR:

I have been too long indebted to you for the very obliging letter you did me the favour to write soon after your arrival in London, and am the more sensible of it from the kind and gentle reproof given me in your last. My deferring to write, I assure you, sir, was not owing to the smallest inclination to neglect an old friend, but I really have had nothing to say worth his reading; add to this the great load of public business, as well as that of my former clients, which the remains of the violent disorder you left me in hardly suffered me to go through, and I flatter myself that any farther apology will be unnecessary with my friend.

After the death of our late Governor, you know we were extremely anxious about his successor; the appointment of Lord Botetourt, from the exceedingly amiable character given him from every quarter, filled us with the highest expectations of happiness; and, it is with pleasure I say it, I think his Lordship's conduct has fully justified the very high encomiums given of him by his friends. We were kept in suspense, till the meeting of the late Assembly, as to what part his Lordship would be obliged to act, with respect to our unhappy political contest; his speech, which you no doubt will have seen before this gets to hand, was conciliatory and agreeable; we gave him, in our address, such an answer as showed our dispositions to peace and quietness, reserving at the same time such a latitude, as that we might not be precluded from exercising our discretion upon any subject that might come under consideration.

You are fully acquainted with my sentiments upon the grand affairs; I still retain them in their utmost vigour; I have always professed myself a friend to Decency and Moderation, but at the same time am as firmly attached and riveted to the main Principle as any man alive. My political creed was published to the world in the different applications to Government from our former Assembly, and I

am so little inclined to depart from one jot or tittle of it, that I would avow it with my latest breath. I own I never expected that the Parliament would explicitly acknowledge themselves in the wrong, but I had my hopes that the dispute would have rested upon our reciprocal Protestations and after a time been buried in oblivion; but this flattering dream immediately vanished upon the first sight of the Lords' Resolutions and Address to his Majesty. The only glimmering hope which then remained, was the *bare possibility* that the H—— of C——s would not join in the Address, but this expectation, if it was ever seriously entertained by any one, soon appeared futile and vain; though it is astonishing that there should appear such harmony in the sentiments of the two Houses, when we have it from private anecdote, that there were not above five members in the H—— of C——s who approved of this measure. Indeed, I am amazed that any man of sense could either propose or second such an attempt. The absurdity of it, without multiplying arguments, appears from hence, that America should be subject to every Act of P——t, as being part of the *British Dominions*, and that her inhabitants should be punished under a State Act of Parliament, made to punish offences committed out of the *Realm*, &c., and this made, too, when America had not been discovered! After our address had been presented to the Governor, came to hand a letter from Mr. Montague, enclosing the joint Address of the L——ds and C——s. The H——se of Burg——s entered upon the consideration of the State of the Colony and came to several resolutions, which they seconded by an address to his Majesty; these Proceedings, as was expected, drew on a Dissolution the next day; after this we entered into an Association of Frugality, &c. I would send you copies of all these Proceedings, but know—at least I'm persuaded—it has been done by some of your other friends.

What effect these measures may have on the other side of the water is in the Womb of Time; we will await their issue with patience and a decent firmness. I



wish the same temper may prevail in all the Colonies. For aught that has hitherto appeared in Virginia, and for anything that is likely to happen, I think we may defy our greatest enemies to accuse us even of the least act of indecency; not the most silent whisper of Disloyalty or Disaffection is to be heard throughout the whole Colony. We honour and esteem our Governor as the Representative of our gracious Sovereign, and hope we shall continue to do so for his own good qualities; he does what he thinks his Duty, and we what is ours; we still have a respectful regard and deference for the Parliament, as such; we retain a sincere esteem for our deluded Fellow-Subjects in Great Britain, and greatly lament that we should be driven to the extreme of doing anything that may have the most distant appearance of distressing them. However, we are the easier under these reflections, when we consider that it is in their power, by a single act of justice, to make us easy. Let things but return to their old channel, and all will be well; we shall once more be a happy people.

When I reflect on the measures lately adopted, my surprise and astonishment can only be equalled by my Contempt and Indignation. We surely must have been thought the most short-sighted, weak, pusillanimous creatures upon earth, if it was imagined that we would be silent and patient under the greatest injuries. What signified America's protesting against a paltry Stamp or Revenue Act,—paltry I mean in comparison,—if they could tamely submit to measures fraught with mischiefs a thousand times more alarming and destructive? Who had not rather submit his Property than his Life to the arbitrary will of another? [*Cetera desunt.*]

—  
FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*Williamsburg, 29th Dec'r, 1769.*

We think ourselves extremely happy here in a Governor; he certainly is a gentleman of the most enlarged and liberal sentiments; we seem to understand each other perfectly well; he, as a

very honest man, will do his duty, and we are determined to do what we think ours.

There happened a small convulsion in our little State last Spring, but this has only purified our political air, as six weeks of the last session have passed with the greatest cordiality on all sides. Our only wish is that things may return to their old channel, and we flatter ourselves that they are finding this way; for, though we are at present only promised a partial repeal of the disagreeable Revenue Acts, yet perseverance in our Associating Scheme, which I am resolved religiously to adhere to, I am persuaded will, in time, perfect the good work. You see I continue very temperate, though I will venture to say no one is more determined. My attention is fixed on the grand object, and I am resolved never to lose sight of it. \* \* \*

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ARCHIBALD CARY TO R. H. LEE.

*Williamsburg, 24th Dec., 1775.*

The account which you will see in the papers, of the action at Great Bridge, is very exact. The consequences of that action have been such as our most sanguine wishes would have pointed out—a dispersion of those people in the counties adjacent to Norfolk who were unfriendly to our cause, and a certain security to our well-wishers. We have in town several of those inhabitants of Norfolk and Princess Ann who had joined the Governor. Particularly Messrs. Phripp, M——, (father and son), and Dr. C——. The conduct of the former seems to have been the consequence of their fears. The last mentioned seems to have acted from very different motives. He is as artful as vicious. The great cordiality which subsists between Colonels Howe and Woodford, promises us good effects from their junction. The vigilance of the two Captains Barron (brothers) at Hampton, has produced most essential advantages. They have secured about 4500 bushels salt in different vessels, 2400 of which was the property of two of Lord Dunmore's Norfolk friends,



McAllister and Brown, who were promoted by him to the rank of Captains in his Regiment of Sables. This Regiment is now dispersed, and the poor deluded wretches are daily brought into our camp in great numbers; it is not yet determined how they shall be disposed of. Barron took, a few days since, a tender with one white and sixteen blacks, bound to the Eastern Shore, on a foraging business. The good services of Barron have been acknowledged by the House. When he is properly equipped, we have much to expect from his diligence and abilities. Our present force at Norfolk may amount to 1500 men, including the Carolinians.

You will hear before this that six Regiments are voted in addition to the other two. As it seems probable that these troops will be employed on services not local, it is hoped they will be put on the general Continental establishment. The field officers will be named next week, and a list sent to the Congress for their approbation. You will find in it some names which you may not have expected,—particularly the gentleman who commanded one of our Regiments. He has made an offer of his services, and we are well assured his appointment will engage great numbers, officers as well as soldiers, who served under him in the last war.

The Proclamation of Lord D. has had a most extensive good consequence. Men of all ranks resent the pointing of a dagger to their throats, through the hands of their slaves. Nothing could be more unwise than a declaration of that nature, which involved his friends as well as others in the general danger. We have, however, no apprehensions on that score; yet proper precautions will not be neglected. \* \* \*

Most of the Council, resenting the late Proclamation, are determined upon an immediate answer to it; and from the language of the President, and some others who have been in town, we may expect that they will give the deluded publisher a Rowland for his Oliver. This business will shew, if there be any amongst that Body weak or wicked enough to remain unmoved by such con-

duct. If such there are, you shall hear by the next Post. \* \* \*

The business of the Convention goes on as usual, slowly. The great variety of it will of course take a good deal of time, and we are well agreed as to what should be done; we cannot adjust immediately the manner of doing it. The ordinance for increasing the army has been once read in the House, and is now in its passage for the second time before the Committee. If nothing unforeseen happen, I expect we may rise by the last of the month.

ARCHIBALD CARY.

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FROM JOHN LEE TO R. H. LEE.

*Essex Cty, Va., Ap'l 2d, 1776.*

*Independence* is now the topic here, and I think I am not mistaken when I say, it will (if not already) be very soon a *Favourite Child*. What may be the opinion of Congress, or America in general, I presume not to determine—but I think there must in a little time be an alteration in our Political System.

JNO. LEE.

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ROBERT CARTER NICHOLAS TO R. H. LEE.

*Williamsburg, 13th April, 1776.*

I have to acknowledge the receipt of your very obliging favour of the 2d instant. Our enemies are prosecuting their vengeance, particularly against our traders, with a relentless and unremitted fury. An account of these, and all other occurrences, you will see retailed in the public papers. The General seems very diligent and active, and I make no doubt will put our little army on a respectable footing. We are in hourly expectation of the fleet from Britain. It seems their immediate destination was for Carolina, with a view, no doubt, to aid the insurgents of that Province. Clinton's disappointment in that quarter will probably be the means of altering the plan, and it is very likely that Virginia will be honoured with the first visit. Howe's desertion of Boston was shameful indeed; but I wish

some of the Southern Colonies may not feel the bad effects of it. Perhaps it might have been better for the United Colonies in general, if he could, without danger, have been kept pent up, at least some time longer and until the rest of their forces had been weakened by their division. It is but now and then that I can snatch a moment to write a few lines to a friend. I was going on but am interrupted, and can only add that I am with much esteem,

Your most obed't servant,

RO. C. NICHOLAS.

—

ROBERT BRENT TO R. H. LEE.

*Acquia*, April 28, 1776.

In many counties there have been warm contests for seats in our approaching Convention. Many new ones are got in. The papers will partly inform you of the changes. Col. Mason, with great difficulty, returned for Fairfax. Our friend Harry much pushed in P. Williams, where Cud. Ballett succeeds Blackburn. Will. Brent for Stafford in room of Charles Carter. In Fauquier, where were five candidates, Martin Picket in room of T. Marshall.

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[The writing from which the following is taken is itself but a copy: the name of the person addressed is not given; and there has been an attempt to obliterate those of the writer and of the place from which it was written;—the latter, with complete success, the former so far as scarcely to leave a basis for conjecture. After many attempts to decypher, the present writer remains wholly in doubt. The probability is that it was addressed to R. H. Lee; and from internal evidence we may gather, that it was written by some wealthy Virginian of the lower country,—possibly by a colleague,—evidently by some one who had knowledge of what was going on, as well in

the Public Councils as among the People themselves. Despite the uncertainty which rests on the authorship, its contents are too interesting to be withheld.\*]

—, 8th May, 1776.

DEAR SIR:

If I had not the highest opinion of your candour and liberal way of thinking, I should not venture to address myself to you; and if I was not equally persuaded of the great weight and influence which the transcendant abilities you possess must naturally confer, I should not give myself the trouble of writing, nor you the trouble of reading this long letter.

Since our conversation yesterday, my thoughts have been solely employed on the great question, whether Independence ought or ought not to be immediately declared? Having weighed the arguments on both sides, I am clearly of opinion, that we must—as we value the liberties of America, or even her existence—without a moment's delay, declare for Independence. If my reasons appear weak you will excuse them for the disinterestedness of the author, as I may venture to affirm, that no man on this Continent will sacrifice more than myself, by the separation. But if I have the good fortune to offer any arguments which have escaped your acute understanding, and they should make the desired impression, I think I shall have rendered the greatest service to the community.

The objection you made yesterday, if I understood you right, to an immediate declaration, was by many degrees the most specious (indeed it was the only tolerable one) that I have yet heard. You say, and with great justice, that we ought previously to have felt the pulse of France and Spain. I more than believe, I am almost confident, that it has been done. At least, I can assert upon recollections, that some of the Committee of Secrecy have assured me, that the sentiments of both these courts, or their agents, had been sounded, and were

\* Our contributor has since seen reason to believe that the writer was *Gen. Nelson*.

found to be as favourable as could be wished. But admitting that we are utter strangers to their sentiments of the subject, and that we run some risk of this Declaration being coldly received by these powers, such is our situation that the risk must be ventured.

On one side there are the most probable chances of our success, founded on the certain advantages which must manifest themselves to French understandings, by a treaty of alliance with America. The strength and weakness, the poverty and opulence of every State, are estimated in the scale of comparison with her immediate rival. The superior commerce and marine force of England, were evidently established on the monopoly of her American trade. The inferiority of France in these two capital points, had its source consequently from the same origin. Any deduction of this monopoly must bring down her rival in proportion to the deduction, as the total annihilation of this commerce must reduce her to an inferiority, or perhaps to total subjection. The French are and always have been sensible of these great truths.

Your idea that they may be diverted from a line of policy which ensures them such immense and permanent advantages, by an offer of partition from Great Britain, appears to me, if you will excuse the term, an absolute chimera. They must be wretched politicians, indeed, if they would prefer the uncertain acquisition and the precarious expensive possession of one or two Provinces, to the greater part of the commerce of the whole. Besides, were not the advantages from the latter so manifestly greater than those that would accrue from the imagined partition scheme, it is notorious that acquisition of Territory, or even Colonial Possessions, which require either men or money to retain, are entirely repugnant to the spirit and principles of the present French Court. It is so repugnant, indeed, that it is most certain they have lately entertained thoughts of abandoning their West India Islands. "*Le Commerce et Economie*" are the cry, down from the king to the lowest minister. From these considerations I am myself

convinced that they will immediately and essentially assist us, if Independence is declared.

But allowing that there can be no certainty, but mere bare chances in our favour, I do insist upon it, that these chances render it your duty to adopt the measures, as by procrastination our ruin is inevitable. Should it now be determined to wait the result of a previous formal negotiation with France, a whole year must pass over our heads before we can be acquainted with the result. In the mean time we are to struggle through a campaign, without arms, ammunition, or any one necessary of war. Disgrace and defeat will infallibly ensue, the soldiers and officers will become so dispirited that they will abandon their colours, and probably never be persuaded to make another effort.

But there is another consideration still more cogent. I can assure you, sir, that the spirit of the People, (except a very few in these lower parts whose little blood has been sucked out by mosquitoes) cry out for this Declaration. The military, in particular, men and officers, are outrageous on the subject; and a man of your excellent discernment need not be told how dangerous it would be, in our present circumstances, to dally with the spirit, or disappoint the expectations of the bulk of the people. May not despair, anarchy, and finally submission be the bitter fruits? I am persuaded firmly that they will; and in this persuasion I most devoutly pray, that you may not merely recommend, but positively lay injunctions on your servants in Congress, to embrace a measure so necessary to salvation. God Almighty bless you, sir, and make your counsels, whatever they may be, as beneficial to your country as your capacity to serve it is undoubted.

Yours most entirely,

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FROM R. RUTHERFORD TO R. H. LEE.

Williamsburg, May 29th, 1776.

The danger I so much dreaded respecting the influence of ministerial villany

with the Indian tribes is, I fear, realizing fast; and the check we have received at Quebec will aid those black and horrid designs. It seems the Cherokees are in bad temper, and that the Chickasaws and Choctaws have been greatly acted on. Some chiefs of the latter, it is said, came to the Cherokee nation, and have proceeded with them to the treaty at Niagara. Our whole frontiers are really in a panic; and indeed they have cause, for, though brave and numerous, they are greatly wanting in ammunition.

Now, under these circumstances, would it not be good policy to turn the strong arm of the Continent in some measure to the Westward—the two Carolinas and Georgia 8,000, Virginia 3,500, with Maryland and Pennsylvania 3,500 choice men, to be raised on their several frontiers without a moment's delay? There are well-nigh or quite rifles and other guns in that country to arm them; 2,000 of those might join 3,000 other continental troops, and seize Detroit,—that den of inhuman murderers,—the other to oppose the Indians who may be disposed to strike and even to march to their towns, together with erecting a strong fortress at the junction of the Ohio and the Mississippi, (observing to have the countenance of the Spaniards in the matter,) with other intermediate forts on the Ohio; while a strong army is poured into the heart of Canada from the Northward to oppose the advances of those who may be sent into St. Lawrence. For assuredly the grand scheme is to take possession of that country and turn the Canadians and Indians upon us; and those movements at present on our coasts are merely to amuse, while they can secure Canada and Nova Scotia, and then all their other efforts will be in a piratical way against our trade. For this purpose I suppose they will fortify some Islands,—particularly that of Kent in the bay of Chesapeake, besides Gwinn's, just now possessed by them. Men will enter into this service with alacrity and without bounty. They may be mostly discharged by Christmas, or much sooner if found to be unnecessary.

This will be making one great and

useful effort, and will strike the Indians with terror. Would it not also be well to propose immediately a lasting and intimate union with those tribes on the West of the Ohio, by intermarriage? Stipulating a tract of land, not less than a thousand acres, to be given by them to any of our people that might enter into this connection, the title to be confirmed by Congress. This, operating with the present dispositions of the Delawares to civilization and the enjoyment of separate property, might have a good tendency. I have been told these people have been greatly alarmed by a refusal of Congress to confirm a title to the lands given to them by the six nations, and that the blame of such a refusal rested on Virginia. A great number of light broaches of silver should certainly be made without loss of time, they being a very agreeable cash to the Indians. A great many kinds of shells might also be wrought to advantage for their use. A coinage would furnish hard cash for the Canadians and other necessary uses. The plate for these purposes may surely be had from those who are well inclined to the cause; for the Continental Currency besides mines of silver may no doubt be found.

Pray excuse this trouble, as it proceeds from a warmth of zeal in the cause of my country.

—

FROM JOHN DALTON TO R. H. LEE.

*Alexandria, June 6, 1776.*

The sloop American Congress and her tender has been down the river more than fourteen days. The sloop Liberty falls down to day. I am afraid we shall not be able to get cannon from below for the gallees; we were in hopes of being supplied from some of those at Hampton. But as the Roebuck and fleet are now stationed at Gwinn's Island, we must apply to Mr. Hughes, whose guns are now said to turn out well, and as your board was so kind as to say you would use your intercession to procure them when necessary, we must now request your application to the Committee of Safety

in Maryland for two 18 pounders, to be sent to Georgetown for the two gallies. I believe he does not make above that size. We are told it is necessary to make application to that board, as Mr. Hughes had contracted with them for such a quantity which is not yet complied with. \* \* \* I am just informed of an agreeable piece of news, and am in hopes it will prove true. A Capt. Markham, inwards from Martinique, came up the bay without meeting anything to disturb him, fell in with the Roebuck off Rappahannock, who, he imagines, took him for one of his tenders. As she hoisted lanterns to her mizzen, the schooner paid the usual compliments with her sails and stole off into Rappahannock. She is said to have eighty bbls. powder, a quantity of arms and sulphur.

FROM WM. STEPTOE TO R. H. LEE, THEN IN  
YORK, PENN.

*Without date.*

Once more, my dear sir, Mrs. Lee looks up to you for your advice on the

enclosed. To be troubled with the salutation of your friends and acquaintances is a tax you must pay for great abilities and a benevolent heart. With respect to one part of Mr. Page's letter, I beg leave to observe, that when Tommy is once entered into the grammar school, he must continue there till he has gone regularly through that school. Now this, in all probability, may consume more time than may be thought necessary to spend on classical learning alone,—which appears to me to be the *means* rather than the object of knowledge. But this is entirely submitted to your better judgment. \* \* \* \* \*

Perhaps it may not be new to you that Gen. Nelson has £130,000 voted to raise and accoutre a regiment [of cavalry.] I fear it is but a *vote*. The patriotic Mr. B. is said secretly to be the General's adviser of the *Quomodo*, and probably had a principal hand in settling the *Quantum*; and though proverbially speaking, two heads are said to be better than one, yet in this instance I much question if it will hold good.

### A GREENWICH PENSIONER.

A Greenwich Pensioner is a sort of stranded marine animal, that the receding tide of life has left high and dry on the shore. He pines for his element like a sea bear, and misses his briny washings and wettings. What the ocean could not do, the land does; for it makes him sick. He cannot digest properly, unless his body is rolled and tumbled about like a barrel-churn. Terra firma, he thinks, is good enough to touch at for wood and water, but nothing more. There is no wind, he swears, ashore—every day of his life is a dead calm, a thing above all others he detests. He would like it better for an occasional earthquake. Walk he cannot, the ground being so still and steady that he is puzzled to keep his legs; and ride he will not, for he disdains a craft whose rudder is forward and not astern.

Inland scenery is his special aversion. He despises a tree "before the mast," and would give all the singing-birds in creation for a boatswain's whistle. He hates prospects, but enjoys retrospects. An old boat, a stray anchor, or a decayed mooring ring, will set him dreaming for hours. He splices sea and land ideas together. He reads of "shooting off a tie at Battersea," and it reminds him of a ball carrying away his own pig-tail. "Canvassing for a situation," recalls running with all sails set for a station at Aboukir. He has the advantage of our economists as to the "standard of value," knowing it to be the British ensign. The announcement of "an arrival of foreign vessels, with our ports open," claps him into a paradise of prize money; with Poll of the *Pint*. He wonders sometimes at "petitions to be discharged from the fleet," but sympathizes with those in the Marshalsea Court, as subject to a Sea Court Martial. Finally, try him even in the learned languages, by asking him for the meaning of "Georgius Rex," and he will answer, without hesitation, "The wrecks of the Royal George."—*Hood*.

## AREYTOS; OR, SONGS OF THE SOUTH.

BY ADRIAN BEAUFAIN.

## I.

## THE AMULET.

## I.

Here's a spell of Power I've wove,—  
 Woven at night in the moonlight pale;  
 It was wrought to rouse to a happy love,  
 And to cure a heart of its hapless ail;  
 Take it, and make it thine, I pray;  
 Bind its leaves to thy wounded heart:  
 Every pang it will steal away,  
 Every sorrow 'twill make depart!

## II.

More than this, when thy soul is sad,  
 A mystic pleasure 'twill quickly bring:  
 Winged Fancies, to make thee glad,  
 Fresh from the wizard's haunted spring:  
 'Twill make thy drooping eye to glow,  
 Bright with fresh hopes and youthful fire:  
 'Twill make thy bosom once more to know  
 The purple gush of its young desire!

## III.

Mine's the alchemist's charm, to give  
 To the withering heart all its motive powers;  
 To bid, with a voice of song, revive,  
 Every grace of thy youthful hours:  
 Buried treasures and banish'd joys,  
 What the Fate preys on evermore,—  
 And Hate pursues, and Time destroys,  
 Mine are the Powers that still restore.

## IV.

Then, if thine eyes would again behold,  
 The long-lost dear-one, too early blest;  
 The loved, that in living were never cold,  
 Won back again from their sainted rest;  
 Lo! as you lift your tearful eyes,  
 Softly-stooping, each starry wing,  
 Won, at a word, from the opening skies,  
 By the sacred force of the spell I bring!

## V.

Sovereign for hurt of heart this spell,  
 Woven by midnight in moonlight pale;  
 Strove the auspicious spirits well,  
 That its virtues of healing should never fail;



They taught me to rear that flower whose fruit,  
 Hath given me power the sad to free,  
 Whenever Love shall make mournful suit,  
 For Healing and Hope, to memory !

---

## II.

## "WHILE THE SILENT NIGHT."

## I.

While the silent night goes by,  
 And the winds have scarce a sigh,  
 And the hours seem not to move,  
 Do I think of thee, my love !

## II.

And the moonlight's on the hill,  
 And the voice of man is still,  
 Lonely, in our walks I rove,  
 And but think of thee, my love !

## III.

Star and shade recall thee now,  
 Gleams thy pale white maiden brow ;  
 Flash thy dark eyes through the grove,  
 With a gentle fear, my love !

## IV.

Walks thy spirit now with mine,  
 In the calm and sweet moonshine ?  
 Dost thou seek, in dreams, the grove,  
 Where I dream of thee, my love ?

---

## III.

## WOODLAND VESPERS.

## I.

Hark, as rises now the moon,  
 And the Star of Day declines,  
 Soaring with night's growing noon,  
 Hark, along yon mound of pines ;  
 Slowly sweet, the memories rise,  
 As of spirits born to sing,  
 Of the loves of earth and skies,  
 In the coming of the spring :  
 Jubilate !

## II.

Pleasures, born of faith and prayer ;  
 Dreams, from angel whispers caught ;

Memories pure and visions rare,—  
 Grow from memory to thought.  
 And, in diapason sweet,  
 How, together, do they rise,  
 Into music; joyous, meet,  
 For the peace in peaceful skies:  
 Jubilate!

## III.

Voices of the secret heart,  
 Mingling with the voice of groves;  
 Birds, that, with a natural art,  
 Sing together of their loves;  
 And so pure the happy strain,  
 Gushing from so sweet a spring,  
 That our hope grows young again,  
 With renewal of its wing:  
 Jubilate!

## IV.

Oh! the peace, that crowns the shade,  
 When the passion-fire's subdued,  
 Leave the soul, where once they sway'd,  
 To the careless solitude!  
 Not the wild delirium now,  
 That once fever'd heart and mind,  
 But a milder, gentler glow,  
 Leaving love and peace behind:  
 Jubilate!

## IV.

## SERENADER IMPLORES HIS MISTRESS TO AWAKEN.

SERENADE.—"*Awake! awake! dear lady.*"

## I.

Awake, awake, dear lady,  
 Nor lose these Eden hours,  
 For the moon grows bright in the balmy East,  
 With the homage of incense flowers:  
 The breeze, like a spirit-bird comes on,  
 O'er the crisp waves of the sea;  
 And a voice goes forth through the air, that soon,  
 Will well into melody!—  
 It is for thee, dear lady, 'tis for thee,  
 These murmurs rise and fall;—  
 With me they plead,—with me,  
 On love, and thee, they call:—  
 Wake from the sleep that brings  
 No rapture on its wings;—  
 Wake to delight that bears,  
 Its tribute in its tears!

## II.

Awake, awake, dear lady,  
 And hark the passionate song,  
 That, taught my love, in his fondest mood,  
 'Neath thy lattice I now prolong :  
 Oh ! let me not mourn a planet lost,  
 Nor longer thus cold delay to shine,  
 But, like a sweet star to the tempest tost,  
 Look down on this heart of mine !  
 It is for thee, dear lady,—'tis for thee,  
 These tribute flowers unfold ;  
 Stars shine, skies smile, winds murmur, all with me,  
 They murmur—'thou art cold.'—  
 Thine is the crowning part  
 That beauty seeks from heart ;  
 Thine the sweet boon to bless ;  
 And soothe the soul's distress.

## V.

## THE SERENADER BIDS HIS LADY "GOOD NIGHT."

## I.

Good night, dear love, while blessings,  
 Like vigil spirits, keep,  
 Around thy dreaming pillow,  
 Sweet watch above thy sleep :  
 May no rude vision rouse thee,  
 From fancies taught by mine !  
 But, be the dream that woos thee,  
 Pure as that heart of thine.  
 Good night, good night, dear lady,  
 Love's angels guard thy sleep !

## II.

Heart, that, forever gentle,  
 Ne'er knew the taint of sin ;  
 Eyes, that, like evening flowers,  
 Shut sun-set hues within ;  
 Lips, like the rose just budded,  
 That shines heaven's sweetest dew,—  
 Sleep, with no beauty clouded,  
 And with every feeling true !—  
 Good night, good night, dear lady,  
 Love's angels guard thy sleep !

## VI.

## "BE IT FOLLY OR FRENZY."

## I.

Be it folly, or frenzy, so sweet the delusion,  
 I would not for worlds it should cease to be so,

And great were the guilt of that busy intrusion,  
 Which would argue the folly or frenzy to show;  
 The world's but a painted deceit, and the pleasure,  
 The only true pleasure, 'tis left us to share,  
 Is found, when we shut our eyes to the measure,  
 So brimful and acrid, we drink of its care!

## II.

What better than frenzy the evil disguising,  
 If, mentally blinded, we see not one chain;  
 And the dream which beguiles us, predominant prizing,  
 Refuse to look down on our fetters of pain!  
 We see not the straw in the cell that receives us,  
 We feel not the scourge as it tortures us still,  
 We know not the guile in the heart which relieves us,  
 And fancy no evil, and suffer no ill!

## III.

Why waken the dreamer, when, bright to his vision,  
 Seems the life, that, on waking, his spirit deplores?  
 Why torture the soul, all whose dreams are elysian,  
 With the gloom of that reason which blackens all yours?  
 Call it folly or frenzy, but O! let my madness,  
 Escape without question; for my heart is at stake;  
 I dream, it may be, but the dream is all gladness,  
 All grateful, all glorious;—and why should I wake?

—

## VII.

## “FRIENDS ARE NIGH.”

## I.

Friends are nigh thee,—despair not,  
 Though fast in the despot's chain;  
 True, they may fly thee, but fear not,—  
 They'll surely return again!  
 Never more true the season,  
 Bringing its fruits and flowers,  
 Then, through fortunes most freezing,  
 Come these dear friends of ours!

## II.

Virtue can patiently languish,  
 Though under the scourge of pain,  
 When round its bed of anguish,  
 Glides a ministering train:  
 True, they are all hid from us,  
 Though waiting around they stand;  
 But they bring us an angel promise  
 Of happiest help at hand!

## III.

Though in chain and prison,  
 Valour and virtue sigh :  
 Yet a generous host arisen,  
 Are working in secret nigh ;—  
 Here's Courage and Faith, who lead 'em,  
 And they'll gnaw through the wall and chain ;  
 Aye, die, but they'll bring to freedom,  
 The comrade they love, again !

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## VIII.

## WHAT! AFTER LONG SEASON.

## I.

What, after long seasons of strife,  
 Where sorrows so thickly were strown,  
 That, through the wild storm which has troubled my life,  
 Thy love was the starlight alone!  
 To come with Expectancy's glow,  
 In the dream of a meeting with bliss,—  
 To hail such a shadow as darkens thy brow,  
 And a glance, O, ye Heavens, like this !

## II.

Oh ! how had the exile from home,  
 Been cheer'd by the dream of this hour ;  
 It succor'd his heart in the season of gloom,  
 The rich rainbow spanning the shower.  
 And I said to the tempest, rage on,—while the light  
 Of that promise attends me, in sorrow and strife,  
 All vainly your storms gather black on my sight,  
 Thy love is the star of my life !

## III.

Had I dream'd of such meeting, while far,  
 'Mid trial, temptation, unloved and alone,  
 One pang had been spared in that terrible war,  
 The worst that my bosom has known !  
 Thus the warrior who combats all day with the foe,  
 And singly the hope of his country defends,  
 In the moment of triumph receives the death-blow,  
 From the arm of the traitor, 'mid ranks of his friends.

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## IX.

## “FARE THEE WELL, SWEET RIVER !”

## I.

Now fare thee well, sweet river,  
 A long and last farewell ;  
 I am borne from thee, forever,  
 By another stream to dwell ;

But I feel, thus sadly roving,  
That, beneath the blessed sky,  
There is none so worthy loving,  
As the noble stream I fly !

## II.

Thou hast filled me with a beauty,  
Like a smile from the Most High ;  
Thou hast cheer'd me with a murmur,  
Still of music, melting by ;  
I have seen thee in thy glory,  
When the loved ones saw thee too ;  
But I see them now no longer,  
And to them, and thee, adieu !

## III.

Farewell, ye billowy waters,  
That still tell me of my youth,  
When every sight was gladness,  
When every song was truth ;  
Dark clouds have come about me,  
Thou, too, hast felt the change,  
And thy billows only flout me,  
With a murmur sad and strange !

## IV.

Yet, well my heart has loved thee,  
And it dearly loves thee still ;  
I cannot choose but love thee,  
Let me roam where'er I will ;  
Thou art still unto my spirit,  
Like a smile from the Most High ;  
Thou art still most worthy loving,  
Of all streams beneath the sky !

## X.

“ OH ! LINGER WE NOT.”

## I.

Oh ! linger we not, dear love, thus lonely  
Of the wide world the unwise ones only,  
When the buds and the blossoms persuade to fly ;  
When spring is beside us, with all her dower,  
Of bloom and beauty, and breeze and flower ;—  
And, merrily pour'd through the perfumed sky,  
Is the song of a thousand birds of pleasure,  
That woo to a thousand fields of treasure,—  
Love's fields, and the worlds of delight, that lie,  
Every where spread in the eye of the breeze,  
Deep in the forests, and out on the seas,  
By the blue lake and the billowy shore ;—



Wherever the soul may fly, and be free,  
 With none to mock, yet with *one* to see,—  
 One kindred soul, to requite, restore,  
 Bring back the lost rapture, the new to cherish,  
 While fresh-risen hopes, which shall never perish,  
 Persuade the glad spirit to seek no more !

## II.

Linger we not, while the storms pursue us ;—  
 Hasten we far, where the seasons woo us ;—  
 And let us unfold our mutual wings,  
 'Till we rest where the waters of Pacolet,  
 Murmur welcome, in song that for sweetness yet,  
 Surpasses the minstrel that sweetest sings !  
 I know the deep glens, and the fertile valleys,  
 And green brow'd hills, and such verdant alleys,  
 And the mountain runnels and secret springs !—  
 Oh ! dearest of all the young hearts, glowing  
 Where Steven's lordly waves are flowing,  
 Be this song of mine in thine ears a spell,  
 To win thee hence, ere the summer hours  
 Shall wither the leaf in thy maiden bowers,—  
 Make thy cheek pale, and thy bosom swell,  
 With a feverish thirst ;—which the mountain breeze,  
 By the foaming torrent, 'neath shadowing trees,  
 And with love to sing thee, alone shall quell !

## XI.

## BALLAD.—“THE SIGH THAT SAYS.”

## I.

The sigh that says our love is vain,  
 Would teach us not to sigh again,  
 But that it would not pain the less,  
 To part with such a sweet distress !

## II.

If this be true, 'tis not in vain,  
 We feed the fire, and nurse the pain ;  
 With hope of no success, but this,—  
 To keep the faith, not win the bliss !

## III.

We know that never more shall ours,  
 Be the sweet couch, we spread, of flowers ;  
 No more the fire, so dear below,  
 Shall warm the hearts that bade it glow !

## IV.

Yet, that the flowers are fresh and fair,  
Fed by fond smiles and heavenly air,  
That bright ascends the holy flame,  
That we may neither hope to claim;—

## V.

This is a rapture mid the wo,  
That soothes with sweetest overflow;  
And though our hopes bring no success,  
Nor you, nor I, would have them less!

## VI.

Nor you, nor I, though taught to know,  
That we may meet no more below,  
Would have that mournful passion gone,  
That leaves us two, yet made us one

## VII.

Within thy bosom still my shrine,  
I feel thy altar-place in mine;  
Our faith still bless'd by tendance sweet,  
Of love,—though we no more may meet!

—

## XII.

“NO! NEVER, THOUGH LOVED BE THE VOICE.”

## I.

No, never! though loved be the voice that upbraids me,  
And sad be the stigma that blackens my fame;  
Though malice assails, and tho' slander o'ershades me,  
And the lips that once worshipped, breathe nothing but blame;  
While thou, all unmoved, art relying as ever,  
And still keep'st thy faith, as in earlier days,  
My soul shall succumb to the destiny never,—  
I live in thy love, I am proud in thy praise!

## II.

Yet, were it not so, and wert thou not before me,  
Confiding and fond, as when blessing and blest,—  
Did thy smile shine not still, all the past to restore me,  
Bringing sunshine and calm to this desolate breast;  
I know not what else, in this life could sustain me,  
Thus blackened by slander, thus sinking in fame;—  
I live!—for thy bosom will never disdain me,  
I love!—for thy spirit has shared in my shame!

## THE LETTERS OF MOZIS ADDUMS TO BILLY IVVINS.

## SIXTH LETTER.

*Cockrun's galry. The Theater. The Smithsonian. Billyuds. Mr. Addums's first visit to the Pressydint.*

DEAR BILLY:

Billy, my sun, lemme giv you a pees uv advise. Ef uvver you git tanguld with a wummun, nuvver do you taik no tiem to entie no nots, nor ontangul nuthin; jes tar rite loos, and ef you cant tar loos, pull out yo nife and cut the Gorjun Not and travil. Put yo fingurs in yo yeers and heer nuthen shees got to say. Ef you dont, bi jing! you gone, certin.

I kep on a bodin like a fool at the Mintzpi, the konsequence uv which ware dezastus in the ixtream. Me and Miz Hanscum—but nuvver you mine a bout I and she. But tware verriplesint thare at the Mintzpi. In during uv them days, cum two marrid ladis thar, the bewtifulist in the wirl. Ethur was anuf to nock a man down with thare luvly boddy and mine, and both together was more'n anuf. In adishin uv them, cum a littil Trungil, sister uv Miss Saludy, and she were one uv them ingajin verietiy uv gearl that draws you like a mustud plarstur or a wagun and teem. Cum, furthermo, a littil gal from Indanner, like a hed uv white clovur, she were so far to look apun and so sweet!

I tell you, Billy, we all had fine tiems. Havin plunjd into fashnubbil life, I went on down in the vawtix and kep on down, fergitting uv myskeam, fergitting uv everything. Sech is the way in Washintun, whar peepil, stid uv tendin too thar bizniss, goes to spendin uv munny and injoin uv themself like the wild. What with eatin and a drinkin and a smokin uv segars, and a goin to Kongis, and to the Patint Offis, the Theater, the Smithsonian, and Cockrun's galry, it ware gloyus. Time floo, and ixpensis ware hevvy.

This heer Cockrun's galry gits its naim from a white marvel gal, rite start bodily nakid, standin on a velvit stump in the fer eend uv a room filled with paintid pickchers. It's mighty pritty, Billy, mighty pritty; and I reckin a bout the

best formdid gal in Emerriky. I wisht I cood a seen her drest fur a Hop, and seen her set down and talk. I jedge sheed a made a impreshin.

A Hop, Billy, air a danse they has every nite in the parlors uv the big tavans. Oans, a roscul! carrid me the fust tiem to wun at the Mintzpi Hous, and bleevin what he tole me, and he dooin uv the saim, thar we went a hoppin round the room like a cupple mainyaks, stid uv dansin as we ought to. Nuver did I heer peepil laf so senst I wer born.

The Smithsonian, whar the Cluk uv the Wether livs, with his insterments to mezure the ar and the wrain an tellin uv a hot day from a cole wun, you goes to to heer lecktchurs on vayus subjicks. Lecktchur air a kind uv sermun without enny trimmins, no tex, no singin uv hims or prars or docksollygis. I heer a man thar lectchur which he had bin to the Noth Pole and staid thar two year. Oans sais he sed the Noth Pole ware a simmun tree full uv peckerwood nesses, but I dident heer him say so. Then agin, peepil goes to the Smithsonian for no resin at all, excep twuz to nock roun and look at a room full uv potrits uv Injuna. And I ubservd it fer a cuyus fac that the peepil what goes to this bildin in the day time, when thar aint no lecktchurs, is ginerully a yung man and lady, which luvs mitely to be by themself, and the yung lady is alwais verry moddis, warrin uv a vale and turnin uv her hed so you nuvver kin see her fais. And I ubservd the saim uv yung men and ladis, goin in pars and wandrin round in the seller uv the Capitul.

At the Theatur thar is fo kind uv plays. Thar's Trajiddy, and Kommedy, and Fars, and Ballay. You've see a littil nigger, when he thot no boddy wasnt a notesin uv him, snatch a sweet tater out'n the ashes and run roun the chimbly and goes to gobblin uv it up quick befo sumboddy

cums and ketch him. You've see how he blewd and suckd and puft and swet and akrude his feecheurs and popt his eye, caus the tater is so hot. Well, that's Trajiddy—that's the way the main man, which ginerilly gits killd, duz, and peepil sais it's verry fine.

You've see a self-cunseetid, nonsensical po gal jes frum skool, cummin fer the fust time to a littil gethrin, a candy pul-lin or the like uv that. Two or three bows gits to runnin on to her, and you've see how she riggils and twisses and lafs and lafs and lafs at nuthin at all. That's Kommedy, and the main wummun duz izzackly that way, which ameuzis the peepil verry mutch.

As fer Fars, that's a kind uv short Kommedy, a boundin fer the mose part, ef my reckollechshin surves me, in nas-ness uv idee and speach. Sum uv um is pritty funny tho.

But the Ballay takes um all down. Dingd ef it dont beet my time. Ballay is dansin on the stage, and sich dansin! I'll be blamed ef uvver I see or dreemd uv. I went to the fust wun with Oans, which sed we must git seets neer the stage, rite by the pen whar the fiddlurs and men blowin on the French horn and beetin uv drums—all uv which is called Orkistar—sets. The lady that was goin to doo the best dansin were naimed Seen-yo-eeen-er Rollar. She were a bewtiful black-har'd Spannish lady, and soon arfter we set down, and the music had playd and the curtin rolld up, she cum out like nuthin you uvver imajind. Magniffy-sent, Billy, with a par uv wings to her nakid shoaldurs. Her frock were span-gild with dimunds, it were white is a clowd and fine is a fog, and I wisht I may be dernd ef it cum to her knees. I skeers-ly no what I shell call them things in a lady which I shell call laags in a man, but whatuvver they is, in her cais they was splendid. eakul amost to them thar uv Cockrun's marvel gal, and makin the cole chills run over you to look at um.

Well, in, she went a skippin and a hop-pin and a pirootin aroun on the flatfom uv the stage, like a hummin berd, and pritty soon she cum rite in frunt uv me cleen to the edge uv the stage, facin uv

the congegashun, and shot her foot rite smack up to the seelin. Ef you had a stobd a derk thoo and thoo my hart, it coodint uv jumpt no mo than when she dun it. I leetil mo to faintid. Oans he lafft rite out, and the congegashun hor-rawd and clapt, and stompt like the few-ry. She kep on a dooin uv it, and a fello drest tite is his skin cum out and flung her over his hed and dun I dunno what all, and the peepil hoorawin and a goin on wuss than befo.

I were so shamed I darsent hardly look up, but the ladis and gentilmen blongin to the first famlis uv Washintun hily ap-pruved uv it all. You kin jedge uv yo oan kunclushins in the case what must be the nacher of Washintun sosiety.

In addishin to these heer amewsmints, the men peepil uv Washintun have a way uv a spendin uv thar spar tiem in the day that is verry kuyus. It is a playin uv a gaim by the naim uv the gaim uv bill-yuds. They takes a tremendus pianner and takes out all the insides—the music fixins—and kivers the hole top uv it with a green cloth, makin a big tabil uv it, with the edges of the tabil turnd up like the edges of a stew pan. At every wun uv the cornders and in the middle uv the two long sides uv the tabil is put a retty-kewl, makin uv six rettykewls in all. On the tabil thar is fo balls, too white and too wred. One uv the white balls is got a fly spec on it, which fer the resin they calls it a black ball. The felloes that's a goin to play, taiks in thar hand a white-oke whip staff without enny thong at all, but havin the eend uv it pintid with a lit-til pees uv soul lether a bout the sise uv a ten sent pees. These heer whip staffs is called Qs. Each fello taiks his Q, chorks the soul lether on the eend uv it, and perseeds to job the balls at wun nu-ther and into the rettykewls on the sides and cornders uv the tabil. Over the tabil a passel uv white and black nutmegs is strung on a wier to count the game. A nigger stands by with a pole havin a fid-dle bridge stuck to wun eend uv it, to snatch the balls out uv the rettykewls and put um back on the tabil and keep the gaim with the nutmegs. And, wood you bleeve it, Billy? the peepil uv Wash-

intun play at this fool game all day and all nite! You may talk a bout the igronunce uv kuntry foax, but I'll swar they aint to be cumpard with toun peepil.

I shell now tell you uv my ferst vissit to the Pressydint, which happind sum tiem ago, but I has bin rather techy on the subje and thot I wooddint tell you nuvver. But I will.

You see in prosekewtin uv my mane desine in cummin heer, I maid cute inkwiris rellatif to my skeam, and cunclew-did from what I heerd, it were best to go rite too the fountin hed, that is the Pressydint, Mr. Wilyum Cannon himself. I had sum konversashin with Oans on this pint.

S'e. "Is it a matter uv mutch impawtense?"

S'I. "Uv the utmus."

S'e. "Then yo bess way will be to sea the Pressydint privitly. I kin manidge it verry eazily fer you."

S'I. "I shell be a thousun tiems a bleegd to you."

S'e. "Not at all."

So that verry nite we drest up cleen and startid. Stid uv goin up the Avnew, we went down in the dreckshun uv the Captul.

S'I. "You goin rong."

S'e. "No. We inten sean uv the Pressydint privitly, you kno. Uv koas we dont go to the White Hous whar evvry boddy goes, but we gits to see him privitly at the dwellin uv a fren uv his whar he goes uv a nite on speshil bizniss."

We went on down by Broun's Tavun and the Gnashnal, and I reckin twuz a squar futher. Thar we went in a opin passidge and up a par uv steps, and the fust thing I kno we cum to a iun dough.

"Thunderashin!" I sais, "what's this!"

"This ar a iun dough," sais Oans, "to keep the No Nuthins and Plug Uglis from a cummin in heer and a killin uv him."

"Jess so," I sais. "Consoun thar soles! I'd like too sea um try it while I'm heer."

Thar were a roap with a tossil to the eend uv it hangin by the dough which Oans ketcht it and wringd a bell inside. Then a leetil Veneshin blind in the middle uv the dough slatcht opin, a fello

looked thoo it and seein it were Oans opined the iun dough and we walkt in. Rite into the mos bewtifull poller, Billy, you uvver sea, full uv splendid fernicher, paintins uv the Possils and Marters, and a lady huggin uv a tollibly nakid baby, a heap mo things, and sum sevril gentilmun a reedin uv newspaperurs.

S'I, trimblin, "Whar is he?"

S'e. "In the nex room."

I lookt and thar wuz another poller, prettier then the ferst, with a heap mo pictchers, splendid lookinglassis, and enny quantity uv gentilmun settin roun a tabil whar thar were another gentilmun doin uv sumthin I coodin sea. Up over the hed uv the gentilmun behine the tabil wer a paintin uv a temendus Tiger, and I notist arfterwuds thar wer a Tiger paintid on the carpit uv both pollers.

Oans seein me lookin at the Tiger sais.

"This hous are the privit rezidints uv the Minister uv Bengall, and that's why hees got the pictcher uv the Tiger, becaws the Tiger ar the emblim uv the Bengall peepil jes like the Egil is the emblim uv the Emerrykin peepil."

"To be sho," sais I, "but," I sais, "aint thar a mighty heap uv seegar smoke here? and I heer a powful rattlin goin on at that ar tabil and I think I distinguisht the soun uv a oath."

"Oh!" he sais, "the Minnister uv Bengall is a fine fello and lets evvry boddy do is they please."

"Rite whar the Pressydint is?"

"Serting, the Pressydint dont keer."

"But," I sais, "who's that littil ball-heddid yaller man in the jump-jackit, standin thar? Pears like hees waitin on sumboddy."

S'e. "That's a verry distinguisht man. That's Dred Scot, the Envoy Extrawdinary and Plennypotencherry from Sain Dominger, that the Spreame Kote made sich a fuss a bout."

S'I. "I think I has heerd the naim befo. He aint white tho, Oans."

S'e. "Sertny not. Hees a Dommy-nicker man."

"But he wasnt speckild, Billy; he were regler yaller, like enny mlatter."

Oans maid me taik a seegar, and took me to a side bode whar thar wuz evvry

sort uv licker set out, and giv me a drink uv prime whiskey, and then we took cheers by the fier and smoakt. I listened good, and I dont think I uvverheard sich swarrin in the necks room in my life ixcept in ole Swomplanzis room that nite, when the yung Kongrismen Joans and Bosin was thar. I told you uv it, Billy. Then thar wer a kontinyul rattlin and a rattlin.

The man a settin behine the tabil would say, "Awl reddy?" "Awl set?" and then sech anuther goin on, goodness! One fello sais "Hold!" anuther sais "Hold yo hosses." "Dont tern," sais another. "Take them red wuns out'n the pot and put um behine the tray." "Let *them* run to the dewes." And they kep a rattlin and a rattlin. A fello sais "Roll," anuther sais "Rip um, dam um."

Then they all shet up, and a minnit arfter cummenst a cussin werse than uvver.

"Bi G—d, I raked him fo and aft." "Took him, dam him." "Well, I fell fer menny a skad." "That's a dam sweet Jack, aint it?" "Yes, a h—ll uv a Jack." "I've bin a buckin aginst the—thing all nite, and d— me ef he aint took me evry tiem." "I tole you so; noboddy but a — fool woud a kep on when he seen um runnin wun way all the tiem." "Well, I dont want nun uv yo advise," and so on, and so on, and sich a rattlin and a rattlin.

I sais to Oans,

"In the naim uv cents whut's the meenin uv this heer rackit?"

"Oh!" he sais, "that's nuthin but diplomesy."

Which he ixplained diplomesy to meen the quorlin uv grate men when they tries the destiney uv nashins with keards."

"Well," S'I, "whoos the man behine the tabil?"

"That's Mister Dealer."

"Yes, I heerd um call him Mr. Dealer, but whoos Mr. Dealer?"

"The Minnister from Bengall, uv koas."

Well, he *hav* a forrin look," I sais.

Then he tole me the naims uv all uv um, but when I assd him to interjuiceme to the Pressydint, he tole me to wait til

the diplomesy ware over. I assd him then to pint him out to me, and he pintid at him, but I cooddint see him owin to the crowd, which kep increesin, tho sum went out okashinally. The cussin and the swarrin and the smokein went on at the tabil.

Presintly ole Mr. Dred Scot cum in with a yung persin that sertny ware a nigger, tho Oans swo he wuz a Injun Prints from Centril Emerryky, (enny how he had wooly har,) and Dred Scot he tole um supper ware reddy. Immejitly most uv um quit thar diplomesy and went in a fer room back. Sum remaned at the tabil with Mr. Dealer from Bengall. I wuz a wotchin uv um goin in to supper, when Oans he techt my arm and sais,

"Thar he is; dont let him see you a lookin at him."

And thar he set, Billy, the Cheef Majistrait uv the Yunitid Staits, which I thought his har ware gray, but twuz blac, died, Oans sed, fer an evenin party, a powful, dark cumplected man, imposin in apeerince, a settin in a cheer a reedin uv a paper.

Fergittin uv what Oans tole me, I stard at him like ennything, and he kiecht me. When he walled his great big blac eyes at me, Billy, I ware reddy to giv rite up, thar wer sumthin so overpowrin in the idee uv bein lookt at by a Pressydint, I coodn keep my eyes offen him, and, seein what a fool I ware, he got up and cum rite at me. I were goin to run, but Oans hilt me.

Sais he, in the plesint vois uv affability and a smilin at the saim tiem. Sais he,

"Wont you walk in and take supper? You'll find a verry good supper in the necks room. Walk in."

S'I. "I'm a thousin tiems ableeged, but ef you'll please to ixcuse me sir, I aint hongry."

"Well," he sais, "walk in with yo fren and taik a cup uv coffee, a glass uv wine, or you and your fren kin taik sumthin here at the side-bode."

Oans he farly pulld me away. I didnt wanten go a tall, the Pressydint he talkt so frenly, and then agin I deside to see him on privit bizniss, you kno, but Oans



he sed it ware kuntrary to ettyket to see him on privit bizniss befo we eet.

Well, sir, we went inter suppur, and by the livins! they had thar mighty nigh evry thing that uvver went doun the nake uv man—beef, muttin, vensin, ham, terky, dux (uv a kine they calls canvis bax,) fousls, oshters, homny, pesurves, pickil, vayus kines uv bred, inclewding uv buck-wheetcakes and waffuls, selry, plums, am-muns, filbutts, and evrything in the werld to drink, from tee up to the squirtin kine uv wine they call shampagne. The diplo-mesy men, sum uv hoom lookt like I had seen um befo in Kongiss, was a talkin uv pollytix, cussin and eetin like the devvil, and me and Oans jes wadid rite in and eet and drink the squirtin wine tel we like to bustid. Nuvver did I injoy sech a meel befo, the memry uv it lingers with me evin yit.

Arfter supper, feelin fine and fred uv nuthin, I walkt up to Mr. Dred Scot, the yaller Dommynicker man, and tole him I wantid to sea the ole man privitly. I calld the Pressydint the “ole man,” jes to show Scot how I warnt no strainger in the plas and felt apun turms uv equality with enny man.

Scot he sed the ole man ware gone to bed—retide for the nite, and Oans he cummin up about that tiem giv the Envoy Ixstrawdinnerry from Sain Dominger a quarter, and what astonisht me, he took it, and sed we must “call agin.” And we left without me seein uv the Pressydint in privit a tall. But I ware glad to hav see him enny way, becaws he perduced a favable impreshin upun me. He ware sertny verry amebil and perlite.

Yose constuntly,

MOZIS ADDUMS.

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## SOMEBODY AND I.

BY AMIN.

We will build a fairy grot,  
In some clime unknown—  
On a lovelier, sweeter spot  
Sun hath never shone.  
While its marvellous beauty lies  
Veiled from other eye,  
We will name it, Paradise,  
Somebody and I.

All secure from mortal sight,  
We will rear its wall,  
Though around, in tides of light,  
Day's full splendours fall.  
None shall mark our labours blest,  
None the art descry,  
While we build our dainty nest,  
Somebody and I.

By some rare and perfect rule,  
Shall each part be wrought,  
Pure and bright and beautiful  
As an angel's thought.

Fadeless as the bliss divine  
Of white souls on high,  
Shall the bower be we will twine,  
Somebody and I.

Something gold hath never bought  
Shall inlay its floors—  
Music lips have never caught  
Linger round the doors,  
Odours from immortal blooms  
Shall go drifting by,  
While we pace the charmed rooms,  
Somebody and I.

Softly shall the light be thrown  
Through the lattice-bars,  
Rich as sunset, overshone  
By the saintly stars—  
Lattice-bars like amber clear  
Viewed against the sky,  
In the dwelling we will rear,  
Somebody and I.

Roses swinging to and fro  
In and out the sun,  
Shall with visible music show  
How the moments run.  
Sound of bird, and harp and wing,  
And the wind's low sigh,  
Shall melodious murmurs bring  
Somebody and I.

Seeking it were labour lost—  
Vain all search shall be,  
As to find a jewel tossed  
Down the foaming sea.  
To its sacred, hidden gate,  
Entrance none may buy—  
We will glide therein elate,  
Somebody and I.

Be it 'mid the silver sands  
Of some floating star—  
Be it in celestial lands,  
Viewless, or afar—  
Be it in some distant hour  
Dear hour, far or nigh,  
We will build this Eden-bower  
Somebody and I.

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## THE PORTFOLIO OF A RAMBLER IN VIRGINIA.

## I.

## M. CASTILLE DE ST. JACQUES.

Monsieur Castille de St. Jacques is a Frenchman, and an exile. He is eighty-five years old. He is a curiosity. Like Ulysses, he has seen many "cities of men and manners, climates, councils, governments;" he might add, with the sage of Ithaca—

. . . . "All times I have enjoyed  
Greatly, have suffered greatly: both with  
those  
Who loved me, and alone; on shore, and  
when,  
Through scudding drifts, the rainy Hyades  
Vex'd the dim sea." . . . .

If he has not "drunk delight of battle with his peers, far on the ringing plains, of windy Troy," he has, at least, upon the battle fields of Europe, when following the "grand Napoleon" he saw the Austrian double eagle go down often before the rush of the French squadrons, and the advance of the "Old Guard." Monsieur Castille is quite a study—more especially in person. He is very short of stature, with grey hair thinly curling around his temples—stooping shoulders—and keen eyes. On his arm are innumerable scars of sabre wounds:—upon his knee may be seen the complete impression of a horse-shoe, stamped there one day when the galloping cavalry of the enemy swept over him, like a whirlwind of the tropics. One side of his head has been sliced away. He tells how this happened. In a charge, he encountered a powerful opponent who overmatched him. His enemy's sabre descended like lightening on his tall "shako" or grenadier's cap, and cut it in two. He dropped the bridle, and fell from his wild and frightened animal, who disappeared, leaving his master beneath the trampling hoofs of the enemy. But Monsieur Castille chanced, like most Frenchmen, to be literary. In his capacious shako he carried numerous volumes to beguile the long hours of the bivouac—

among the rest the works of the philosopher Condillac. This saved his life. The sabre nearly severed the volume—and Monsieur Castille was only wounded and stunned. Those night birds who follow like vultures, in the rear of armies to despoil the fallen, stripped his dead body as they supposed, and hurled it into a ditch. After the battle, a Flemish peasant woman came by, and hearing him groan, came to his assistance. She brought clothes to him; dressed his wounds, and nursed him until he recovered, in her own cottage. He has still a little "housewife" which she gave him. He calls her *mon ange*.

Monsieur Castille fences like the Admirable Crichton, and speaks ten languages, including the Russian, which sounds like the grunt of an unamiable hog. He made the acquaintance of the Russians in 1812, when the grand Napoleon went to call on them at Moscow—on which occasion the barbarians, with their rough courtesy, made a great bonfire to welcome their celebrated guest. When he speaks of the Russians, Monsieur Castille says, "*Scar-r-r-e!*"

At eighty-five, Monsieur Castille preserves the gaiety of a boy, and the *esprit* of his youth, and his nation. His remarks are sometimes "painfully French," and occasion some blushes among the ladies, at which he is often observed to smile.

When Monsieur Castille speaks of the great Napoleon, his face flushes,—he gesticulates violently, with flashing eyes—he fights his battles over again—with a hundred exclamations, cries and apostrophes. His thin frame quivers—his white hair is agitated—his keen eyes dart flames of fire, as he confronts in imagination once again the enemies of *la France*. Anon he sighs—he smiles—he tells of his adventures with a gay nonchalance; he relates an historic anecdote—the saying of some celebrated personage; he thrums on his chair, and with stooping shoulders, dreams of the Past.

He has been an exile for forty years. A Virginian would have become cynical

and bitter :—an Englishman a confirmed misanthrope. Away from home and friends and kindred—at eighty-five, without means, in a foreign land—the philosophic Monsieur Castille de St. Jacques, still tells his joke, and dances, and jumps thrice over a rope whirled over his head before he alights and pays *les dames* his compliments,—and laughs and sings. Monsieur Castille de St. Jacques is a Frenchman.

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## II.

## THE THREE RECLUSES.

In the neighbourhood lived three elderly ladies, whose life presents a singular and impressive contrast to that of the world which roars around them. They live in a log house, buried in a wood, and approached only by a narrow footpath, winding through the heavy brushwood of some swampy low-grounds.

The worthy dames seem respectively seventy, seventy-five, and eighty years of age. For nearly half a century, if ever, they have not passed beyond the boundaries of the forest, or out of sight of their house. They produce all that they need,—spinning the wool of which their clothes are woven; they live on another planet as it were. The house is large, low, and comfortable, though plain to rudeness. The chimney is of logs built up on the outside—a great stone supplies a back to the fire-place. This fire-place is about eight feet wide, and seats are constructed *within it*, on each side. In the chimney hang bacon fitches, which are thus economically and sufficiently smoked.

The worthy dames are exceedingly pious and respectable. They sing and pray, and live their life. Do not ask them who is President—they cannot tell you. General Washington, perhaps; but, no, they suppose not. He must be dead by now—it was a long time ago when they heard of him. “Did they ever travel on a railroad?” A railroad? They don’t rightly understand what a railroad is. You cease your enquiries.

Persons travel to far distant lands to find primitive and singular exhibitions of human nature. It is not necessary. In the rural districts of Virginia, as in other States, you may discover as strange characters as elsewhere in the whole wide world. Here in the middle of a country which is in the heart of Eastern Virginia—where civilization and social elegance has had a perfect foothold for a century and a half—here, live these three ladies, beyond the pale of society,—as secluded and unmindful of the doings of the outer world as if they spent their tranquil and contented existence upon some island buried in the unexplored and unknown tracts of the Indian Ocean.

It is a strange emotion which you experience, in looking at, and talking to them. They are pictures. The snows of age have descended on their thin hair—wrinkles furrow their brows—the light of their eyes is dimmed. But they are not aware of any change. A looking-glass has never entered the log house. They gaze at you calmly with their tranquil eyes—answer you with the most amiable courtesy; but your visit is evidently a matter of indifference. You belong to what you call *the world*—they do not even know what the world means. They are self-contained: know only each other. They live contented, and nurse each other when they are sick,—and “watch and pray” as they were taught in their girlhood. Buried in the depths of the pine forest, they know nothing of and care as little for, the world, with which they have no concern. Let the philosopher declare whether they are happy or miserable. For myself, I think that they are happy.

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## III.

## THE BLOODY HAND.

Two or three terrible tragedies have stamped the “bloody hand” upon this neighbourhood of late. They are quite equal to the most diabolical instances to be found in the *Crimes Célèbres*. Victor Hugo, or Balzac, or Dumas would have

made one of them the ground-work of a romance in twenty volumes: dissecting the diseased and satanic hearts of the personages: following the steps by which they approached stealthily the point of murder: and gloating over the fiendish particulars. I have no intention of presenting any such picture—having fortunately, or unfortunately as the case may be, very slight admiration for the French school of romance. I shall simply and very briefly narrate one of the crimes which have lately made everybody shudder.

Ephraim Gaunt, a man of property and position, lived on a secluded plantation with his mother and his sister Jaël. The property had been left by their father to the brother and sister, to be equally divided. The mother was to live with them during her life-time. She was an inoffensive old lady, and does not seem to have been in any manner connected with the tragedy which afterwards occurred.

Ephraim Gaunt was a man of about twenty-five, short, light-haired, and not unamiable. He treated the negroes on his estate with very great kindness and leniency, according them permission to cultivate separate "patches" for themselves—and on one occasion when a gentleman wished to buy some corn of him, he declared that he had none himself, but his negroes had, and might sell it. When excited, however, Gaunt seems to have been dangerous, and much feared by the servants. But, generally speaking, he was an amiable man and an indulgent master.

His sister Jaël was quite different. She was an unmarried woman of thirty or thirty-five—of dark and stern physiognomy, black glittering eyes, and raven hair, generally hanging uncombed in disordered elflocks upon her shoulders. She bore no bad resemblance at certain times to the dead tragedienne, Rachel: her black eyes glittered in her pale sallow face; her lip was habitually sour or sneering; she might have been taken as the incarnation of the *lamia*—the woman serpent, of the Italian poets. But to come to the tragedy in which these two persons were the chief actors.

Between the brother and sister had slowly grown up, with the passing years, a profound mutual dislike. This sentiment, from small beginnings, came at last to be a bitter hatred. Constant bickerings resounded in the house, and criminations were met by recriminations on both sides, until the spirit of murder was born: day by day it was nurtured. The woman Jaël demanded of her brother her part of the property—he denied her right to claim it, and charged her with stealing his title deeds:—these were afterwards found in her chest in an out-house. But she declared that *he* had put them there to convict her of the charge.

The fourth act of the drama ended by Gaunt's driving his sister from the house. *She resorted to the quarters of the negroes*, where she remained for months, not returning to the mansion house, but associating with the negroes—sleeping on the floor of the "quarters" by their side; brooding over her wrongs, and revolving projects of righting or avenging herself.

The catastrophe came rapidly. Gaunt was sitting at supper—his mother lying on a couch opposite—when a dark figure appeared at the window; the muzzle of a gun touched the glass, and the piece was instantly discharged. Gaunt fell forward, nearly torn to pieces by the heavy slugs with which the gun had been loaded—and died almost instantly.

The alarm was immediately given by Mrs. Gaunt,—and a posse of the neighbourhood hastening to the place, the whole household were arrested and committed to jail. Mrs. Gaunt was, however, discharged immediately: the woman Jaël and three negroes were held to await their trial for murder.

The trial duly took place; Jaël was discharged for want of evidence: the three negroes were hanged two days since.

The woman Jaël declared that she had no part at all in the crime—that, on the contrary, her brother had frequently threatened to murder her: that on one occasion she was standing at night in the door of the house, when he or some one fired at her from the darkness—the charge

passing through her clothes. He had deprived her of her rights, she said, and driven her from the house. Unhappily her character did not support these declarations of the treatment received from the dead man.

The negroes when arrested denied all knowledge of the murder. When, however, it was brought home to them all with the utmost distinctness—the fact that they had even dug a grave to receive the body, in a remote and secluded portion of the forest: and when they were sentenced to death, they confessed their guilt, and what had impelled them to it.

They declared that they always knew that their master or his sister would, one of them, kill the other: and they thought that in the event of *his* death, they would have an extremely easy time. The charge of promiscuous association with the negroes, on the woman's part, was terribly significant in its bearing on this statement. The condemned added that Jaël had more than once urged them to murder her brother, but they had always been afraid: that, finally, she offered them one thousand dollars if they would "do the deed." The ringleader thereupon yielded—procured the gun in town, whither he was accustomed to go daily in his market-cart with vegetables; and digging, with the assistance of his accomplices, the hidden grave in the woods, waited for his opportunity. It came, and he committed the murder, being instigated and impelled thereto, he declared, by the sister. As I have said, the three men were hung two days ago: the woman Jaël, against whom there is no evidence, goes free.

The particulars here given go to make up, what seems to me, as revolting a tragedy as any in the annals of crime. On the hypothesis of this woman's guilt—and the facts seem to bring it home conclusively to her—*Lucretia Borgia* was her veritable sister. The Italian's "methods" were more silent and subtle—but not less sure.

This is but one of a thousand tragedies which, from time to time, appear before the public gaze, from the sombre depths of remote forests—writhing like

loathsome and disgusting reptiles from congenial darkness into the dazzling sunlight illumining for the first time their hideous deformity.

#### IV.

##### ANOTHER LEAF FROM THE CRIMES CELEBRES.

Shall I relate still another? I am assured that it is actually true; and I think that it even exceeds, in bloody atrocity, the one just narrated.

In a country house in a neighbouring county, resided a woman, her two daughters, and two sons—five in all. They were of the humblest class; but nothing to their prejudice had ever been whispered even: and they lived in their secluded log mansion, contented and happy. The sons laboured on the small patch of ground—the mother's knitting needle supplied its part; the daughters spun and wove the clothes of their brothers, their mother and themselves.

There was in the neighbourhood a young man of bad character, who had for a long time been paying his addresses to one of the daughters. These attentions were unfavourably received; and never in the slightest degree encouraged. At last they were discontinued. Perhaps some altercation had taken place between the suitor and the brothers of the girl; since the young man suddenly ceased visiting the family.

He remained away for a considerable time; and during this interval nothing at all was heard, or known of him. After events would seem to indicate that he was arranging the details of a diabolical revenge upon the young lady and her family; and perhaps had absented himself from the neighbourhood, in order to procure the means of accomplishing his purpose.

He reappeared at last, and with an affectation of good feeling requested that all their differences should be healed. His proposal was coldly received; but no one wished to quarrel with him, and accordingly, during the day which he spent at the house, every one treated him



with courtesy. As night drew on they expected him to return home, as the house contained but two bed rooms, in one of which slept the mother and her two daughters, while the two sons occupied the other.

The visitor, however, did not seem inclined to take his leave; and as the night drew on threateningly, solicited permission to remain until the morning. This permission was reluctantly accorded: and at an early hour the old lady and her daughters retired to the adjoining apartment: the three men remaining in the common room.

What follows is on the authority of the elder daughter—the object of the visitor's persecutions.

She says that she was aroused about midnight by a stealthy footstep in the adjoining room, and then heard a low, suppressed breathing, followed by a sound which resembled that of a cork carefully drawn from a bottle.

At first she imagined that she was dreaming; but again the stealthy step was heard: and mastered by curiosity and apprehension, she rose, and cautiously opened the door separating her from the other apartment.

At the sight which greeted her, she retreated a step, and uttered a low scream of horror. The young man was bending over the bed of the two brothers, with a vial in his hand,—which was afterwards found, and proved to have contained prussic acid, or some other subtle poison. Like the uncle of Hamlet, he was about to pour its contents into the ears of the sleepers.

The murderer was suddenly startled, however, by the low scream—he saw that his crime was discovered, and rushed upon the girl. With one bound she crossed the room—darted through the open door, and ran beneath the trees, of which there were a great number in the yard. Her pursuer, uttering a horrible oath, was close on her heels, and at one instant his hand almost grasped her night-clothes. But the heavy shadow saved her. She drew close to the trunk of a great tree, and he dashed by, thinking that she had continued her flight.

As soon as he disappeared in the darkness, she escaped in another direction; and gaining the house of a neighbour, gave the alarm.

Half a dozen men hurried to the place;—and here is the supreme horror of the narrative.

The mother, sister, and two brothers were all found dead in their beds! The murderer had done his work.

When search was made for him, he could nowhere be found:—and to this day no trace of his whereabouts have been discovered.

Such is the tragedy I heard related on the authority of two gentlemen of perfect credibility. And now where is the murderer? If his eye falls upon this page, in some far distant place, it will blanch his cheek—the King of Terror will clutch his heart-strings. Four pallid faces will rise up before him: like the murderer on Bosworth field, a shudder of despair will betray the ineffaceable recollection of his crime.

—  
V.

#### FIVE REMARKABLE TREES.

I have known many persons who experienced their greatest pleasure in the contemplation of natural curiosities—singular insects, or flowers, or animals—all that seems to diverge, as it were, from the general laws of the Universe.

For this class of readers I am about to briefly mention, some unusual phenomena in *trees*, which have lately attracted my attention—all within a circuit of a few miles.

I. The first is a decayed stump, and trunk—for it seems to have been felled many years ago—of a tree, whose species I have no means of discovering. The peculiarity is in the grain. Instead of running straight up and down, the grain in this tree runs *round* in a perfect *spiral*, and is divided in layers, about two inches wide. If a piece of tape, or several pieces, side by side, be wrapped around a common walking-stick, so as to cover it from top to bottom, this would present a

good idea of the manner in which the grain of this singular tree extends.

The ancients would have valued the strange problem, in the shortest and most satisfactory manner.

They would have declared that Hercules, or one of the Titans, had caught it in his powerful grasp, and endeavoured to *twist* it from the earth—but finding it too deeply rooted, left it standing. I am less fortunate than the *nil admirari* gentlemen of antiquity. I “give up” the puzzle of this strange tree—and beg an explanation from those of my friends who are never at a loss to discover the abstrusest problems.

II. The second is simply a picturesque object—not at all mysterious. It is an enormous pine, as huge as Satan’s spear, which, according to Milton, resembled “the mast of some tall Admiral.” Around this pine is *wrapped* in the most perfect manner, to a height of about thirty feet, another smaller pine. The serpent crushing the Laocoon in his terrible folds, was the precursor of these two more fraternal companions. What made them thus embrace—or rather, what induced the lesser to twine around the greater?

Never did slender dame clasp closer her warrior husband!

III. The third instance is truly a very singular one. I saw it yesterday. Around the decayed trunk of a wild-cherry tree, in the midst of the dense pine forest, grow a thronging multitude of cedar saplings, rising to the height of about fifteen feet. In the entire wood, I am assured by the owner, there had never been discovered a single additional cedar tree. The cedars throng as closely, and, as it were, as tumultuously around the cherry, as a flock of chickens do around the mother hen when the hawk appears, and she opens her wings to conceal them. They *crowd* around the cherry in the centre, and are seen in no other direction. By what possible accident—if accident could originate this—could they have come thither? It may be said that the neighbourhood of the wild-cherry is favourable to the cedar:—but there are *no* cedars, elsewhere, in the entire wood, I am informed.

IV. The fourth curiosity is a black-oak, an ash, a hickory and a gum tree, growing from the same stock, or so completely jammed together—their roots so perfectly intertwined—as to appear to grow from one stock. The oak and ash are large trees—the gum and hickory smaller.

V. The fifth is a tree of which no one in this part of the country knows anything. It belongs to no species known in Virginia; and this is the sole specimen which has ever been met with—at least by any person with whom I have conversed. It is of the medium height of forest trees—with a bark nearly smooth, thin boughs; and bears a small purple bell-shaped flower. It stands in a field which has no other tree in it—the trunk and boughs inclining toward the East. Did the germ come on some chance breeze, across the ocean, from the far Orient? Perhaps it remembers the bright sands and burning heavens of Syria, and stretches out its arms toward the ocean, which divides it from its native land and the friends of its youth—the “palms of Paradise.”

So much for these tree curiosities. I have stated briefly and plainly the impression derived from seeing them. I invite explanations of the phenomena from those who are skilled in the study of natural objects.

## VI.

### TRIFLES.

“But a good joke is *no trifle*.”

Two gentlemen from Virginia were travelling in a far distant land, some years ago; and after a long and exhausting journey, joyfully threw themselves upon their sylvan couch in the wilderness.

In the “dead and lonely watches of the night,” one of them was suddenly aroused by his companion—who shook him hurriedly and roughly by the shoulder.

He started up, and drawing a pistol from his belt, looked anxiously for the enemy whose approach had put an end to his slumbers. Nothing was visible,

however; and when his roving glance fell on the countenance of his companion, he perceived that the gentleman in question was smiling, and gazing at him with deep interest.

"Why in the world did you wake me, ——?" he asked, with a growl.

"Because," responded his companion with great cheerfulness, "I remembered that story I was trying all day to think of, about Squire Brown in Charlotte, my dear fellow! I knew if I went to sleep without telling you about it, I would forget it completely; and I could not find it in my heart to disappoint you. Squire Brown, you see, ——."

What Squire Brown performed was never, however, related. I prefer omitting the muttered observations of the aroused sleeper, as he sank again to rest—pursued by his smiling and persistent historian, even to the borders of slumber land.

The proceeding of the story-teller, here, has seemed to me, upon reflection, eminently reasonable and defensible. He that getteth a wife, we are told, getteth a good thing—and a good joke is also a "good thing" which should not be missed. In addition—is not the pursuit of an auditor, like that of knowledge, under difficulties, a spectacle of the first dignity and interest?

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A gentleman of lower Virginia, not long since, received a visit from an old friend, whom he had not seen for years. The meeting was mutually delightful; and the host begged his visitor to make free with everything he possessed, and use not the slightest ceremony.

"This is 'Liberty Hall,' recollect," he added, "and I hope you will send for anything you may possibly desire."

"With pleasure," was the reply; and on the same night, when he was about to retire, the guest bethought him of the urgent request.

"Have anything, sir?" asked the courteous young ebony who had carried up his candle.

"Well, yes," said the guest, "I would

like to have a *night-cap*; do you think you could get me one?"

The boy returned a ready assent, and disappeared. He remained absent a quarter of an hour, and then came back carrying, on a waiter, a lady's night-cap, of the most delicate material and covered with lace and frills, after the latest fashion.

Behind came the host.

"I'm glad you sent down, my dear friend," he said, "I don't wear night-caps myself, but my wife does, and that is one of her very nicest I believe."

He was interrupted by a burst of laughter: and the explanation quickly followed. The "night-cap" coveted by the guest was contained in a square bottle, whose acquaintance he had made at dinner:—and this was soon produced.

The lady enjoyed the joke as much as her husband, and still exhibits the night-cap, whose fashion was objected to by her guest.

—

A friend informs me that "Squire Rice," who gave the "treat" at which "Cousin Sally Dillard" was present, is an actual personage, and very worthy gentleman of East Tennessee: whom he has frequently met: and whose acquaintance he has the pleasure of enjoying. Who is the author of the history of Squire Rice's treat—of the doings of "My Wife," who acted in so foolish a manner,—and last, though not least, of "Cousin Sally Dillard," who so judiciously made use of the bridge across the stream? Does the production belong to the literature of Virginia or of Tennessee? I propound these enquiries to the critics.

—

A thousand anecdotes of John Randolph are related. The —— family were involved in some unpleasant difficulties with the Roanoke orator; and those of the name were so numerous, that when an altercation took place with one, it was apt to end in a collision with the entire class.

"They are like a pile of fish-hooks," said Randolph, joining his fore-finger and thumb, "if you try to raise one, you raise a hundred of them."

This trifle exhibits an actual instance of the peculiar plainness and point which characterized Mr. Randolph's illustrations. The listener followed the direction of his thin fore-finger, and seemed to look upon the images painted by a stroke of his trenchant wit.

● —

I shall terminate my idle sketches for to-day, with an incident or two related by the gentleman of Virginia, who aroused his friend, to tell him about Squire Brown of Charlotte.

"I was travelling," he said, "from India to the Isthmus of Suez, in the steamship 'Bombay.' We had some very amusing characters on board. Among the rest was a lady named Macgrith, whose husband was an exceedingly meek and unresisting little gentleman. His wife was a terrible tartar, and imposed upon him horribly. We used to go on deck before nine in the morning to take a shower bath, or smoke a cigar, or chat—only half dressed, as it was in the warm latitudes: and one morning Macgrith joined us there, and was prevailed upon to smoke. He had scarcely lit his cigar when a maid appeared and said:

"'Mistress wants to see you, sir.'

"Macgrith, with a most guilty look, obeyed: and as soon as he entered the cabin we heard, in a tone of fury:

"'You scamp! you wretch! Again with that odious cigar? Pray what do you mean, sir! Throw away that cigar! and take and dress the children!'

"We heard nothing more. Macgrith did not re-appear. On the same day the steamer paused for some hours at a port on the route, and Mrs. Macgrith went on shore to the hotel. I followed, and was lounging on the porch when the little man passed by me in a hurried way, and disappeared. He soon returned, however, with a bottle of porter, looking very anxious, and I asked if anything was the matter? He blushed very red, and at

last I discovered the secret. Mrs. Macgrith was unfortunately very much—intoxicated. I looked into her room and saw the lady staggering.

"He carried her the porter—poured it into the glass which she held—and turned to set down the bottle. As he did so, the excellent lady discharged the tumblerful into his face!

"But this was not the end of his tribulations. He had engaged a vehicle to convey himself and his family to the steamer; and into this vehicle the lady, now somewhat recovered, accordingly entered. Very naturally supposing that he might occupy one of the two or three vacant seats, the unfortunate Macgrith put his foot upon the step. In another instant he would have occupied the seat beside his dame. But, as Othello says—'Who can control his fate?'

"At the moment when he was between earth and sky—balanced on the steps—the lady lifted up her feet, both feet—drew back those ponderous battering-rams, and discharging them full in his breast, with a terrible display of chubby ankles and their continuations, sent him rolling on the ground.

"The last I saw of Macgrith he was standing on the wharf at Portsmouth—with a baby in his arms—holding another child by the hand—and carrying under his arm an umbrella, a basket, a paper package, a work-box, a fan, a muff, and a smelling bottle. I regarded him as a victim of matrimony."

Some amusing scenes occurred upon the same voyage. The weather was so warm that no one, not even the ladies, thought of sleeping between decks. They came to the upper deck; and one half was marked off for them: the other half reserved for the gentlemen. Scarcely a night passed without pillows flying from one side to the other of the line of separation—and in these battles the ladies seemed to enjoy themselves very much. At eight bells, or four in the morning, they were aroused by the cry that the force-pump was about to be put in operation to wash the deck; and one morning the lieutenant, as an excellent jest, started the pumps before the sleepers

were aroused. They rose screaming and flitted down in their night-dresses, mingling inextricably with the gentlemen.

But the most entertaining incident which attended the trip, was the midnight encounter between a young lady and a favourite monkey of the Captain's, called Jocko.

"It seems that two young girls, who slept just beyond the partition dividing the saloon from the state-rooms, had devised a plan to remain cool at night. The partition was of Venitian shutters, which could be opened without difficulty: and the plan was to turn the "wind-sail," or circular canvas funnel, passing through the roof of the saloon, and bringing the breeze into the hold—to turn this into the state-rooms.

"Accordingly, after every one had retired, the young ladies stole out into the saloon—opened the Venitians—and affixing the bottom of the wind-sail so that the breeze should pass directly above their berths, retired as they came.

"Some young officers, however, were sleeping, unseen, upon the couches of the saloon, and were awaked by the oppressive heat. Seeking to discover the origin of the phenomenon, they saw the wind-sail diverted from its proper functions, and debouching into the state-room. They at once understood the scheme of

the young ladies, and immediately thought of playing them a trick.

"They went out quietly—untied Jocko, the Captain's monkey, who was slumbering on deck, under the combined influences of a heavy supper, an excellent conscience, and a bottle of curaçoa which he had stolen—and then bearing the unfortunate Jocko to the top opening of the wind sail, precipitated him below.

"Jocko uttered cries of horrible affright, and vainly endeavoured to grasp the tight canvas and arrest his descent. He found it impossible, and rushing down as rapidly as lightning, threw himself into the outstretched arms of one of the young ladies who had started up in bed upon hearing his cries. An awful uproar arose in the state-rooms—Jocko and the young lady rolled to the floor, locked in each other's embraces—and in five minutes some hundreds of persons of both sexes, with and without night-caps, appeared upon the scene, supposing that the steamer was on fire.

"The unhappy Jocko was discovered, and I am sorry to say, soundly flogged. His roving propensities were supposed to have sent him on a voyage of discovery; and he suffered the penalty of misfortune, and misrepresentation.

"I nearly forgot to add that the young lady never liked to be asked what she thought of the embraces of a monkey."

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## THE GIFTS AND THE GIFTED.

A fair, young infant lay at rest  
 Upon its slumbering mother's breast.  
 The lady's face still wore the light  
 Of life's gay Summer warm and bright.  
 Tho' few her years, she was the wife  
 Of one whose soul was full of strife.  
 A haughty man—unsought, unknown,  
 Unloved by all, save her alone;  
 The pure, calm trust her spirit gave,  
 Was all he had, or cared to have.  
 She feared the sternness of his eye,  
 And loved him, scarcely knowing why,—  
 An orphan in her early days,  
 She seldom heard the voice of praise;

And tones of love, so wondrous seemed,  
That when *he* spoke, she almost deemed  
Him God-like—so her young heart grew,  
To love him much, yet fear him too.  
His lightest wish she tried to guess,  
To win his thanks was blessedness,  
And days of toil, she often passed  
Preparing some surprise, at last,  
That *he* might smile, that he might say,  
“I love you better ev’ry day.”

’Twas twilight hour—the silv’ry tune  
Of winds stirred by the breath of June,  
Laughed ’mid the flowers,—one glowing star  
Shone thro’ the other dim, afar,  
And gaily joined with light of glee  
Glad Nature’s Summer harmony.  
The vesper hymn of weary bird,  
Seeking its nest, was clearly heard  
In that sweet concert,—o’er the world  
The hand of Night had half unfurled  
Her sunless banner,—Day yet stayed,  
Lingering with smile in wood and glade;  
Shedding soft tears upon the flowers  
That claimed her kiss in fairer hours.

Weaving bright fancies for her child,  
Wrapt in a dream, the mother smiled—  
Hope whispered flatt’ring tales of joy  
And crowned with bliss, her darling boy;  
While in her sleep, she murmured soft,  
Kind, holy words, to cheer him oft,—  
Grown up to manhood, good and wise,  
Hope pictured him to her glad eyes  
A hero in his native land;  
The leader of a noble band,  
Free and brave-hearted, high and strong,  
Upholding right and scorning wrong,  
A man whose lofty, glorious soul,  
No care could crush, no sin control;  
Such to the dreamer seemed her son,  
Whose feeble years were just begun.

“Singing, singing merrily :  
From my home in the surging sea,  
Bright is the gift I bring to thee !  
Child of mortal, on thy brow  
Wondrous sign shall be written now.  
Pow’r I bring thee, high and rare,  
Where the richest of treasures are ;  
Thou shalt search and the fleetest wind  
Can not be swifter than thy mind ;  
Thou wilt look on the ocean’s tide,  
And the voice of thy song shall glide



Into thy soul, with magic pow'r,  
Soothing thee in stormiest hour.

Dreamily, dreamily,  
Singing soft shall an *Echo* be,  
In thy heart and in thy brain,  
Calming every throb of pain,  
This is the gift I bring thee now,  
Child with unshadowed Poet brow."

The infant smiled—a breeze swept by,  
Low and soft as a lover's sigh;  
A gentle sound was on the air,  
Sweet as the voice of morning pray'r:—

"I am come from a land of song and flow'rs,  
Where life is a circle of golden hours;  
I bring a *Wreath* that will never fade,  
In Summer's glow or in Winter's shade;  
'Twas twined in the garden of Love and Truth,  
Thou may'st wear it proudly in careless youth.  
It will be to thee, in thy failing age,  
More dear than earth's mightiest heritage;  
All dewy and blooming I place it now,  
Young chosen of God, on thy princely brow:  
    Garland of thought,  
    In Eden wrought,  
Thro' each of life's changes 'twill be to thee  
    A gift of light,  
    Changeless and bright,  
All worthy of high immortality."

Bright as a sun-ray, a swift wing sped  
Over the young babe's lowly bed;  
Shadows stole to the quiet room,  
Dark'ning flow'rs in their gayest bloom,  
But wreathed with beauty undefiled  
Was the soul of the poet child.

Sobbingly sweet,  
Low, incomplete,  
Came a soft voice.

"Son of the Beautiful, son of the Free,  
All sad is the gift which I bring unto thee.  
*Tears* must be thine—while with deep tenderness  
Thy song-words go forth to be blest and to bless,  
Thou may'st suffer in loneliness.  
    Heedless of gain,  
    Avoiding not pain,  
Thou wilt seem strange to the children of earth,  
    Seeing thy wonderment,  
    Lacking discernment,  
They can but mock thee, not knowing thy worth."

————— The task is done,  
The goal of Fame is bravely won;

The fever-dream is over now,  
Laurels are on the Poet's brow.

What cause has *he* for sighs?  
The tear-dimmed page is cast aside,  
'Tis filled with thoughts he fain would hide,  
Written in an hour of loneliness,  
It is a song of bitterness,  
Not meant for careless eyes.

"The Autumn leaves are falling,  
The Autumn blast is wild,  
Ah! how I loved its rushing,  
When a merry-hearted child!  
I laughed at thoughts of Winter,  
And only felt how free  
Amid the frosty pine-hills  
Our wanderings soon would be."

Sweet time of life's beginning,  
How beautiful! how bright!  
Its memory is soothing  
To my weary soul to-night.  
I clasp the hand of Fancy,  
And try to warble gay,  
A pleasant song she taught me  
In the crowded street to-day.

But no—my spirit weary,  
Droops low on dusty wing,  
Reality is mocking  
And I cannot, cannot sing.  
Like sun-beam and like blossom,  
Men say, are songs of mine,  
I'm flattered, envied, honoured,  
And in anguish left to pine.  
And *this is Fame*, oh! phantom,  
I never wished for thee,  
Why hast thou coldly bound me  
To such gilded misery?  
The laurel wreath is heavy,  
My brain is mad with pain,  
My heart is wildly yearning  
For one hour of rest, in vain.

The poet wept, wept like a child,  
O'ercome by sorrow, strange and wild,  
And sobbing still, lay down to rest  
On Death's relentless, chilly breast.  
The morrow came, few tears were shed  
Above the songster's earth-made bed,  
And years rolled on—new wreaths of fame  
Were twined around his deathless name;  
His tomb is now a nation's pride,  
And yet with broken heart he died!

MABEL.

## FEMALE EDUCATION.

The education of woman has been a fruitful theme for the exercise of the ablest minds that have ever existed; and various and diversified have been the suggestions made upon this, as we believe, the most important, perhaps, of all the uses and applications of intellectual culture. Yet, while this is the case, we very much doubt if any subject is less understood than the manner, range, and degree of female education, and female intellectual development.

In our remarks upon this subject, we shall confine our attention to female education in the United States, as that is the only sort of female education with which we have any practical or personal acquaintance. We believe that it has been conceded by the ablest writers upon this subject, that there is no difference in the primary condition of the minds of the two sexes; and that the difference which exists after cultivation, is due to the difference of that cultivation. That this difference does and ought to exist, we have no doubt; but that the *disparity* now existing is "right, proper and just" to woman, we do not for a moment believe.

We shall endeavour to point out what we conceive to be the errors of female education at the present day, and suggest such remedies as we believe will at least mitigate, if not remove, these grave errors and deplorable mistakes.

The first error to which we would call attention, is the habit (arising in many, in most instances, from a want of energy in the mother,) of neglecting, in early childhood, the gradual and systematic training of the young mind; susceptible as it is at that age of impressions which, as long as life lasts, will incline the child, and the woman, to good or evil, virtue or vice, great intellectual superiority, or an equally great intellectual inanity. We would not, of course, confine the child to the prejudice of physical, or overload the mind to the injury of intellectual vigour; but we would have even its sports and amusements, subservient to the great end of education, and a bent, as it were, given

to the mind, which would elevate and enlarge it as it grew with the physical condition of the child.

The present system, (a vicious one we believe,) which prevails in the management of boys as well as girls, is to allow them to "run wild" until they have reached the age of eight or ten years, under the impression that it is necessary for their physical health, leaving the mind to be impressed by the vice and ignorance of, not unfrequently, vicious, ignorant, and depraved companions.

The mind of a child is, perhaps, more inquiring in its nature, than at any after age, and hence the necessity of directing these inquiries in a proper channel, and affording such information to the young inquirer as will tend to develop its intellect and purify its heart. We would, therefore, urge the necessity of feeding the mind with the fruit of the tree of knowledge, and thus laying a foundation deep and abiding, upon which, in after years, a temple of knowledge may be reared, at which its votaries "may worship from morn till night." Another source of error in female education, is the custom of sending girls, at a young and tender age, to boarding-schools. We are aware that we run the risk of drawing down upon our devoted heads the "anathemas" of female boarding-school teachers, when we presume to censure a custom which fills their purses with gold; yet we are fully persuaded—and bold enough to utter the sentiment—that of all systems of education, this is the most pernicious.

Let us be understood! We do not say that there is not an age at which, perhaps, it may be advantageous to send a girl to a boarding-school, well conducted and properly organized; but we do say, without the least hesitation, that the habit of sending very young girls to such institutions is detrimental and injurious to moral and intellectual development. Before proceeding further, we would draw a distinction between *intellectual* and *mechanical* instruction, for such a distinction—and a very important one

too—does exist; intellectual instruction consists, we conceive, in that system which explains thoroughly, “root and branch,” to the perfect comprehension of the pupil, the subject of instruction, so that the mind of the child is enlarged and developed, and not trained exclusively in memory.

On the other hand, what we term mechanical teaching, is that system of getting “by heart,” or, more properly, of memorizing certain rules and axioms, without understanding their use and application. This is a *routine* system which, as a general thing, is ephemeral in its nature, and at the same time destructive to all the higher powers of the human intellect. Taking it for granted that no one who has had any experience in these two systems of instruction, will doubt the truth of our position, we are constrained to say, that in a large number of female boarding-schools, consisting, as they generally do, of many scholars and few teachers, the mechanical system of teaching, of necessity, is the system adopted especially with the smaller and younger girls. Trained in this mental *tread-mill*, their intellects do not range beyond this limited circle, while their morals are somewhat neglected, and thus habits and *trammels* of intellect become a “second nature,” and forever disqualify the woman from reaching that high moral and intellectual culture which fits her to be a wife and mother. The mind becomes a mechanical inanity, and loses, if we may so speak, half of its glorious and immortal nature. We are fully convinced, and it is due to teachers of boarding-schools for us to admit, that many of them are aware without having the power to correct all these mistakes; but while we admit this in justice to many excellent teachers, we yet think they could do much towards removing and correcting some, if not all, of these grave errors.

No girl should be admitted into these institutions under a certain age, nor should the number of pupils exceed the capacity (mental and physical) of the instructors, thoroughly to teach whatever is undertaken. Another serious mistake in female education is to attempt to teach

*too much* in a given time; it is utterly impossible to teach a girl in the usual time allotted to education, the long catalogue of studies advertised as a course at these schools, and the most that can be accomplished is only a tolerable knowledge of some, or merely a *smattering* in all.

The only real benefit to be derived from a boarding-school, consists in the *attrition*, if we may so speak, of girls upon each other, some knowledge of the world and the acquirement, perhaps, (on account of superior masters) of a few of the accomplishments (so called) of female education. But even these advantages (if they be such) should be held in subjection to a thorough home education, to be acquired before a girl is ever entrusted within the walls of a boarding-school.

We think the essential requisite for female education of a superior order, is to be found at home; let the education be obtained at home, under carefully selected and thoroughly prepared instructors.

We do not mean a sickly, sentimental governess, who is weak enough to be ashamed of her calling, and ready to throw herself into the first pair of available matrimonial arms; but when we speak of home instruction under competent teachers, we mean an educated and intellectual woman, whose heart and intellect are developed; who enters upon her duties cheerfully, and is fully aware of the privileges as well as of the responsibility of her position.

Under such a teacher, and watched over by parental solicitude, woman will become not merely the sensual, but also the intellectual companion and equal of man. There are many young men at the present day, who enter Colleges and Universities for the purpose of having their names published to the world as having taken a degree, rather than for the more laudable and nobler aim of attaining to high literary and intellectual culture. So young girls are sent to school to learn a few airs and graces that are patent in this age, rather than for the more glorious privilege of fitting themselves to be wives and mothers.

It seems to us that the grand end and

aim of American women is marriage, the motto is, "marry well if you can, but if you cannot marry well, marry at any rate;" and the sooner this can be accomplished, after "turning out," the better; almost children themselves, they are soon called upon to take charge of a family, with scarcely a single requisite preparation for such a difficult and responsible position. They are fulfilling, in the physical sense, the law of heaven, without either the adequate conception of the duties, or heaven-born privileges and bliss of maternity.

This characteristic of American women to marry early, is in itself an effectual bar to high intellectual culture; too young to have acquired much before, their duties after marriage are such as effectually to preclude the idea of any great degree of improvement. We have, in general, no great admiration for old maids, such as we usually see; but we think there is too much sensitiveness among the sex upon this subject, and we admire, above all others, that woman who voluntarily remains a maid, rather than immolate soul and body upon the altar of mammon.

There is no greater source of moral, intellectual and physical decrepitude, than early marriages, superinduced as it is by a want of stability in an undeveloped mind, and a difference so great in the attainment of husband and wife, as to render a compatibility of tastes, home pursuits and intellectual enjoyments, entirely out of the question. Another cause of intellectual inferiority in woman, arises from her habits and tastes of reading, very few of them having read anything beyond the ephemeral literature of the day, a sentimental novel or two, or perhaps a child's history. They are thus of necessity sent forth into the world utterly unacquainted with its history and ignorant of its standard literature, science and biography. The truth of this is fully attested by the style of conversation between the sexes, so insipid and frivolous is its general tone, that a man of sense rarely finds a young lady qualified to discuss any subject beyond the last novel or the latest fashion.

The improvement of woman's education will excite a like improvement in that of man, and hence we have a double inducement for some radical change and improvement in the present system of female education. Now, we may be asked, since we find fault with the present system, what system we would recommend?

This is a question, we confess, more easily asked than answered, and as we do not feel competent to devise a system, we must content ourselves by throwing out such suggestions as have occurred to us, leaving to others the more difficult task of elaborating a system, which we trust will be an improvement of the one now so universally in use.

We would suggest the early training of the child, by incorporating, from time to time, as the opportunity occurs, instruction and education with the sports and amusements of the child, and then, as soon as the age of the child will admit, of beginning systematically to train the young mind.

We would especially recommend that a taste for reading be cultivated, and such books placed in the child's hands as will afford instruction with amusement; parents also should study the peculiar temperament and disposition of each child, for children differ like the same disease in different individuals, and consequently require a different treatment. We would have the education (as far as circumstances will permit) to be a *home article*, under a competent teacher, and subject to parental and home influence, to cultivate the *heart* as well as the mind, and especially to *study* a course of reading; we say study a course of reading, because casual, hasty and superficial reading is of little or no benefit. Let the course of study be prolonged to a maturer age than young ladies generally deem it necessary to cultivate their intellects, and as a consequence of this, let the age at which marriage generally occurs be postponed at least to the age of twenty-five.

There is no question of the following truth, uttered by a distinguished writer, "that the happiness of a woman will be materially increased in proportion as education has given her the habit and the

means of drawing her resources from herself." And we cannot refrain from making, in conclusion, another quotation from the same author, so exactly expressing our own views that we prefer using his own language. "If you educate women to attend to dignified and important subjects, you are multiplying beyond measure the chances of human improvement, by preparing and *medicating* those early impressions, which always come from the mother; and which, in a great majority of instances, are quite decisive of character and genius. Nor is it only in the business of education that women would influence the destiny of men. If women knew more, men must learn more—for ignorance would then be shameful—and it would become the fashion to be instructed. The instruction of women im-

proves the stock of national talents, and employs more minds for the instruction and amusement of the world; it increases the pleasures of society by multiplying the topics upon which the two sexes take a common interest; and makes marriage an intercourse of understanding as well as of affection, by giving dignity and importance to the female character. The education of women favours public morals; it provides for every season of life, as well as for the brightest and best; and leaves a woman when she is stricken by the hand of Time, not as she now is, destitute of everything and neglected by all; but with the full power and splendid attractions of knowledge, diffusing the elegant pleasures of polite literature, and receiving the just homage of learned and accomplished men." E. T.

COWPER AND HIS CRITIC.—Cowper had sent a small poem to the publishers, when some friendly critic took the liberty to alter a line in the poem, *to make it smoother*, supposing, of course, he had made the line much better *because it was smoother*, and that Cowper would be grateful for such a favour; but Cowper did not think "oily smoothness" the only merit of poetry, and so was quite indignant at the liberty taken with his poem.

"I did not write the line," says he, that has been tampered with hastily or without due attention to the construction of it; and what appeared to me its only merit is, in its present state, entirely annihilated.

"I know that the ears of modern verse-makers are delicate to an excess, and their readers are troubled with the same squeamishness as themselves; so that if a line does not run as smooth as quicksilver, they are offended. A critic of the present day serves a poem as a cook serves a dead turkey, when she fastens the legs of it to a post and draws out all its sinues. For this we may thank Pope; but give me a manly, rough line, with a deal of meaning in it, rather than a whole poem of music periods, that have nothing but their oily smoothness to recommend them.

"In a much longer poem which I have just finished, there are many lines which an ear so nice as the gentleman's who made the above-mentioned alteration would undoubtedly condemn; and yet (if I may be allowed the expression) they cannot be made smoother without being made the worse for it. There is a roughness on a plumb which nobody that understands fruit would rub off, though the plumb would be much more polished without it. But lest I tire you, I will only add, that I wish you to guard me for the future from all such meddling, assuring you that I always write as smoothly as I can, but that I never did, never will, sacrifice the spirit or sense of a passage to the sound of it."





### WASHINGTON COLLEGE—LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA.

The above "cut" is a good representation of that portion of the buildings of this Institution, appropriated to the use of students, to lecture-rooms, &c. The artist has executed his task faithfully as far as he has gone. But in several particulars the picture fails to do justice to the real appearance of the college grounds and their surroundings. In the first place, there are several fine shade-trees in front of the buildings, which we do not find here represented. In the second place, the splendid mountain scenery,

forming the back-ground of that almost unsurpassed landscape, which surrounds the village and the Institution on the West, is here but faintly visible. Again, the Professor's houses, extending out on either side of the line of buildings, add not a little to the beauty of the grounds, but they do not appear in the picture. To criticise, however, was not the object with which we set out, but thus far we may go in that direction, so that the picture may be justly appreciated.

"We have before us the Triennial Reg.

ister of Alumni with the Annual Catalogue and Circular" of this Institution—a remarkably neat and well executed pamphlet of nearly fifty pages. The "Historical Statistics," briefly set forth on the first two pages, are interesting and suggestive. They carry us back to ante-revolutionary days, when the men of this frontier section of our State were wont to be educated, more by surrounding circumstances, than by academic appliances. We find the foundation of the Institution in old "Liberty Hall Academy," as far back as 1774. Its "Rector" for more than twenty years was the Rev. Wm. Graham, the pioneer of classical and mathematical education in the Great Valley. Of him a distinguished pupil\* of his own says: "He possessed a mind formed for profound and accurate investigation. He had studied the Latin and Greek Classics with great care, and relished the beauties of those exquisite compositions. With those authors taught in the schools, he was familiar by long practice in teaching, and always insisted on the importance of classical literature, as the proper foundation of a liberal education. He had a strong inclination to the study of Natural Philosophy, and took pleasure in making experiments with such apparatus as he possessed; and he had procured for the Academy as good an one as was possessed by most of the Colleges. In these experiments much time was employed, on which inquisitive persons not connected with the Academy, were freely permitted to attend.

The science, however, which engaged his attention more than all others, except theology, was the PHILOSOPHY OF THE MIND. In this he took great delight, and to this devoted much time and attention." Thus we find him viewing the different departments of study as alike important to a complete academic course.

Soon after Mr. Graham had retired from its halls, having sacrificed the prime of his life, and to a great extent his pecuniary interest to the welfare of this institution, struggling to stand amid the trying times of the Revolution, and of

the first establishment of our government, it had the good fortune to receive from the "Father of his Country," a liberal donation, which Virginia had conferred upon him, but which he was unwilling to accept *on his own account*; yet he accepted it, that he might re-confer it as a still greater gift upon his native State, by using it in endowing one of her most promising institutions.

In this connection, we shall call attention to another interesting item in the history of this College. We copy from the "Triennial Register."

"The Cincinnati Society of Virginia was organized by the surviving Officers of the Revolution, soon after the close of the war. The objects of the society were:—1. To perpetuate the bond of union which had kept them so firmly bound together during their long struggle for Independence; and 2. To raise, by individual contributions, a common fund, for the relief of such widows and orphans as had been left by any of their comrades, or might be left by themselves, in circumstances requiring pecuniary aid.

"After some years, it was thought expedient to dissolve the association. It was then found, that after providing for all remaining widows and orphans, there would be a large residuary fund still on hand. This fund they resolved, in imitation of their illustrious Commander-in-Chief, to add to the endowment of Washington College, under certain specified conditions. The college having accepted and fulfilled these conditions, is now in full possession of this donation, amounting at present to about \$23,000.

"As a token of obligation to the Society of Cincinnati for their liberality, the College requires of the best scholar in every class of graduates an oration in honor of the Society. This is always a part of the annual commencement exercises."

The name of that Association is perpetuated in the title given to the professional chair of Mathematics.

We must not pass unnoticed another valuable donation, subsequently added to

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\* The late Rev. Dr. Alexander of Princeton.

the endowment of the college, by a worthy son of the "Emerald Isle," to whose memory a beautiful monument has been erected on the campus, and may be seen near the end of the picture on the right. This monument bears the following inscription: "'HONOR TO WHOM HONOR'—SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF JOHN ROBINSON, A NATIVE OF IRELAND—A SOLDIER OF WASHINGTON—A MUNIFICENT BENEFactor OF WASHINGTON COLLEGE. BORN A. D. 1754. DIED A. D. 1826.

Additional mementoes of his liberality are found in the title given to the chair of Physical Science; and in the gold medals annually awarded to distinguished graduates.

With these endowments, the "Academy" was enabled to assume a most respectable position as a "College." It has since, occasionally, had its times of depression—it has found its calumniators—it has met with those who would gladly have crushed it; nevertheless, its general course has been "onward and upward."

In the matter of *external displays*, this College claims no remarkably high position. But in its *internal* arrangement—in its elevated standard of scholarship—in its extended and thorough course of classical, scientific and mathematical studies—in its well-constructed system of discipline, it holds a position in public estimation, second to that of no other college in the Union. In confirmation of this, we quote from a late Richmond paper. Speaking of the closing exercises of the past session, the writer says:

"The examining committee, consisting

of Rev. Dr. Pendleton of the Episcopal church, Drs. Dabney and Brown, and Mr. Page of Lexington, declare in their report to the Board of Trustees, that the examinations were really admirable." They further say, that "the course in this College is complete to the highest standard; that the members of its faculty are able and efficient; that its system of instruction is rigid and thorough; and that the education it furnishes is as entire as can be secured in any institution of like grade in the country." This, coming from the source it does, is high praise, but not undeserved.

In glancing the eye over the list of Alumni, the reader will be at once struck with the extent to which this Institution from its earliest period has contributed to fill every department of society with able and efficient men. While yet an Academy, it sent out for the "Bar and the Bench" its Blackburn, its Stuarts, its Brown, and its Marshall. Then further down along the list, are the names of Coalter, Field, Allen and others equally worthy to be mentioned. More brilliant perhaps are the names familiar in the Legislative councils of our country—Roane, Watkins, Crittenden, Braxton, Preston, McDowell. In the "Pulpit," we find the names of Hoge, Alexander, Baxter, Rice, Speece, McPheeters, Paxton, Ruffner and Plumer, with others immortal in the pages of the church's history.

With such a "past" and such a "present," may we not confidently expect for Washington College a still more brilliant "future?"



## THE LATE LUCIAN MINOR.

Brief editorials and brief obituaries in the newspapers of the State, have already apprized the public of the death, on the 8th of July last, at Williamsburg, of LUCIAN MINOR, Professor of Law in William and Mary College. These announcements sufficed to inflict a pang of sorrow upon a large number of devoted friends, and were, in their simple brevity, just what his own taste would have approved. But the death of such a man would seem to require a more extended notice. In essaying it, the writer seeks, not the somewhat selfish gratification of indulging in deserved eulogy of a departed friend. His aim is higher. He trusts that the exhibition of genius, talents, taste and learning devoted less to the worldly advancement of their possessor, than to the good of mankind, may carry with it a salutary moral lesson. A cordial intimacy and uninterrupted friendship coeval with his acquaintance, and extending through a period embracing more than half his earthly career, in some degree, qualify the writer for the task. No one has enjoyed better opportunities of knowing and appreciating the traits of his moral and intellectual nature.

After completing his education in the venerable institution of which he died a Professor, Mr. Minor removed to Alabama, with a view of following his profession in that State. His sojourn there was a brief one, and he returned to Virginia, and commenced the practice of the Law, in his native county of Louisa, where he resided, with the exception of a year or two spent in Albemarle, until his appointment to the Chair of Law in William and Mary.

As a Lawyer, Mr. Minor was justly held in very high estimation by all of his brethren who had opportunity to become acquainted with the extent and accuracy of his learning. While he regarded the Common Law, in its harsher features, with disfavor, as a relic of a semi-civilization, and was an earnest and eloquent advocate of such reforms as he thought were demanded by the progress of society—his criticisms were discriminating,

and displayed a profound familiarity with the ancient sources of jurisprudence and the whole line of judicial exposition by which it has been developed. His learning was the comprehensive learning of a jurisconsult, not the case-knowledge of a mere attorney. The Revisors of the Code of Virginia (1849) were not unwilling to receive the assistance of his pen in the preparations of portions of that work. His success at the bar was moderate, in comparison with his legal attainments. A result due, in part, perhaps, to qualities which made him the more estimable as a man—the utter absence of all arts of popularity, and a stern adherence to his own lofty sense of right—in part, to a style of argument in the conduct of causes, better suited to an appellate, than a nisi prius, tribunal. His peculiar professional qualifications had found, in the pursuits in which he was engaged at the time of his death, their most appropriate and useful sphere—legal authorship and the professor's chair.

Mr. Minor was a fine classical scholar. He had been taught in the good old way, and cultivated the Greek and Latin not as affording the materials of mere philological speculation and verbal analysis, but as keys to a noble domain of thought, taste and feeling. He was deeply imbued with the spirit of Greek and Roman literature. It moulded his style and modes of thinking. Unlike most men of the present day, he did not discard these studies as the cares of life pressed upon him. When most actively engaged in the practice of his profession, it seemed a point of conscience to read daily a page or two of some favorite classic author. With our own literature his acquaintance was varied and profound. He had drunk deep "of the pure well of English undefiled," and his taste was refined even to the point, occasionally, of fastidiousness. His reading was multifarious and discursive—though the accuracy of his information might have led you to believe that he was "the man of one book." These almost encyclopedic stores of literary knowledge were never obtrusively para-

ded, but manifested themselves, as it were inadvertently, in choice quotation, apt allusion and felicitous illustration. Nor were his acquisitions an undigested mass of the thoughts and words of others. What he read was assimilated and became part and parcel of his mental being—the stimulus and material of intellectual activity, not a substitute for thought. You saw that the stream of literature had passed over his mind by the fertility it had imparted. It was the cause of regret to many of his friends that he did not devote himself to letters as a career. His success would have been certain and decided. In the midst of the harrassing cares of a county court practitioner, he contributed freely to the periodical press. With a full mind, ardent feelings and great command of language, we need hardly say that he wrote with remarkable facility. Composition seemed to cost him nothing more than the manual labor of committing his thoughts to paper. All the productions of his pen are characterised by a terse and elegant precision of style—unadulterated English—perspicuity of thought, and, we need scarcely say, the loftiest moral tone. At one time, he had in view the publication of a volume of miscellanies, and we hope his family may carry into effect his intention. It was the privilege of the writer to maintain with him, for many years, an active correspondence, and from the multitude of letters in his possession a selection might be made far more worthy of the press, than most of those which form the staple of modern biography. His epistolary style was singularly delightful. Literary criticism—moral reflection—political disquisition—the passing news—or family incidents—whatever may have been the topic—was conveyed in language simple and unaffected, which flowed, as it were, spontaneously, from his facile pen; inducing the belief that the terse beauty of the expression was the result—not of artistic skill, but, —of careless grace.

Benevolence—in the most comprehensive sense of the term—was a prominent trait in the character of Mr. Minor. He loved his fellow-men, and strove to pro-

mote their welfare by every means in his power. The feeling did not evaporate in the contemplation of vague schemes of impracticable philanthropy, whilst suffering which daily met his eye was neglected. It was a living, active principle. We shall not be guilty of the indelicacy of trumpeting his deeds of charity, performed in the quietest and least ostentatious way—of his services, however, in one important field of philanthropic effort, which may be called his specialty, we may be permitted to speak more freely. We mean the cause of Temperance. To this he devoted, for the last twelve or fifteen years, the best energies of his head and heart. His ready pen found abundant employment in portraying the evils of intemperance, and in pointing out and urging the adoption of the only remedy. His reputation as a writer opened to him the columns of newspapers, closed, generally, to the discussion of the subject. His rich stores of knowledge and the graces of his style, insured the perusal of his communications, and thus access was had to a class of readers before ignorant of statistics and arguments, which could neither be denied nor refuted. The influence thus quietly exerted upon the public mind is not to be estimated. His facts were so incontestible—his arguments so logical—his appeals so persuasive—and so profound and general the confidence in the sincerity of his convictions, and the purity of his motives—that his essays rarely failed to neutralize hostility where they failed to convert. Under the auspices of the State organization of the Sons of Temperance, a very large edition was published of a tract from his pen, called “Reasons for Abolishing the Liquor Traffic,” which, it is generally admitted, is by far the ablest production on the subject which has any where appeared.

Nor were his labors in the cause confined to the pen. For many years, to the detriment, perhaps, of his private interests and professional prospects, he was the fearless and eloquent advocate of Temperance before the people. He was not what is usually called an orator. But he spoke, fluently, sensibly, and, as in his writings, poured forth the riches of his

knowledge in the choicest language. His quiet enthusiasm—his unselfish zeal—supported by an array of facts and close arguments, seldom failed to captivate his hearers; and numerous are the instances of those, who “came to scoff,” becoming active co-laborers. With the exception, perhaps, of that of his noble-hearted friend, who for years sustained him in his labors by his counsel and sympathy, and who cheered by his presence his dying bed—the venerable philanthropist of Bre-mo—the name of Lucian Minor was earliest and most prominently identified with the cause of Temperance in Virginia.

We might dwell upon the many virtues which adorned his character. His unspotted integrity—his scrupulous regard for truth—the fidelity with which he discharged every trust. It would be pleasing to contemplate him as a son—a brother—a husband—a father, in each of which relations the language of sober truth might sound like adulation. But we forbear.

Of his religious character we must say something. Without examination or reflection, he had adopted much of the insidious scepticism of Gibbon and Hume, whose bold assumptions and misstatements tended to embarrass him, even after he was satisfied of their fallacy. Content with the exemplary discharge of his duty to his fellow-man, he lived in the practical neglect of his obligations to God. The inconsistencies of the professors of Christianity, constituted the chief refuge of his conscience, when pressed upon the subject, and he was wont to insist upon Pope’s delusive sentiment:—

“For modes of faith let graceless zealots  
fight,  
His can’t be wrong, whose life is in the  
right.”

When, in his latter years, this crust of indifference was broken through and he began to investigate the claims of the Bible, his progress was slow. He relinquished his long cherished prejudices, not without violent resistance, and his

concessions were not unfrequently accompanied by a declaration of his utter disbelief of some further truth, which, however, he was in turn obliged to accept. “I believe,” he said to a friend, “much more than I ever thought I should.” Addison’s remarkable illustration of the relative importance of time and eternity contained in No. 575 of the *Spectator*, wrought strongly on his mind and seemed to stimulate him to enquiry; but it is worthy of observation, that, whilst he read with satisfaction and profit such books as McIlvaine’s *Evidences*, *The Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation*, and *The Christ of History*, it was not until he became a more diligent and prayerful reader of the text of the Scriptures, that the light of divine truth broke irresistibly upon his mind.

Convinced, at length, by the enlightening Spirit of God, accompanying His Word, of his own sin, of the perfect righteousness of Jehovah and of the awful judgment to come, he hastened, in earnest, to seek, and soon found refuge in that atonement which before he had rejected. His humility and faith grew together. The more firmly he trusted that by free grace he was become a child of God, the more humble was he before Him who had so distinguished him by His unmerited love. The gloom which had long oppressed him vanished before the glorious sunlight of these new-found and immortal hopes, and the last two months of his earthly life, with all the drawbacks of a distressing disease, and absence from family and friends, seemed the happiest of his existence. Prayer and praise were his habitual employments during this period, and he delighted to converse upon those sublime truths which he had come to appreciate as infinitely above all that human philosophy could teach, and which imparted to him, even in his last moments of consciousness, that peace of God which passeth all understanding.

B.



## SHAKING HANDS.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

In the last number of the Messenger we gave our readers a pleasant little sketch of Mr. Everett's from the "Cyclopedia of Wit and Humour." The following from the same source will be highly enjoyed by the lovers of the humorous.—*Ed. Sou. Lit. Mess.*

MR. EDITOR,—There are few things of more common occurrence than shaking hands; and yet I do not recollect that much has been speculated upon the subject. I confess, when I consider to what unimportant and futile matters the attention of writers and readers has often been directed, I am surprised that no one has been found to *handle* so important a subject as this; and attempt to give the public a rational view of the doctrine and discipline of shaking hands. It is a subject on which I have myself reflected a good deal, and I beg leave to offer you a few remarks on the origin of the practice, and the various forms in which it is exercised.

I have been unable to find among the ancients any distinct mention of *shaking hands*. They followed the heartier practice of hugging or embracing, which has not wholly disappeared among grown persons in Europe, and children in our own country, and has unquestionably the advantage on the score of cordiality. When the ancients confined the business of salutation to the hands alone, they *joined* but did not *shake* them. Although I find frequently such phrases as *jungere dexteras hospitio*, I do not recollect to have met with that of *agitare dexteras*. I am inclined to think that the practice grew up in the ages of chivalry, when the cumbrous iron mail, in which the knights were cased, prevented them embracing; and when, with fingers clothed in steel, the simple touch or joining of the hands would have been but cold welcome; so that a prolonged junction was a natural resort, to express cordiality; and as it would have been awkward to keep the hands unemployed in this position, a gentle agitation or shaking might have been naturally introduced. How long the practice may have remained in this rudimental stage, it is impossible in the silence of

history to say; nor is there anything in the English chroniclers, in Philip de Comines, or the Byzantine historians, which enables us to trace the progress of the art into the forms in which it now exists among us.

Without, therefore, availing myself of the privilege of theorists to supply by conjecture the want of history or tradition, I shall pass immediately to the enumeration of these forms:

1. The *pump-handle* shake is the first which deserves notice. It is executed by taking your friend's hand, and working it up and down through an arc of fifty degrees, for about a minute and a half. To have its true nature, force and distinctive character, this shake should be performed with a fair, steady motion. No attempt should be made to give it grace, and still less vivacity; as the few instances in which the latter has been tried, have universally resulted in dislocating the shoulder of the person on whom it has been attempted. On the contrary, persons who are partial to the *pump-handle* shake, should be at some pains to give an equable, tranquil movement to the operation, which should, on no account, be continued after perspiration on the part of your friend has commenced.

2. The *pendulum* shake may be mentioned next, as being somewhat similar in character, but moving, as the name indicates, in a horizontal, instead of a perpendicular direction. It is executed, by sweeping your hand horizontally toward your friend's, and, after the junction is effected, rowing with it from one side to the other, according to the pleasure of the parties. The only caution in its use, which needs particularly to be given, is not to insist on performing it in a plane strictly parallel to the horizon, when you meet with a person who has been educated to the *pump-handle* shake. It is well-

known that people cling to the forms in which they have been educated, even when the substance is sacrificed in adhering to them. I had two uncles, both estimable men, one of whom had been brought up in the *pump-handle* shake, and another had brought home the *pendulum* from a foreign voyage. They met, joined hands, and attempted to put them in motion. They were neither of them feeble men. One endeavored to pump, and the other to paddle; their faces reddened,—the drops stood on their foreheads; and it was at last a pleasing illustration of the doctrine of the composition of forces, to see their hands slanting into an exact diagonal; in which line they ever afterwards shook;—but it was plain to see there was no cordiality in it, and, as is usually the case with compromises, both parties were discontented.

3. The *tourniquet shake* is the next in importance. It derives its name from the instruments made use of by surgeons to stop the circulation of the blood, in a limb about to be amputated. It is performed by clasping the hand of your friend, as far as you can, in your own, and then contracting the muscles of your thumb, fingers and palm, till you have induced any degree of compression you may propose. Particular care ought to be taken if your own hand is as hard and as big as a frying-pan, and that of your friend as small and soft as a young maiden's, not to make use of the *tourniquet shake* to the degree that will force the small bones of the wrist out of place. A hearty young friend of mine, who had pursued the study of geology, and acquired an unusual hardness and strength of hand and wrist, by the use of the hammer, on returning from a scientific excursion, gave his gouty uncle the *tourniquet shake* with such severity as reduced the old gentleman's fingers to powder, for which my friend had the satisfaction of being disinherited, as soon as his uncle got well enough to hold a pen.

4. The *cordial grapple* is a shake of some interest. It is a hearty, boisterous agitation of your friend's hand, accompanied with moderate pressure, and loud, cheerful exclamations of welcome. It is an excellent travelling shake, and well adapted to make friends. It is indiscriminately performed.

5. The *Peter Grievous touch* is opposed to the *cordial grapple*. It is a pensive, tranquil junction, followed by a mild, subsultory motion, a cast-down look, and an inarticulate inquiry after your friend's health.

6. The *prude major* and *prude minor* are nearly monopolized by ladies. They cannot be accurately described, but are constantly noticed in practice. They never extend beyond the fingers; and the *prude major* allows you to touch even them only down to the second joint. The *prude minor* gives you the whole of the fore-finger. Considerable skill may be shown in performing these with nice variations, such as extending the left hand, instead of the right, or having a new glossy kid glove over the finger you extend.

I might go through a long list, sir, of the *gripe-royal*, the *saw-mill shake*, and the shake *with malice-prepense*; but these are only factitious combinations of the three fundamental forms already described, as the *pump-handle*, the *pendulum*, and the *tourniquet*. In like manner, the *loving pat*, the *reach romantic* and the *sentimental clasp*, may be reduced in their main movements to various combinations and modifications of the *cordial grapple*, *Peter Grievous touch*, and the *prude major* and *minor*. I should trouble you with a few remarks, in conclusion, on the mode of shaking hands, as an indication of character, but I see a friend coming up the avenue who is addicted to the *pump-handle*. I dare not tire my wrist by further writing.

## Editor's Cable.

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If the present number of the Messenger reaches you a few days later than its issues ordinarily make their appearance, oh most indulgent reader, we pray you vindicate your claim to that title by extending some latitude to the editor who has taken it for himself, in withdrawing for a few weeks from the arid city to a breezy mountain region of Virginia, where at one of the oldest watering-places of America, the hot season, like the days of Thalaba, most happily went by. While he was enjoying the delights of the Berkeley Springs, the September number of the Messenger was made up, and in bringing forward his absence as an apology for the delay in its publication, he is gratified to have the opportunity of recording the pleasure he derived from a sojourn at a summer resort too little known to Southern pleasure-seekers. Two miles and a half from the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and the brawling Potomac, is the little town of Bath, the county seat of Morgan, where, bubbling from the side of an adjacent mountain, flow the perennial streams which refreshed the Virginians of three generations ago, before the more crowded and fashionable resorts in other parts of the State had acquired notoriety. There Washington built a cottage even in the very whirlwind of the Revolution, and there Martha, his wife, spent her summers while the great captain of our little army was engaged in his immortal struggle with the forces of King George. Years before the Revolutionary period, Lord Fairfax had coursed with his hounds through the mountain hollows around Bath, and Braddock passed it on his way to the fatal field where the calm courage of the youth who was to become the Father of his Country was so conspicuously exhibited. Associated with such memories and naturally a spot of remarkable beauty, with one of the finest fountains of the health-dispensing goddess sparkling beneath its rocks, the Berkeley Springs well deserves to be considered as attractive a retreat as any in the land. Every body knows the White Sulphur; all are familiar, either from per-

sonal observation or from the numberless descriptions that have been written of it, with the fair lawns and bright cottages, the delicious shade and bold spring, the walks and the ways, the flirtations and the follies, that belong to this glorious locality where thousands congregate for bad dinners and good society; but only the few, the fortunate few, know of the gratifications of the Berkeley Springs, its charming *abandon*, its cool repose, its indescribable bathing privileges, its excellent *cuisine*, its pleasant parlors and its yet more pleasant grove—oh beautiful Peri of that Potomac Paradise! fairer than shapes that promenade in dreams, or when you walked along or when you rolled at ten-pins with the throng of laughing girls, may fortune send us summers yet to come brightened by glimpses of your happy face!

Pardon the rhapsody, good reader, and the slip of our editorial pen, usually so manageable, into a sort of blank verse after the early manner of Mr. Dickens, in remembering a fair daughter of the Valley, who has no doubt gone into the portfolio of our excellent friend, Porte Crayon, with "all her bravery on." There were many other lovely creatures there that might have challenged his cunningest pencil, but they have been fitly celebrated by the newspaper letter-writers, and we invoke them not, only enshrining them forever in our memory.

We shall not readily forget the August idleness of 1858. There is something very enjoyable in the sort of existence, filled up with nothings, that one passes at a watering-place which is neither too crowded for comfort, nor too "fast" for the quiet needed by the city fugitive seeking relaxation. The momentary excitements created by the arrival and departure of the stage-coaches, the games at the ten-pin alley, where the ladies applaud the clergyman's "ten-strikes," the readings from the poets and the newspapers (varying Tennyson with the Springs correspondence of the *New York Herald*), the siesta, the sunset walks up the mountain, the polka-redowa and the *Tempête* in the Ball-room, all these from day

to day assume a whimsical importance in the lives of men accustomed to grapple with legal difficulties, or to solve great problems of statesmanship, or to watch the movements of the mighty tides of trade. And it is among the men of action, who go to watering places for relief from the cares of business, and among their families, that the most agreeable Springs society is to be found. There is a freshness and piquancy, apart altogether from their superior culture, in their conversation which is wanting to the gossip of the merely fashionable, who only seek to renew at the Springs the dissipations of the town winter. At Berkeley, the company was of the former character, the representatives chiefly of Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia, with some others from more distant States. Thrown together in the same circle, they became easily acquainted, and though the company changed as the season wore on, by the going of some and the coming of others, the three or four hundred guests formed a temporary society from which all exclusiveness and formality were banished, and in which the only ambition was to see which should add most to the common enjoyment. Shut up, too, in the mountains, aloof from desk and ledger and court-room and household duties, what cared they for the world beyond, though the electric current, for the first time flashing through the sunless depths of ocean, set the wires vibrating with the news of imperial fêtes and royal progresses and negotiations of treaties with the great ancient despotism of China beneath the beams of the morning star! The world, as the fugitives shall find it when they return from their mountain summer seclusion, is not the same world they left two months ago, it has taken an immense step forward; the age they live in—

— this live, throbbing age  
Which brawls, cheats, maddens, calculates,  
aspires,  
And spends more passion, more heroic heat  
Betwixt the mirrors of its drawing-rooms  
Than Roland with his knights, at Roncesvalles,

has grown suddenly older by a century and now may rightly claim its epos. Memorable month, indeed, which, whiled away by many on jocund mountain tops in bathing and dancing, and celebrated by Emperor

Louis Napoleon among his docks and ships and guns at Cherbourg, has seen England and America united by another tie, and all the world admitted to fraternity with the long isolated followers of Confucius!

And this recognition of passing events brings us back to our editorial duties as rapidly as we were brought back by railway and steamer, whirling along by Harpers' Ferry, between its mountain ramparts, and the bright waters of the Shenandoah which flow by the poet's grave, the poet of Florence Vane, and through Washington, lying asleep in its summer vacation, and past hallowed Mount Vernon, signalled by the tolling bell, and across field and farm, to our sanctum in Richmond, where again we greet the editor's chair, vacant for a time, and once more hold communion with our loved contributors, the tender-hearted "Amie," and "Mabel," the gifted and musical, and our Southern Minnesinger "Adrian Beaufain," rich in delicate fancies, and humourous "Mozis Addums," and the pleasant "Rambler in Virginia," and resume our delightful relations with you, oh most indulgent reader, whose summer, we trust, has run by as gladly as our own.

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We are indebted to the author, the Rev. C. W. Howard of Georgia, for a copy of an Address delivered by him before the Mnemosynean Society of the Cassville Female College, Commencement Day, July 21st, 1858. The following passage, which occurs near the conclusion, demands quotation as a worthy tribute to the fair ladies who are engaged in the Mount Vernon cause—

"It is a fitting close of these illustrations to refer briefly and with delicacy to the great event recently achieved by her who is, by common accord, the Southern Matron.

"It had long been our nation's desire to secure the grave of Washington. The difficulties in accomplishing this purpose seemed to be insuperable. That which man could not do, woman has done. Impelled by a noble ardor this brave daughter of South Carolina, determined to effect the seeming impossibility. There are few things impossible to a determined woman. The difficulties have disappeared. Her success has been triumphant. The grave of the Father of his people will be the property of the people. No stranger shall desecrate it. It will never pass from the

great family of Americans. With solemn eloquence, voiceless yet ceaseless as the flow of the Potomac, it shall rebuke those insane men, who with worse than Ephesian fury, under cover of liberty, would fire the temple of liberty. It shall tell them that he who was 'first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen,' was an 'accursed slaveholder.' It shall remind them that they cannot malign their brethren of the South, without in one and the same breath, parricides as they are, reviling the memory of the illustrious dead.

"Let no 'Pantheon of departed worth,' no royal St. Denis, no stately Westminster Abbey, no massive Egyptian Pyramid, be built upon this sacred spot. Let the American Eagle, as he circles in the blue ether above, and turns his glance from the sun downward to earth, find no vaulted roof or turret square to hide from him the tomb of his hero, and ever and again 'renewing his youth' by looking on the trust committed to him, with tireless wing and sleepless eye, and bold, defiant heart, he shall keep his ærial vigil, at once a sentinel to warn against impending danger, and a defender to swoop upon the advancing foe.

"Let no inferior mould be mingled with the ashes of Washington. Alone in history, let him the peerless one, rest there, alone in his glory. And thus in all time when the young pilgrim of liberty shall visit this 'Mecca of the West,' his eye shall be bewildered by no lesser light, his ear confused by no inferior names, his memory call up no other images, and from the grave of Washington he shall draw an unmixed inspiration of lofty deeds.

"All honor to the Southern Matron and her two distinguished coadjutors, daughters both of Georgia and ornaments of the State. Let their names be cherished among us. Let their bright example be held up to our young maidens, as an illustration of the great results which may be achieved by the unconquerable energy of woman."

✓ As a pendant to the long and interesting sketch of the late Philip Pendleton Cooke, published in the June number of the *Messenger*, we give a place in our "Table" to the following letter from Mr. J. Hunt, Jr., of Ohio, to the Editors of the *Home Journal*, on the origin of the song of "Florence Vane"—

"*Banks of the Ohio, July 15, 1858.*

"MESSRS. EDITORS,—In your issue of the 19th ultimo, you have spoken in a highly commendable manner—as have many of the first critics of America—of the produc-

tions of the late PHILIP PENDLETON COOKE and quoted his renowned lyric, entitled 'FLORENCE VANE.' Now then, it may not, perhaps, prove uninteresting to you, and the readers of the *Home Journal*, to learn the origin of the poem. If you feel inclined to give me a hearing, I am willing, and will feel more, if possible, than pleased, to tell it you, just as I received it from Mr. Cooke himself, a few months previous to his decease. In order, therefore, to a perfect understanding of the matter, you must permit me to make a few—well, I will call them prefatory remarks—and make them, too, in my own simple way of expression. So, take a seat and peruse.

"In one of the letters which I received from Edgar A. Poe, during his connection with the *Broadway Journal*, touching the peculiar beauties of American literature, Mr. Poe cited to me, more than once, the pathos embodied in this same Florence Vane; and, as a matter of course, commendation coming from one who, at that time, stood at the head of his class in the school of prose and poetry, I turned my attention to the article, and committed it to memory: at the same time I formed the resolution that, if I were ever blessed with another daughter, to name her in honor of the poem. Well, time passed on, and to sum the whole in brief, the wished-for child appeared, and we named her Florence Vane. Soon after the event, I wrote to Mr. Cooke, making mention of the circumstance, and solicited of him the favor to furnish me, for the child's remembrance in after years, a copy of the same, in his own hand writing. After some four or five weeks of anxiety, I received the following well-worded epistle. Without detaining you with longer comments of my own, I will copy the letter entire. None but a mind of the highest order of cultivation could produce so simple, and withal so timely a literary gem:—

"*"Vineyard, near Millwood,  
Clarke County, Va.,* }  
SEPTEMBER 13, 1849.

"*"J. Hunt, Jr.: My Dear Sir,—*I received your complimentary letter two days ago. Winchester is not now, and has not been for years, my post-office. I happened to see your letter on the advertised list in a Winchester paper, otherwise, perhaps, it would never have reached me.

"*"You compliment me very gracefully, in calling your little girl after the heroine of my verses. If I never happen to be near enough to manifest a substantial interest in her welfare, she has, at least, secured one advantage, that of a very pretty name. But stranger things have happened than our becoming, one day, well known to each other. I may, one of these days, kiss*



little Florence Vane, for her own sweet looks, pretty name, and your graceful kindness.

"I send a copy of the poem in my own hand-writing, as you request. It was written many years ago, and, as you have guessed, without labor. It has been often published in a more enduring form—in Griswold's American Poets, Morris's American Poets, the Book of Pearls, and finally in a volume of my poems, issued by Cary and Hart, two years since. This issue of Cary and Hart is called 'Froissart's Ballads and other Poems.' I have never understood the reason of the hold which so slight a work as Florence Vane has taken upon the public.

"Kiss your child for one whom, by your selection of a name for her, you have elevated to the dignity of a *quasi* godfather. I trust that she will live long, and be one day a cheerful and happy matron; and not die in her youth, like the Florence of the song, for the poetry of being covered with lilies and daisies.

"Very truly, my dear sir, yours,  
"P. P. COOKE."

"Here follows the song in his own, almost printed, handwriting. There is no particular need of my sending you a transcript of it; but I will send you Mr. Cooke's comments on the poem, for thereby hangs the tale which I wish to tell.

"NOTE TO THE MS. COPY.

"The idea contained in the two lines of the third stanza—

'Thy heart was as a river  
Without a main'—

is not clearly expressed. The editor of the *Knickerbocker* took the pains to discover this. My meaning, I suppose, was, that Florence did not want the capacity to love, but directed her love to no object. Her passion went flowing like the currents of a lost river. Byron has a kindred idea expressed by the same figure. Perhaps his verses were in my mind when I wrote my own.

'She was the ocean to the river of his thoughts,  
Which terminated all.'—*The Dream*.

"But no verse ought to require to be interpreted, and if I were composing Florence Vane now, I would avoid the over-concentrated expression in the two lines, and make the idea clearer. As it is, I leave it, more than satisfied with the favor which has been shown to such a mere trifle, in many ways, but now, most extraordinarily,

in the taking a name from it for the child of strangers, born several hundred miles away in the West!

"When little Florence Vane Hunt comes, after a while, in inquiring how her name originated, to read this, she may care to know that Florence Vane came into my mind one spring day, as I walked in a flower-garden, and heard my young wife sing from a window of an old country house.

"I am the little girl's devoted friend,  
"P. P. COOKE."

The schoolmaster is abroad in Baltimore. Here is a veritable copy of a notice stuck up in one of the omnibusses running along Baltimore Street—

notice to pasingirs

All persons not Riden up in the Coach  
haven baskits on Returning In the Coach  
will hafter pay full faire fore All baskets  
ore bundels waing over 10 bound

W. J. BEWLES  
proprietor.

Our venerable friend, *The Knickerbocker*, has taken a new lease of life, and comes to us now exhibiting the taste and critical judgment of two Editors, Dr. Noyes have been associated with Clarke to do what Clarke did formerly so well by himself. Shall we say there is an improvement in the magazine? We will, at the risk of offending the Senior whose charming "Gossip" has long since become an "institution." We recognize among the contributors to the body of the work many new and most excellent hands, and in the September number, which has anticipated our own tardy appearance, we find an admirable letter on "Life in Virginia," from the pen of G. P. R. James, Esq., which evinces the close and accurate observation of that accomplished writer. *Apropos* of our Anglo-American novelist, whom, from the tender period of roundabouts, we have appreciated highly as a author, and have since learned, happy privilege, to esteem as a friend, it is with real regret that we look forward to his speedy departure for new fields of consular service, if we may be allowed that expression with regard to Venice, where there are no fields at all and



the landscape is a watery one. The sentiment has been generally expressed by the journals and periodicals of the country, but it is felt with peculiar force by us in Virginia, among whom Mr. James has lived for several years past and by whom his engaging social qualities are so justly esteemed. Our literary circle loses its Coryphæus and there is no one to take his place—our Richmond society will miss an amiable and cultivated family which we had learned to regard as belonging to it specially—and the breaking up of such ties cannot be thought of with indifference. Mr. James will exchange “Life in Virginia” for “Life in Venice,” let us congratulate the Venetians. If he continues to write, as the vigour and freshness of “Lord Montague’s Page” give us the assurance that he will, we shall expect some novels imbued with the atmosphere of his new home which will eclipse the efforts of his earlier life. The “solitary horseman” will be out of place on the Grand Canal, but the gondola at sunset will serve him as good a turn, and the intrigues of the Adriatic’s spouse will furnish the material for many exciting narratives. Long life, honour and happi-

ness to H. B. M.’s worthy representative and the Consul-General of Letters!

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We observe with pleasure the announcement by Mr. A. Morris, of this City, that he will shortly publish a volume of poems from the graceful pen of Miss Smiley of Grape Hill, Virginia, so well known to the public as the “Matilda” of the magazines and religious newspapers. Miss Smiley is very far from being a “Laura Matilda,” and the offerings of her muse have ever betrayed a true poetic feeling and a high recognition of the beautiful. We earnestly invoke for this collection of Virginian poems a cordial reception at the hands of the lovers of literature everywhere, but especially should it be welcomed by the people of our own State who owe to their “sweet singers” a generous encouragement. Let it not be said that we are so much engrossed in the material pursuits of life that we cannot listen to the pure melodies which a gifted spirit pours out for our delight and improvement.

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## Notices of New Works.

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MEMOIRS OF RACHEL. By MADAME DE B—. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1858. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

We have already attempted to sketch the life and characterize the genius of the brilliant Melpomene of the French stage; we need not therefore, in noticing these interesting memoirs, again trace the career of Rachel from the streets of Lyons to the triumphs of the Theatre Français. Nor happily is there the occasion for us to say anything of the domestic life of the woman, sadly scandalous as it was, for with a most becoming reticence, Madame de B— has failed to supply those incidents in Rachel’s history which present her to the world as a disgrace to her sex. Of Rachel as an artist, calling back to life the dead creations of Racine and Corneille and giving a temporary preeminence to the classic

over the Romantic school of French dramatic literature; of the Tragic Muse, filling theatres with horror and sending away thousands to shudder at the remembrance of her simulated passion, a very full and acceptable narrative is here offered to the public. The style is somewhat cold and unsympathetic, and there is little in the volume to suggest its French authorship; so little, indeed, that we are half inclined to suspect that “Madame de B—” is a *nom de plume* and the *real author* is not a compatriot of the tragedienne. But the story is faithfully told, and if the incidental touches of individual, as opposed to professional, character, given here and there, are fatal to any lingering respect which an admirer of Rachel’s power may have retained for herself, she, and not the writer, must bear the blame. The statement for instance that she gave \$1000 to the sufferers by the

Yellow Fever in Norfolk and Portsmouth, purely as a matter of speculation, and that she afterwards regretted the donation as money thrown away, was necessary to the full account of the unfortunate winding up of the American tour, and if it degrades the woman, as it must, in the estimation of everybody that has a heart, the fault is in the stern fact and not in Madame de B—. We commend these Memoirs to the public as the impartial history of a most extraordinary life.

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**SAPPHO**, a Tragedy, in five acts, after the German of Franz Grillparzer, by **EDDA MIDDLETON**.

This is a superb issue, in royal octavo, from the prolific press of Messrs. Appleton, in large type and of the ancient form, to comport, as is hinted by the authoress of the translation, with the "classic character of the tragedy." It has a superb engraving of the celebrated Grecian poetess, to which, we are told, it was found necessary to make the size of the book conform. The play of Grillparzer's **SAPPHO** is based upon the tradition of Sappho's passion for the youth **PHAON**. The reader may be referred to Lempriere and Anthon, or to the note of Mrs. Middleton in the work itself, for the historical facts.

Of Grillparzer, the author of *Sappho*, Mrs. M. gives us some account. He was born in 1790—wrote several plays, among others, this, which appeared in 1818. *Sappho* still preserves its place on the German stage, and, as Mrs. M. further tells us, is regarded one of the very few successful modern classic dramas.

Lord Byron pronounced the work of the German author, "superb and sublime." The language of the translation is remarkable for its simplicity and is pure in sentiment throughout.

We give an extract which we think, among others, sustain this opinion.

In the III Act and VI Scene, **SAPPHO** demands of **MELITTA**, her youthful slave, the rose, which, "unlike a slave," *Melitta* refuses. *Phaon* appears, to whom *Sappho* says—

"I asked her for the rose upon her breast.  
And she refused."

**PHAON**. "She did! By all the Gods!  
She hath done well! No one shall take that flower.

'Twas I who gave it to her as a pledge,  
A token dear of a too happy hour;  
A proof that in all hearts, love is not quenched;

Nor sympathy for undeserved distress;  
A drop of honey in the bitter cup,  
That arrogance hath pressed upon her lip;

A sign of my belief that gentleness  
Is woman's noblest grace, and that the wreath

That decks the brow of blooming innocence  
Is better far than fame's dark laurel leaves!"

By those regarded as competent to decide in such matters, Mrs. Middleton, it is considered, has conferred a benefit on classic literature by her translation. We commend it to the public.

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**SKETCHES AND RECOLLECTIONS OF LYNCHBURG**. *By the Oldest Inhabitant*. Richmond: C. H. Wynne, Publisher. 1858.

It is not often that "the oldest inhabitant" is an author, or we should have a valuable collection of works of local history and biography like that before us. We greet it with real satisfaction as a pleasant record of fading memories which the Virginia Historical Society should preserve. The volume is put forth anonymously, and with no other clue to its authorship than is afforded by the assumption of the somewhat mythical title of "the oldest inhabitant." The writer need not shrink, however, from acknowledging these sketches, since they are written in a very pure and graceful style, and contain little that is frivolous or uninteresting. Mr. Wynne has done himself great credit by the handsome externals he has given to the volume which we trust will meet with an extensive sale. It may be found at all the Richmond bookstores.

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**BELLE BRITTAN OR A TOUR**. *At Newport, and Here and There*. New York: Derby and Jackson, 119 Nassau Street. 1858. [From J. W. Randolph, 121 Main Street.

Newspaper correspondence is ordinarily of so light and fugitive a character as not to demand criticism and we may therefore content ourselves with saying of this handsomely printed volume that it contains a series of pleasant gossip letters written from various parts of the country by a tourist of sharp eyes and practised pen. "*Belle Brittan*" is said to be a male and not a female correspondent, but whether this be so or not, the sketches of society at Newport show an intimate acquaintance with the social habitudes of the softer sex, and will be accepted as agreeable reading for the summer at a watering-place or in the country.

**TWO MILLIONS.** By WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER.  
New York: D. Appleton & Company.  
1858. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

There never was a time when the want of a satirist was more keenly felt than the present. The age is rife with shams and insincerities; society presents us everywhere with notable instances of folly, and our own country furnishes its special objects of ridicule for the pen of an Aristophanes. Thackeray has indeed lashed with proper severity those weaknesses which belong equally to the social life of two continents, but for our individual faults, for the peculiar peccadilloes of our American model, no writer has appeared of late years to give the suitable corrective with the triple-throated whip of wit, irony and sarcasm. Mr. Butler's success has been measurably due to the popular willingness to accept the services of any one bold enough to attack the prevailing foibles of the country. The poem of "Nothing to Wear" came most opportunely to rebuke the ruinous extravagance of the ladies just at the moment that a financial revulsion was paralyzing the commercial energies of our people, and in accomplishing a twofold purpose, by enforcing the lessons of economy and giving us something to laugh at during the season of gloom, it attained a celebrity almost unprecedented. We think it no disparagement of the merits of this poem to say that the favour it met with could not have been secured by the like number of verses, altogether as graceful, as sparkling and as witty, on any other subject. It caught the Cynthia of the minute as she was flying; it hit exactly the mark at which the attention of the million was directed, and Mr. Butler's reputation as a poetical satirist was achieved. The poem of "Two Millions" is a more laboured, and, we think, a less successful performance than "Nothing to Wear." It is characterized by the same happy command of language, the same quickness in perceiving the foibles of mannakins, the same strokes of pleasantry, and the same dexterity of rhythmical structure, (except here and there,) but the verisimilitude of the story fails, and we are compelled to form a less favourable opinion of the author's invention than of his talent for making verses.

We shall give no outline of the plot of "Two Millions," contenting ourselves with a word or two of explanation concerning such passages as we shall quote, to serve as specimens of the whole. The following description of Firkin at his devotions is all the more effective for rising above the region of satire into the airy realm of imagination and feeling—

"And yet, he seemed devout; without much search  
You might have found, on any Sunday morning,  
His visible coach, outside the visible church,  
With green and gold its sacred front adorning,  
A gorgeous coachman, somewhat flushed with sherry,  
A footman, portly with perpetual dinners,  
Waited, while Firkin in the Sanctuary,  
With many other "miserable sinners,"  
Cushioned the carnal man in drowsy pews,  
Dozed over gilt-edged rubric, prayer and psalter,  
Rose with the music, looked with liberal views  
On prima donnas, never known to falter  
In chant of solo, hymn or anthem splendid,  
And still enchanting when the chant was ended:  
Then sat or knelt, grave as the altar bronzes,  
And went through all the usual responses.  
Those solemn prayers, those litanies sublime,  
The ancient Church first taught the lips of Time,  
Thenceforth to sound forever—as when first,  
Flooded with light, the lips of Memnon burst,  
From their cold stillness, and rejoicing, gave  
Back to the flood of Day, its tide upborne  
Of rarest harmony, wave answering wave,  
Deep calling unto deep, Music to Morn!  
Those lofty chants, first echoed under domes  
Of starry midnight, or in catacombs  
Where, by rude altars and sepulchral tombs,  
Deep in the rocky earth, the vestal choirs  
Rehearsed their music by the martyr's fires;  
Now swelled from lips of people or of priest  
To fall on Firkin's ear without the least  
Responsive utterance or the faintest notion  
That they had any reference to devotion."

But Firkin at home is even better than Firkin at church. Witness the following "first-rate notice" of his palatial residence—

"She sought him at his house, that lofty pile,  
Built on the avenue, in the latest style  
Of Merchant Princes, grand, grotesque and florid,  
Out of the finest freestone ever quarried.  
In its erection, as he oft declared  
To wondering visitors, no expense was spared;

And had he said, no order of architecture,  
 'Twould have been truer still, as I conjecture.  
 The builders, with their taste so fine and funny,  
 Laid themselves out, as well as Firkin's money,  
 And in a way that beggars all description,  
 Blended Corinthian, Gothic and Egyptian,  
 And other famous styles with classic rarities,  
 In one grand jumble of brown stone vulgarities.  
 'Twas bad enough outside, but once within,  
 It was like probing deeper than the skin  
 Some mammoth fester, such its tainted mixtures  
 Of decorations, furniture and fixtures.  
 It seemed as if a bomb-shell, charged and loaded  
 With paint, and gilt, and plaster, had exploded,  
 Without regard to anybody's feelings,  
 On wall and columns, cornices and ceilings.  
 The ambitious plasterers had eclipsed the builders,  
 And in their turn were outdone by the gilders;  
 The painters then—beside whose rich adorning,  
 The brightest rainbow would have seemed deep mourning;  
 From lowest basement up to topmost attic,  
 The whole was gorgeous, glaring and prismatic;  
 Pannelled and kalsomined, and striped and starred,  
 Paint by the bucket; frescoes by the yard.  
 Laid on in thickest layers by battalions  
 Of exiled red Republican Italians!  
 With pots and brushes, blues, and greens, and yellows,  
 They scaled the walls, the bold designing fellows,  
 And took the house by storm with their mythology,  
 Fruits, flowers, flamingoes, landscapes and zoology,  
 Mermaids and Fauns, Arcadian shepherdesses,  
 Long in the ringlets, scanty in the dresses,  
 Heroes and gods, and goddesses and ogres,  
 Nymphs in pink tunics, sages in red togas,  
 Heads of Old Masters, shaded somewhat duller,  
 And full length Venuses, all in flesh colour!  
 Then following up the grand Two Million plan,  
 Where paint left off, upholstery began;  
 The latest artist at fresh marvels aims,  
 Acres of mirrors in prodigious frames,  
 And miles of damask spread in rich expansion

Of gilt and crimson, through the costly mansion;  
 Incredible carpets, which outstared the ceiling,  
 With flaming hues that set the brain to reeling,  
 And with the walls in one fierce blaze united—  
 O what a sight! when all the gas was lighted,  
 And Firkin seated, with some fellow snob,  
 Surveyed the scene beneath the brilliant streamers,  
 Declared the parlors were 'a splendid job,  
 Which went ahead of all the Collins steamers;  
 Taylor's saloon, when every jet is on;  
 Or the new Capitol at Washington!  
 And echoed back the truthful observation,  
 'There's nothing like it in the whole creation!'

The conclusion of the poem would seem to have been designed by the author as an *amende d'honorable* to the gentler sex for his traduction of them in the creation of Flora McFlimsey, just as the author of "Vanity Fair" endeavoured to set off Laura Pendennis against Becky Sharp only that he failed to render a fair equivalent in the virtues of the one lady for the rascalities of the other. Mr. Butler does *not* fail, however, in striking a balance with the ladies, for his tribute to woman is full of tenderness and pathos, and, let us add, of truth.

"And while each deepening shadow round her falls,  
 She waits, like Mary, till the Master calls!  
 Nor waits alone. Such have there ever been,  
 Since human grief has followed human sin—  
 The patient, perfect Women! As they climb,  
 With bleeding feet, the flinty crags of Time,  
 Not for the praise of man, or earth's renown,  
 They bear the cross and wear the martyr's crown.  
 Though Queenly medal, stamped with Royal Heads,  
 Their humble toil to endless honour weds;  
 Though, like a bow of Hope, their fame is bent,  
 From side to side of each broad Continent;  
 And pictured Volume, with its tinted page,  
 Bears their meek features to the coming Age;  
 A higher joy their gentle spirits reap,  
 Where, all unknown, their silent watch they keep,  
 Far from the echo of the world's applause,  
 Through sultry noon, or midnight's dreary pause—

Where helpless infants gasp their parting  
 breath,  
 Cradled in sorrow and baptized with  
 Death;  
 Or strong men, tossing, with delirious lips,  
 In fever-tempests and the mind's eclipse,  
 Plunge through the starless storm, like  
 foundering ships;  
 Or Old Age, shrinking from the tyrant's  
 clutch,  
 Feel, through the darkness for their tender  
 touch—  
 Watching and waiting, till the rising Morn  
 Shall greet their saintly faces, pale and  
 worn  
 With the long vigil, as they steal away,  
 Through darkened chambers, at the dawn  
 of day,  
 Unloose the casement to the early air,  
 Hail its pure radiance with their purer  
 prayer,  
 Drink in fresh courage with its quickening  
 breath,  
 Then shut the sunlight from the bed of  
 Death,  
 But bear, serenely, to the sufferer's side .  
 A brighter beauty than the Morning tide—  
 Faith's golden dawning, which, from  
 heights above,  
 Transfigures Toil to Joy! Duty to Love!  
 No eye beholding, save their risen Lord's,  
 Who sees in secret but in sight rewards!  
 Their fairest earthly crown, the wreath  
 that twines,  
 Not round loud Platforms, or proud Senate  
 Domes,  
 But those pure Altars, those perpetual  
 Shrines,  
 Which grace and gladden all our SAXON  
 HOMES!"

There, good reader, go and buy the volume for that noble peroration.

THE AGE; *A Colloquial Satire*. By PHILIP JAMES BAILEY, Author of "Festus." Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1858. [From James Woodhouse, 137 Main Street.

Dr. Maginn said of Dickens that he went up like the rocket and came down like the stick—we know not what similitude will express the distressing inequality that obtains between the earlier and later performances of Philip James Bailey. The extravanga before us—we cannot call it a poem—is as far removed from "Festus" as a bellman's rhymes from *Paradise Lost* or the folly of the circus clown from the airy fancies and delicate wit of Hood. Mr. Bailey's attempts at fun are the most ponderous and elephantine we have ever tried to laugh over in vain—his efforts at nimble and humorous versification are inconceivably wretched, as would be the en-

deavour of a dozen paviors to imitate with their rammers upon cobble-stones the music of the Swiss Bell-Ringers—while his opinions, if he has any, upon the affairs of the world, are so wrapt up in clouds of nebulous verbiage, that we doubt if Emerson and Dr. Lazarus and Andrew Jackson Davis, sitting a committee, could make them out. As a satire, Mr. Bailey's effusion is lamentably inferior in all respects to the poem of Mr. Butler, which has just passed under our notice, and the latter gentleman could not desire a better foil for "Two Millions" than this same satire of "The Age," which appears most opportunely for him about the same time. The author of "Festus" would seem to think that the satirist's office is only to sneer, so he sneers at everything. The Rev. Mr. Spurgeon is thus treated—

"Is't because Boanerges roar and thunder  
 They draw such flocks? For much it moves  
 my wonder  
 That crowds, with joy so marked, it might  
 be shammed,  
 Should rush to hear themselves so loudly  
 damned;  
 And all in tones that might volcanoes  
 quell,  
 Obstreperously ordered off to—well,  
 The word's tabooed, it ends, I think, in "l."  
 But wedged in tight 'twixt muslin and  
 brocade,  
 A sobbing matron and a shuddering maid;  
 With tears one reddens her Junonian eyes,  
 One bursts her new French bodice with  
 her sighs,  
 Ah me! what sins their memories must  
 comprise!  
 Sweet sympathy there drives a roaring  
 trade,  
 And makes, or finds, some martyrs, I'm  
 afraid."

From the pulpit he passes to the press in some lines which are really too stupid to quote, the cause whereof was doubtless the inability of certain English journals to appreciate "The Mystic." But the press will not be demolished probably by our satirist, nor need Dr. Livingstone distress himself for being mentioned in the manner following—to wit:

"We feed, work, trade, the same, though  
 Rev. Ammon  
 (To me, his Biblical-Cottonian gammon  
 Seems just the thing denounced—read Luke  
 —as mammon)  
 Proves that in Afric men their children  
 suckle,  
 And, in some tribes, the sapient niggers  
 knuckle  
 Down to the dusky ladies of creation;  
 The most momentous piece of information  
 His oracle relates of the black nation."



All who have read Mr. Bailey's previous writings will recollect his fondness for stringing together names, after the manner of a man who should seek to versify and reduce to rhyme a City Directory. This old habit clings to him yet, as for example—

Be Merrick, Shenstone, Byrom, not despised,  
And Barbauld's pious raptures duly prized.  
Add Ossian, Caedmon, and the bards of  
Wales,  
Who chant in Kymric strange and mystic  
tales,  
Though o'er their age a cloud of doubt  
prevails:  
Blair, Beattie, Mason, Southey, Coleridge,  
Moore,  
Burns, Campbell, Crabbe; and Scott I  
named before.  
Rogers, Keats, Shelley, Byron, Wordsworth,  
Hogg,  
Names uncontested, close my catalogue."

If Mr. Bailey needs must write such rubbish as this, in the name of political economy let him turn it to some account. Mr. Slum devoted his poetical talent to Mrs. Jarley's Wax-Works. Mr. Bailey should write tuneful catalogues for Madame Tussaud's Exhibition.

But "The Age" is not wholly destitute of passages which betray the glow of the fire that burned in "Festus." Whenever the author ceases to be funny and satirical, and takes hold of some subject within the range of his poetic vision, he writes with force and beauty. Take this passage concerning Homer—

"There stand his two great works, alone,  
supreme,  
Like pyramids by the shore of Time's dark  
stream.  
Of verse the legislator born, and sire,  
His thoughts are white with heat, his words  
strike fire;  
But when his theme soft sweetness may  
require  
How rich, how delicate his accents roll—  
\* \* \* \* \*  
*Each verse, each luminous wavelet of his song  
Makes its own music as it rolls along.*"

Or take this graceful simile embodied in lines worthy of the old masters of poesy—

"As the poor shell-fish of the Indian Sea,  
Sick—seven years sick—of its fine malady,  
The pearl (which after shall enrich the  
breast  
Of some fair Princess regal in the West)  
Its gem elaborates 'neath the unrestful  
main,  
In worth proportioned to its parent's pain,  
Until, in roseate lustre perfect grown,  
Fate brings it forth, as worthy of a throne;

So must the poet, martyr of his art,  
Feed on neglect, and thrive on many a  
smart;  
Death only, may be, gives him equal right,  
And nations glory in his royal light."

With these extracts given as fair specimens both of the nonsense and the eloquence of "The Age"—the former greatly predominating—we take leave of the author of "Festus" in the earnest hope that until he can achieve something that deserves to be classed with his great epic, he will not come again before a suffering public.

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HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION IN ENGLAND. By HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE. Volume I. From the Second London Edition. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1858. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

A work of greater pretensions than this has probably not appeared during the present century, for it assumes to solve by a new formula the most difficult problems, social and historical, with which the greatest intellects of the age have grappled. So far as we can gather from this Introduction to Mr. Buckle's History (for Volume I. of 677 pages is but an "Introduction") his idea is that history should be studied by statistics, and that viewed by the aid of tables, carefully prepared, the whole course of human events will appear to have been ordered by certain fixed laws irreversible by man's agency. Volition is nothing to Mr. Buckle, we are not at all what we make ourselves, but we are the creatures of circumstances occurring after an inevitable succession and to the eye of enlightened reason, when facts enough have been accumulated to eliminate the laws in question, the happening of future events and the necessity which produces them, will be perfectly apparent. Of course the notion of an Overruling Providence is foreign to Mr. Buckle's speculations. It would be absurd to attempt the refutation, nay, even the concise statement of a system of philosophy so daring and so pretentious in a notice like the present, but we may say that much of what is set forth by the author as his own may be traced to Spinoza, that many portions read like mere English transcripts of Auguste Comte, and that from Gibbon, whom he so much admires, Mr. Buckle has drawn largely of the scepticism which underlies his performance. The work has made a decided sensation in England, and as an imposing part of the literature of the age, our enterprising American publishers, the Messrs. Appletons, have done well to issue it in so handsome a style. When the author



shall enter fairly upon his subject we shall see whether his success in overturning all the authorities in intellectual philosophy hitherto accepted by the world will be equal to his modesty in making the effort to do so.

---

**A TEXT BOOK OF VEGETABLE AND ANIMAL PHYSIOLOGY, *Designed for the Use of Schools, Seminaries, and Colleges, in the United States.*** By HENRY GOADBY, M. D., Professor of Vegetable and Animal Physiology and Entomology in the State Agricultural College of Michigan; Fellow of the Linnæan Society of London; Corresponding Member of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec; and formerly Dissector of Minute Anatomy to the Royal College of Surgeons of England. Embellished with upwards of Four Hundred and Fifty Illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.]

This is really a noble work, upon which the publishers have expended care and money unstintedly to make the letter-press and engravings worthy of the valuable material which it presents to the world. The result has been a complete success, and considered as a work of reference for the library or as a text book for the use of schools and colleges, Dr. Goadby's volume must be received as one of the most desirable publications of the time. The dedication of the work to his daughter, in a letter of peculiar grace and tenderness, shows that physiological studies have done nothing to impair the affections of the author.

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**CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.** By ISAAC D'ISRAELI. With a View of the Life and Writings of the Author, by his Son, in four volumes from the fourteenth, corrected London edition. Boston: William Veazie, 62 & 64 Cornhill. 1858.

Mr. William Veazie is a publisher with whom we make our first acquaintance in these beautiful volumes, which upon opening we thought to be from an English press. We must be permitted to say that if he designs to maintain so elegant a style of publication in his succeeding issues, and to lay before the American public works of such sterling excellence as Disraeli's *Curiosities of Literature*, we trust he may be encouraged to go on voluminously. The idea was a good one to inaugurate a house

by bringing out a work which every scholar should have in his possession but which it was not easy to procure by reason of the scarcity of American editions of it, and we hazard nothing in saying that whoever desires to get a copy of the *Curiosities of Literature* will gladly seize upon the opportunity which Mr. Veazie has afforded him of buying one, luxurious in typography and moderate in price. Mr. James Woodhouse has it for sale in Richmond.

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**DOCTOR THORNE. *A Novel.*** By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1858. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.]

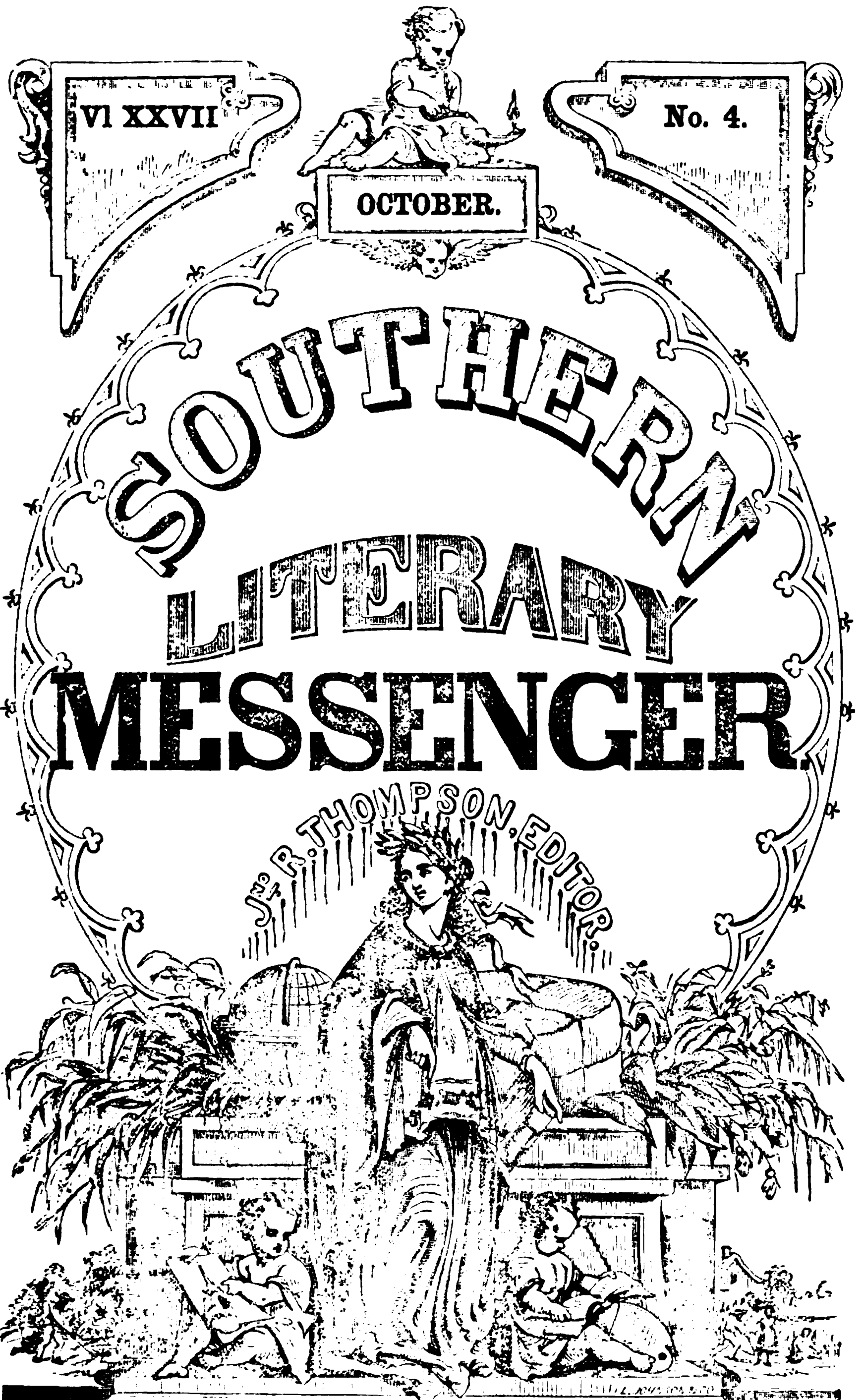
We are not acquainted with the "Three Clerks" or "Barchester Towers" which are given on the title-page of this volume as previous novels of the author, but we can commend "Doctor Thorne" as an agreeable story which the author has been content to tell without the introduction of any peculiar views of his own, on religion, politics or philosophy. It is a plain old-fashioned recital of loves and sorrows, calling for no exercise of the reader's ingenuity to comprehend and not offending him by the needless display of learning or the gratuitous argumentation of disputed points in ethics. In the present dearth of novels, "Doctor Thorne" will be accepted by many readers with satisfaction.

---

"Redgauntlet," in two volumes, from the press of Ticknor and Fields of Boston, has reached us through Mr. James Woodhouse of this city. The beautiful Household Edition of the Waverley Novels, to which it belongs, now rapidly approaches completion, and we are gratified to learn that the enterprise has met with the heartiest encouragement from the class of persons who buy books for preservation. In the handsome muslin binding given to the volumes by the publishers, the series makes a brave show upon the shelves of the library, but when arranged in sumptuous calf they present an appearance that would have gratified old Dibdin himself. Not the least advantage which they possess is their convenient size, being just such books as Dr. Johnson loved to carry with him to the fireside, neither so small as to involve indistinctness of typography nor so large as to fatigue the arm of the reader.







MACFARLANE, FERGUSON & Co.  
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1858.

RICHMOND, Va.

## LIST OF CONTENTS.

---

1. THE DUTCH REPUBLIC, -	-	241
2. IN THE RAIN. BY AMIE, -	-	249
3. SELECTIONS AND EXCERPTS FROM THE LEE PAPERS, -		250
4. NATURE THE CONSOLER. BY PAUL H. HAYNE, -		266
5. HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION IN ENGLAND, -		269
6. MRS. STOWE AND DRED, -		284
7. A STORY OF YESTERDAY, -		287
8. THE FALSE FRIEND, -		291
9. ENTHUSIASM, -		292
10. SONNETS. BY PAUL H. HAYNE, -		301
11. MEMENTOS FROM A LADY'S MEMORANDUM BOOK, -		302
12. DUMAS' METHOD OF COMPOSING, -		303
13. THE BATTLE OF LUNDY'S LANE, -		309
14. EDITOR'S TABLE:		

New Views on Female Education—History of Virginia, By Charles Campbell—Valedictory to G. P. R. James, Esq.—Vernon Grove, Or Hearts as They Are, - 310-313

### 15. NOTICES OF NEW WORKS:

Household Book of Poetry—Timothy Titcomb's Letters—Legends and Lyrics, By Adelaide Anne Proctor—Poetical Works of Edgar Allan Poe—Constitutional History of the United States, By William Archer Cocke—Trench on Bible Revision—English Reviews and Blackwood's Magazine—Davenport Dunn—Election—From New York to Delhi—The Arts of Beauty, By Lola Montez—Abbott's Juvenile Histories—Alabama Educational Journal, - 313-320

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
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# SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

RICHMOND, OCTOBER, 1858.

## THE DUTCH REPUBLIC.\*

Considerable difference of opinion exists as to what constitutes a good history. It would perhaps be more correct to say, that a vast majority of those, who profess to be *readers*, have formed in their minds no fixed standard of historic excellence. Indiscriminate praise is as common as indiscriminate censure. This is, however, just what we might expect, in the absence of fixed and unvarying standards of comparison; and the majority of readers are too indolent to enter very deeply into the merits or demerits of a literary work, or to trouble themselves to analyze the particular effect it produces upon their minds.

We might indeed reasonably hope, that minds cast in a finer mould—the disciples of Longinus and Quintilian had been able by this time to establish some common ground of criticism, to the end that inferior minds might determine for themselves with something like unanimity the important question, “What constitutes a good history?” But among the critics, who have attempted the solution of the problem, there seems to be quite as much conflict of opinion as among the common herd. A distinguished one, Mr. Carlyle, (if, indeed, we correctly extract his meaning from the mass of crabbed and uncouth words, and involved constructions, with which his style is loaded,) thinks that no work has yet been produced deserving the name of history, and denies *in toto* the possibility of a his-

tory being written which shall *approach* anything like perfection. As nations are composed of individual men, the perfect history of a nation would be, in his opinion, the *essence* of innumerable biographies; and therefore, for one man to write a good history is utterly absurd. He admits, however, that something may be done by division of labour; as for example, were one man to write the history of the *government*, another that of the *manners and habits of the people*, another that of the *church*, another the *legal and constitutional history*, &c., &c. He thinks that in this way, we may approximate pretty near to the true idea of a nation's progress.

Another critic of modern times, far more celebrated himself in the front rank of historians, has given far juster and more practical views of what history ought to be, and has, moreover, presented to the world, a fine illustration of what he would call, a “perfect history.” Says he, in his *Essay on History*, “The perfect historian is he in whose work the character and spirit of an age is exhibited in miniature. He relates no fact, he attributes no expression to his characters, which is not authenticated by sufficient testimony. But by judicious selection, rejection, and arrangement, he gives to truth those attractions which have been usurped by fiction. In his narrative a due subordination is observed; some transactions are prominent, others retire.

\* THE RISE OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC, *A History*. By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY. In three Volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1858.



But the scale on which he represents them is increased or diminished, not according to the dignity of the persons concerned in them, but according to the degree in which they educate the condition of society, and the nature of man. He shows us the court, the camp, the senate. But he shows us also the nation. He considers no anecdote, no peculiarity of manner, no familiar saying, as too insignificant for his notice, which is not too insignificant to illustrate the operation of laws, of religion, and of education, and to mark the progress of the human mind. Men will not merely be described, but will be made intimately known to us. The change of manners will be indicated, not merely by a few general phrases, or a few extracts from statistical documents, but by appropriate images presented in every line."—*Macaulay's Miscellanies*, p. 65.

It has been said, that to write a *great* history is the grandest achievement of the human mind. This opinion is based upon the fact that there are works in poetry, and in some branches of exact science, which are regarded as nearly if not quite faultless: while in history, amid the innumerable and ponderous tomes under which the press groans, there are few that rise above mediocrity,—still fewer entitled to the epithet *great*, (except in a sense entirely literal,) and not one perfect.

While we freely admit the fact of the only partial success of those who have aspired to become recorders of the world's progress, we entirely dissent from the inference which has been drawn therefrom, viz: that the historian's art requires a higher order of genius than that of the poet or of the man of science. The true poet must be endowed with all the mental attributes in their richest development, but especially and above all, must he possess *imagination*, that wondrous magic power which evokes from nonentity forms of beauty and grace that will live forever. This is the true seal and stamp of the poet,—*ὁ ποιητής*,—*the maker*, which lifts him above his fellows, and approximates him to the divine perfection. Now, we conceive that for the

writing of history successfully, a different and lower order of powers is required. Good judgment in the selection of facts to be recorded, a power of searching and accurate analysis in determining their relations and consequences, untiring industry in ascertaining facts, and impartiality in the presentation of them, constitute the most essential qualities of a good historian. To these should be added as a minor requisite, imagination; though most persons would decide that imagination has nothing to do with the narration of events. A clear, luminous style in addition to these requisites would suffice, we think, to make a good history. Indeed, if the subject be thoroughly understood, impartially presented, in clear and attractive style, such a work comes as near to perfection as is at all desirable. Style, though of minor importance in determining the intrinsic value of a history, is yet all-important, as determining the position the work is to hold in the public estimation. The most popular historians owe the greater part of their popularity to some peculiar charm of style. And here there is room for the utmost freedom of choice. The "child-like simplicity" of the old story-teller, Herodotus, the epigrammatic terseness of Tacitus, the pompous, stately march of Gibbon, the clear transparency of Macaulay—each of these has its admirers and imitators, but no history, however valuable in other respects, will ever become dear to the popular heart unless its diction be pure, simple, and adapted to the comprehension of the masses of mankind. If, therefore, historians have failed in their high vocation, or, at least, have not reached that proud eminence which has been attained in other departments of letters, this result should be ascribed to a want of industry,—to a failure to comprehend the subject, both as a unit and in its most minute details,—a failure to reach that point of positive knowledge from which the past can be seen at one panoramic glance; and finally, to the use of a style, either natural or acquired, unsuited to the minds of their readers.

We propose to say something of the

History of the Rise of the Dutch Republic ; and we have submitted the foregoing introductory remarks, in order that when we affirm that this book, though not coming up to the ideal and impossible standard of Mr. Carlyle, and failing even to reach the more moderate "perfection" of Mr. Macaulay, is a *good* history, our readers may know what we mean and upon what we base our judgment. Mr. Motley has not *daguerreotyped* the Dutch nation in all the multifarious aspects of life during the eventful years he has described, but like a true artist, he has drawn a most vivid and spirited picture of a brave and patient people steadily confronting and finally overthrowing the most atrocious ecclesiastical tyranny that ever disgraced the world.

The rise of the Dutch Republic is an event not paralleled in the world's history. Considering the exposed position and the comparatively small population of the Netherlands, and the grandeur and power of the Spanish monarchy at that period, no event would seem so improbable as the emancipation of this feeble nation from the domination of Spain, and the establishment of a Republic whose commercial glory has only been rivalled, but not, even within our time, surpassed. Yet with a patience and an indomitable perseverance, only equalled by that by which they conquered their narrow domain from the ocean's empire, they, through a series of years, resisted the whole might of the Spanish monarchy, and at last secured the reward of their patient endurance and vigorous efforts, in the establishment of the political independence of the Seven United Provinces of the Netherlands. Through all the vicissitudes of the bloody and exciting drama enacted upon the soil of the Netherlands, one figure stands præminent—the guiding spirit of the whole movement—William, Prince of Orange. This fact gives to the history all the *unity* of a dramatic work ; and upon this central figure the author exhausts all his powers of delineation, to the neglect, perhaps, of some subordinate but still important characters. But in truth this was almost unavoidable. The best history of the Neth-

erlands during the life of the Prince of Orange must be *his* biography—so intimately was he concerned in every public movement, and so deeply did he stamp his impress upon his country's progress.

The great *idea* of the revolt of the Netherlands was the lofty assertion of the freedom of the human soul and resistance to the tyranny of the Spanish Inquisition. In the progress of Mr. Motley's narrative, the reader will perceive how the narrow bigotry of the Spanish king, the devilish machinations of Jesuit priests, and even the wholesale butchery of Alva all failed utterly of their object, and lost to Spain the fairest jewel in her crown. Let us briefly review some of the most important events of the struggle.

At the time of the abdication of the Emperor Charles V., in 1555, the Low Countries were by far the most densely populated and most flourishing portion of Europe. Its inhabitants were intelligent, ingenious, and industrious, and excelled in agriculture, manufactures, and commerce. Antwerp was, at this time, the most splendid city of Europe.

Charles, foiled in his purpose of extirpating heresy in his German dominions, had determined to crush the dawning spirit of religious freedom in his hereditary domain of the Netherlands. To this end he introduced the "Holy" Inquisition ; and for the heinous offences of "reading the Scriptures, of looking askance at a graven image, and of ridiculing the actual presence of the body and blood of Christ in a wafer," burned, strangled, beheaded, or buried alive over one hundred thousand of his subjects ! Charles retired with pompous theatric display from the active scenes of life, leaving his throne to his son and successor, Philip II. Of the profound dissimulation and hypocrisy of Philip,—of his utter loathsomeness of character, Mr. Motley has drawn in his volumes a vivid picture. Amid the acclamations of loyalty (that most absurd perversion of patriotism) which hailed his accession to power, he announced that his mission upon earth was to carry into execution his father's plans of persecution, to ex-

tirpate heresy, and to deserve the title of "Most Catholic King." He immediately directed the reestablishment of the Spanish Inquisition, though not without the most vigorous opposition on the part of his people. After four years residence in the Netherlands, (from 1555 to 1559,) the more urgent duties of his position calling him to Spain, he left the Low Countries, never to return, entrusting the administration of the government nominally to his sister, the Duchess Margaret, of Parma, but really to Cardinal Granvelle.

Let it be remembered that at this time a vast majority of the Netherlands were sincere and devoted Romanists. Orange, Egmont, Horn, and all the great nobles who so vigorously opposed the establishment of the *Spanish* Inquisition, would not, perhaps, have so firmly resisted a *Flemish* one. The opposition to Philip's measures at this time, seems to have been rather the indignant remonstrance of a people whose national spirit had been cruelly insulted by Spanish rule, than the assertion of the right of liberty of conscience. Egmont and Horn died, not for heresy or opposition to the "Holy Mother Church," for their last words were a profession of unchanged faith, and an invocation of blessings upon the hand that had so cruelly struck them down. Orange, by superior sagacity, escaped their fate, but he did not become a convert to the Reformed doctrine till several years after their execution.

The administration of the Duchess Margaret was but the prologue to the bloody drama that was to follow. During her administration of eight years, the champions of religious freedom and toleration on the one side, and those of ecclesiastical tyranny and the Inquisition on the other, had been marshalling for the fray. Philip, finding that his holy work of maiming, burning, hanging and quartering his subjects, did not, under the feeble rule of the Duchess Margaret, go on with as much rapidity as he desired, determined to let loose upon the devoted Netherlands the blood-hound Alva. Long before the perusal of Mr. Motley's book, we had been accustomed to associate with

the name of Alva all that is cruel, blood-thirsty, and atrocious, but imagination in its boldest flight failed to comprehend the length and breadth and depth of that stupendous enormity of cruelty, which for seven years drenched the soil of the Netherlands with the blood of the best and bravest of its citizens. Let any one read chapters 5 and 8, 2nd Vol., entitled respectively, "A tenth penny and a model murder," and "Three *thorough* massacres," and he must be either more or less than human, if his soul does not rise in holy indignation and call down the maledictions of Heaven upon the atrocious villain, who planned and executed these wholesale butcheries of blameless men and defenceless women and children, and upon the system which prompted, justified, and sustained such hellish enormities. We quote Vol. 2, p. 503, et seq.:

"The tens of thousands in these miserable Provinces who fell victims to the gallows, the sword, the stake, the living grave, or to living banishment, have never been counted: for those statistics of barbarity are often effaced from human record. Enough, however, is known, and enough has been recited in the preceding pages. No mode in which human beings have ever caused their fellow-creatures to suffer, was omitted from daily practice. Men, women, and children, old and young, nobles and paupers, opulent burghers, hospital patients, lunatics, dead bodies, all were indiscriminately made to furnish food for the scaffold and the stake. Men were tortured, beheaded, hanged by the neck and by the legs, burned before slow fires, pinched to death with red hot tongs, broken upon the wheel, starved, and flayed alive. Their skins stripped from the living body were stretched upon drums, to be beaten in the march of their brethren to the gallows. The bodies of many who had died a natural death were exhumed, and their festering remains hanged upon the gibbet, on pretext that they had died without receiving the sacrament, but in reality that their property might become the legitimate prey of the treasury. Marriages of long standing were dissolved by order of government, that rich heiresses

might be married against their will to foreigners whom they abhorred. Women and children were executed for the crime of assisting their fugitive husbands and parents with a penny in their utmost need, and even for consoling them with a letter in their exile. Such was the *regular* course of affairs as administered by the Blood-Council. The additional barbarities committed amid the rack and ruin of those blazing and starving cities, are almost beyond belief; unborn infants were torn from the living bodies of their mothers; women and children were violated by thousands; and whole populations burned and hacked to pieces by soldiers in every mode which cruelty, in its wanton ingenuity, could devise. Such was the administration of which Vargas affirmed at its close that too much mercy, — ‘*nimia misericordia*,’—had been its ruin.”

In this appalling condition of his native country, the Prince of Orange was not idle. Long ago would he have suffered death by the most exquisite tortures that men or devils could have devised, if Alva could only have laid hands upon him. But the Prince was too wise a man to be entrapped. At the council-board and on the battle field his services were ever ready to aid his afflicted fellow-countrymen, and during these dismal years, he was the only star of hope that beamed above their horizon.

Sated with plunder and slaughter, Alva left the Netherlands loaded with the curses and frantic hate of a whole nation. The short administration of his successor, the Grand Requesens, was characterized by no very important events, except the Antwerp “fury.” The year 1576 witnessed the proud and beautiful Antwerp, the queen city of Europe, attacked without warning and without provocation by the Spanish garrison which held its citadel. For three days and nights the tide of slaughter ran unchecked. Eight thousand of its citizens were murdered, untold wealth was plundered, its magnificent public buildings were destroyed, and the glory of the city forever obliterated. Justice demands that

the Spanish government should be acquitted of the blame of this transaction. It was a private enterprise of the soldiers, stimulated, not by religious enthusiasm, but solely by the love of plunder.

The Reformed religion, despite the bloody persecution of the Duchess Margaret and Alva, had made such rapid progress, that Orange, as the representative of all who opposed royal and ecclesiastical tyranny, was now enabled to present a formidable resistance. Requesens was succeeded in 1576 by Don John of Austria, the hero of Lepanto, and illegitimate son of Charles V. The conciliatory policy adopted at first by Don John, the able negotiations and consummate statesmanship of Orange, Don John’s faithlessness, his campaigns in the Netherlands, his brilliant success and sad death are all admirably told. Alexander of Parma, the first captain of the age, succeeded to the post left vacant by the death of Don John. Though Alexander governed with a strong hand, and with infinitely more ability than any of his predecessors, he came too late to arrest the tide of events in the Netherlands; and it was his fate to witness the “severance of a nation and the birth of a republic.” The causes, indeed, of the separation had long been at work, but the idea of an independent State, as a remedy of their evils, seems to have been slow in dawning, even upon the sagacious mind of Orange. He struggled long and manfully to effect the union of the seventeen Provinces, but without success. From numerous causes, the most prominent of which were mutiny, jealousy, and an obstinate attachment to the Romish religion, he found it impossible to detach the Flemish Provinces from the government of Spain. He lived long enough, however, to see the Seven United Provinces of Holland independent in all but in name. His stirring, eventful, and heroic life was suddenly brought to a close on the 10th of July, 1584, (after three previous unsuccessful attempts to assassinate him,) by the hand of the assassin Gérard, hired by the Pope and Philip. Magnanimous monarch, who instigated and rewarded;—glorious and “holy”

church, that encouraged, by her prayers and benedictions, so foul a deed !

With the death of the Prince of Orange, Mr. Motley brings his history to a close. The independence of the Dutch Republic was virtually accomplished, though not formally acknowledged till some years afterwards.

It is, doubtless, a fortunate circumstance for his future fame, that the author has chosen so interesting a period upon which to base his first contribution to historic literature. So admirably is the work done, that the attention and interest of the reader are at once gained, and maintained unimpaired to the last. Let us briefly point out some of what we conceive to be the excellencies of the work. First, then, the *industry* and *care* of the author in ascertaining the *truth* seems to be sufficiently assured, from the numerous citations of contemporaneous authorities. The work bears internal evidence of its truthfulness. The great test of truth, says a distinguished writer, is *CONSISTENCY* in all its parts,—and of this quality, Mr. Motley's book gives abundant evidence. That he is, in the main, impartial, we have no doubt. Not even Philip, and none, except Alva, of the brood of Spanish harpies, that so long plundered and scourged the Netherlands are painted in colours altogether black. If he errs in this respect, it is in favour of the Prince of Orange. The Prince seems to be as great a favourite with our author as his descendant and successor, afterwards king of England, is with Lord Macaulay. Mr. Motley represents him as a hero of romance, and attributes to him only the noblest qualities, and those in their richest perfection. He makes him the greatest statesman, writer, orator, and general of his age. Now, we do not doubt that Mr. Motley's general estimate of William's character is correct. He was unquestionably the profoundest statesman of his age, as statesmanship then went,—his powers as an orator and writer are attested by the almost absolute sway he possessed in the States-General. He *may* have been a great general, but if he was, he was al-

most uniformly an unsuccessful one on the field.

We do not recollect in the whole work, (three volumes of 600 pages each,) seeing the slightest fault or blemish attributed to the Prince, but the following incident related in Vol. 3d, page 289, will show that he was guilty of a little piece of Jesuitism, scarcely to be expected in a man of so exalted a character. In the contest for supremacy between the adherents of the Prince and Philip in the city of Ghent, one Ryhove, an ardent republican, proposed to the Prince the violent seizure and expulsion of the leaders of the opposing party, and asked his advice and his aid in accomplishing the object. The Prince neither encouraged nor discouraged the scheme; intending, as Mr. Motley admits, if Ryhove should prove successful, to avow his knowledge and approval of the act, but if he should fail, to disavow the whole proceeding. It were, however, an envious task to point out spots in a character so noble and pure.

In the *delineation* of *character* Mr. Motley is exceedingly happy. The profound dissimulation of Philip, the supple and patient Jesuitism of Granvelle, the arrogant vanity of Egmont, the unapproachable malignity and cruelty of Alva, the impetuous bravery and chivalry of Don John, and above all, the calm and intrepid heroism of Orange are all admirably drawn. The author never leaves out of sight the grand *fact*—the leading idea of the revolt of the Netherlands, (as, indeed, it would be impossible for a faithful chronicler to do) viz: that it was the deadly struggle of a brave, patient and oppressed people with a bloody and remorseless tyranny, for the privilege of worshipping God according to their own conviction of truth. Compared with our national struggle for civil liberty, theirs for moral freedom rises superior in moral grandeur. The story of the Netherlands is pregnant with instruction and warning to all who love civil and religious liberty.

The *style* of these volumes is singularly clear and transparent. As the best mirror reflects the image so truly, that



we suspect not its existence, so that style is best which conveys the meaning so plainly that we pay no attention to the words in which it is conveyed. We neither see nor expect the existence of a *medium* between the author's mind and our own, but seem to receive the meaning by actual contrast (so to speak) of mind with mind. Mr. Motley's style approaches near to this excellence. It is generally uniform and equable, and with few attempts at *fine* or *eloquent* writing. As a specimen, we select at random his account of the execution of Count Egmont, vol. 2d, page 203 et seq.

"During the night, the necessary preparations for the morning tragedy had been made in the great square of Brussels. It was the intention of government to strike terror to the heart of the people by the exhibition of an impressive and appalling spectacle. The absolute and irresponsible destiny which ruled them was to be made manifest by the immolation of these two men, so elevated by rank, powerful connexion and service.

"The effect would be heightened by the character of the locality where the gloomy show was to be presented. The great square of Brussels had always a striking and theatrical aspect. Its architectural effects, suggesting in some degree the meretricious union between Oriental and a corrupt Grecian art, accomplished in the medieval midnight, have amazed the eyes of many generations. The splendid Hotel de Ville, with its daring spire and elaborate front, ornamented one side of the place; directly opposite was the graceful, but incoherent facade of the Brood-huis, now the last earthly resting place of the two distinguished victims, while grouped around these principal buildings rose the fantastic palaces of the Archers, Mariners, and of the other guilds, with their festooned walls and toppling gables bedizened profusely with emblems, statues and quaint decorations. The place had been alike the scene of many a gay tournament, and of many a bloody execution. Gallant knights had contended within its precincts, while bright eyes rained influence from all those picturesque balconies

and decorated windows. Martyrs to religious and political liberty had, upon the same spot, endured agonies which might have roused every stone of its pavement to mutiny or softened them to pity. Here Egmont himself, in happier days, had often borne away the prize of skill or valour, the cynosure of every eye; and hence, almost in the noon of life illustrated by many brilliant actions, he was to be sent by the hand of tyranny, to his great account.

"On the morning of the 5th of June, three thousand Spanish troops were drawn up in battle array around a scaffold which had been erected in the centre of the square. Upon this scaffold, which was covered with black cloth, were placed two velvet cushions, two iron spikes, and a small table. Upon the table was a silver crucifix. The provost-marshal, Spelle, sat on horseback below, with his red wand in his hand, little dreaming that for him a darker doom was reserved than that of which he was now the minister. The executioner was concealed beneath the draperies of the scaffold.

"At eleven o'clock, a company of Spanish soldiers, led by Julian Romero and Captain Salinas, arrived at Egmont's chamber. The Count was ready for them. They were about to bind his hands, but he warmly protested against the indignity, and, opening the folds of his robe, showed them that he had himself shorn off his collars, and made preparation for death. This request was granted. Egmont, with the Bishop by his side, then walked with a steady step the short distance which separated them from the place of execution. Julian Romero and the guard followed him. On his way, he read aloud the fifty-first psalm? 'Hear me cry, O God, and give ear unto my prayer!' He seemed to have selected these Scriptural passages as a proof that, notwithstanding the machinations of his enemies, and the cruel punishment to which they led him, loyalty to his sovereign was as deeply rooted and as religious a sentiment in his bosom as devotion to his God. 'Thou wilt prolong the King's life; and his years as many generations. He shall abide before God for-



ever! Oh! prepare mercy and truth, which may preserve him.' Such was the remarkable prayer of the condemned traitor on his way to the block.

"Having ascended the scaffold, he walked across it twice or thrice. He was dressed in a tabard or robe of red damask, over which was thrown a short black mantle, embroidered in gold. He had a black silk hat, with black and white plumes on his head, and held a handkerchief in his hand. As he strode to and fro, he expressed a bitter regret that he had not been permitted to die, sword in hand, fighting for his country and his king. Sanguine to the last, he passionately asked Romero whether the sentence was really irrevocable, whether a pardon was not even then to be granted. The marshal shrugged his shoulders, murmuring a negative reply. Upon this, Egmont gnashed his teeth together, rather in rage than in despair. Shortly afterward commanding himself again, he threw aside his robe and mantle, and took the badge of the Golden Fleece from his neck. Kneeling then upon one of the cushions, he said the Lord's prayer aloud, and requested the bishop, who knelt by his side, to repeat it thrice. After this the prelate gave him the silver crucifix to kiss, and then pronounced his blessing upon him. This done, the Count rose again to his feet, laid aside his hat and handkerchief, knelt again upon the cushion, drew a little cap over his eyes, and folding his hands together, cried in a loud voice, 'Lord, into thy hands I commit my spirit!' The executioner then suddenly appeared, and severed his head from his shoulders at a single blow."

While we give to the style of these volumes high praise, we do not consider it faultless. It would, in a work so extended, be an easy but invidious task to point out some verbal inaccuracies. The author sometimes departs from the severe simplicity of the strict historic style. For example, it must be acknowledged that, in the extract above quoted, the figure of "rousing the stones of the pavement to mutiny, or softening them to pity" is rather too extravagant for the calm dignity of the philosophic historian.

He sometimes forgets that he is addressing *posterity*, and that it is his duty to relate facts, without becoming an advocate or denouncer of particular men, or particular systems of religion or government. Though giving, in the main, an impartial and perspicuous narrative of events in the Netherlands, he occasionally breaks out into a strain of fierce denunciation, with redundancy of epithets and turgidness of diction. It is, doubtless, natural that the contemplation of revolting crimes should excite a feeling of indignation, but a question here arises, whether the historian can become the apologist or advocate of men or systems, and still preserve his character of impartiality. And, if this question be decided in the affirmative, the farther question arises, "How may the writer best accomplish this object?" Is it by delivering a "plain, unvarnished tale," or by a direct appeal to the passions of his readers? The powerful but silent eloquence of facts is too much overlooked, and we think that Mr. Motley has erred, though naturally and excusably, in breaking forth, from time to time in impassioned appeals, such as the following:—

"The history of Alva's administration in the Netherlands is one of those pictures which strike us almost dumb with wonder. Why has the Almighty suffered such crimes to be perpetrated in His sacred name? Was it necessary that many generations should wade through this blood in order to acquire for their descendants the blessings of civil and religious freedom? Was it necessary that an Alva should ravage a peaceful nation with sword and flame, that desolation should be spread over a happy land, in order that the pure and heroic character of William of Orange should stand forth the more conspicuously, like an antique statue of spotless marble against a stormy sky."

In conclusion, we observe that this work has not received that notice and commendation at the hands of American literary men which it justly deserves. The author has entered upon and pursued with eminent success, the path opened by Prescott and Washington Ir-

ving. We look forward with pleasure to the appearance of a second work which he is said to be preparing, in continuation of his first; and doubt not that it will add to his already well earned fame as a writer, and prove a valuable contribution to the stock of American literature.

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## IN THE RAIN.

BY AMIE.

### I.

Up in the high tree-tops,  
 The song-bird sways;  
 Sweet 'mid the storm are the gushing lays  
 He merrily weaves.  
 He waits not for smiling skies,  
 Or sunny ray,  
 To turn to opals the fringing spray  
 Of the fluttering leaves.  
 He scatters the crystal drops  
 Like musical pearls,  
 And every drop as it quivers and whirls,  
 Adds a note to his hymn.  
 In his song a summer lies  
 Of balm and shine—  
 Wide earth seems gay with day's golden wine,  
 As he sings in the rain.

### II.

And thus in storm and rain  
 The Poet sings—  
 Plaintive and sweet are the notes he wrings  
 From his quivering heart.  
 He waits not for Fortune's hand  
 To gild the years,  
 Turning to jewels the bitter tears  
 That in secret start.  
 The harmonies of pain,  
 The sweets of woe,  
 In silver waves through his numbers flow,  
 And enrich his strain.  
 Like a seraph he seems to stand  
 In the Eden-door,  
 In a summer of rapture evermore,—  
 As he sings in the rain!

## SELECTIONS AND EXCERPTS FROM THE LEE PAPERS.

The war of the Revolution found our entire country but illy prepared to meet its exigencies, in all except the character of her people and their determined spirit of resistance; but Virginia in particular, from the nature of her coasts and her internal condition, seemed almost to invite invasion. The Chesapeake lay open to the naval force of the mistress of the seas: the mouths and shores of our principal rivers were unfortified, and several of these were navigable far into the interior. We were without a regular army or navy; the militia of our eastern counties, though not without the other virtues of the soldier, were but imperfectly disciplined, and the draughts from these were at first either insufficient or for too limited terms of service. Our back-woods-men of the West had been more enured to arms, whether as hunters and soldiers, but from the character of the enemy on their borders, both their weapons and tactics were somewhat peculiar. The battle of Point Pleasant, in '74, had for the time broken the power of the neighbouring Indians; but of this our people were then not so fully apprised, and not knowing but their presence might be required nearer home, they were at first somewhat reluctant to come in any great numbers to the aid of their eastern brethren, though they afterwards rendered most efficient service. The quantity of arms and munitions of war, originally limited, had been farther reduced by consumption or use; and our mineral resources, from which farther supplies might be created, were either unknown or undeveloped. Manufactories—except of the plainest house-hold kind—had never flourished in Virginia; and the suspension of regular commerce, which rendered both exports and imports precarious, not only caused the burden of taxation to press heavily on the people, but well nigh deprived them of certain prime necessities of life; and the privation was the more severe in that the general observance, for years previous, of the Resolves of the "Association" for the non-consumption of British manufactures, had reduced the supplies to a minimum. Other causes concurred to aggravate the evil. The greater part of our commerce was in the hands of Scottish merchants, and most of these were unfriendly to the cause; or where otherwise, being factors, had no alternative but to obey the instructions of their principals who resided abroad. The holders of coin often hoarded their treasures; and paper emissions, which rapidly depreciated, being used for the payment of previous debts, materially affected the fortunes of private individuals. The number of traitors and disaffected was inconsiderable when compared with those of other of the States, but there were enough of these in particular localities to exert an unhappy influence on the neighbouring people, imposing on them at times by false or exaggerated rumours, for which the imperfect facilities of intercourse afforded but a tardy corrective. Our slaves were also liable to be tampered with and seduced, under the promise of freedom, or forcibly abducted and made to serve the purposes of the enemy. The old Government having ceased, a new one must be established, based on Republican principles and adapted to our peculiar circumstances. As this was a work of time and deliberation, its Executive powers in the interval was entrusted to a Committee of Safety; and it was reserved for Virginia at length to present to the world the first example of a *written Constitution of Republican Government*.

The cotemporaneous volumes of our laws\* will show, in some degree, the prompt and energetic measures taken to supply the various wants we have enumerated, and to meet the several exigencies as they arose; and History has given her narrative of the principle events in their order. The extracts which follow may either present some of those events in a new or more familiar light, or furnish details unnoticed by the historian. The originals, from which they are taken, often contain other matter of general interest,—remarks on the character and conduct of individuals, public and private,—reflections on passing events,—anticipations for the future, whether of hope or fear,—with suggestions of what might be politic or expedient at the particular juncture;—but it has been thought best to limit them to such as either specially relate to Virginia, or may farther

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\* Hening IX and X.

illustrate this era of her history. The names of the writers—being those of so many of our ancient worthies—may farther recommend their views to the reader.

It is proper occasionally to review these scenes, as well to contrast the present with the then condition of our country, and thereby to obtain a clearer conception of the much for which we have to be grateful, as to show what may be done, under circumstances the most unfavourable, by a people determined to be freed from foreign domination.

EXCERPTS FROM THE LETTERS OF EDMUND  
PENDLETON TO R. H. LEE.

Oct. 28th, 1775. We are much concerned to hear there are traitors in Philadelphia, "but alas, they are the product of every clime." Virginia has its Matt. Phipps, who we are just informed is gone on board the William. You know the sacred trust reposed in him. Our importation of *Grain*\* is about 4000 lbs., which is safely stored.

—  
TO THE VA. DELEGATION IN CONGRESS.

Nov. 11th, 1775. The Committee of Safety have received and considered your favour of October 31st, and can easily foresee the necessity of arms and ammunition being sought for during this winter, and the propriety of relaxing so much of the Association as might interfere with the prosecution of that business; we also wish you to consider whether the importation of Salt might not be included in that regulation, as we are informed from all parts that the clamours of the people begin to be high on account of that Article, and we greatly fear the consequences if some method cannot be fallen on to supply their wants. We are sorry to say we have nothing promising from Mr. Tate, and are told that Lord Dunmore has already collected a large quantity, and is embracing every opportunity, by seizing what comes in his way, of increasing his store; we doubt not with an intention to try the virtue of our people, when the want of that necessary article becomes more sensible among them.

Tho' we see the utility of the measure adopted by the Congress for the importation of these necessaries, we at the same time cannot avoid contemplating the dan-

ger and almost insuperable difficulties, which in our opinion will attend the carrying it into execution here, in our defenceless state, without a single armed vessel to give the exports and imports even the shadow of protection.

We sympathize with you in the disagreeable feelings you must sustain on the disgraceful patience and suffering of some of our people, which tho' confined to a very few will be charged to the Colony. The only apology for them is, the exposed situation of their families and property, the want of arms and ammunition, and their intermixture with Tories, who instead of assisting were ready every moment to betray them. We could not protect them. We had men enough, but were left to ransack every corner of the country for arms, tents and other necessaries. The few we collected were unavoidably retained here for the protection of our magazine, Treasury and Records. Both regiments are now literally armed, and our troops are marching to Norfolk. Let us have credit for driving them off at Hampton, and for having ever since prevented their coming near the shore, there, and up the river, as high as James Town, tho' they attempted to frighten us, with abortive discharges of their cannon.

P. S.—Since writing the above the Treasurer informs us, that Mr. Tate has his Pans fixed, and says he can make 150 Bushels a week.

—  
TO R. H. LEE.

1776, Ap'l 20th. I feel the propriety and necessity of adopting some such mode as you propose, for constructing salt works at the Public Expense. I have generally thought necessary articles

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\* (?) Powder.

would be most probably produced to the Society, by giving bounties for encouraging private adventurers; but having tried this without effect, it will be prudent to risque even a loss of Public money to secure an Article without which our people will break thro' all restraint: we shall be glad to receive the approved method of making it, as we have suffered in other cases by setting out wrong.

My relation, Mr. John Taylor, who accompanied me to Philadelphia, has somehow got disappointed in his wishes to get into the Army; I am told two places are still vacant, in the gift of Congress, that of Muster Master, by the resignation of Mr. Randolph, and that of Judge Advocate, in which we have heard of no appointment, either of which Mr. Taylor would accept, tho' greatly prefer the former. I can answer for his fidelity in any thing, and if you are disengaged, your vote and interest in his favour will much oblige him and me.

—

1776, December 28th. If the House of Bourbon mean to join us at all, I think it will be soon, lest the progress of the Enemy should make our connexion less valuable by the destruction of our commercial Cities.

A supply of woollens will be very agreeable intelligence, as a dread of want in that Article seems to impede our enlistments, which however, I hear, go on tolerably. You will have heard that besides our 18 Battalions, we have empowered the Governor and Council to raise any number they can and which they may think necessary.

—

1777, February 8th. It seems, we have 7 men-of-war in our bay, who have been hitherto tolerably civil; a vessel loaded with blankets luckily escaped them and is got up York River.

—

March 9th, 1777. I have omitted paying my respects to you for two past Posts,

concluding from my last you were in Va., but have heard you remain at Baltimore. I observe by the last papers Col. Woodford is at last promoted, and felt concern at seeing him behind Muhlenburg and Weedon. Mercer and Stevens had originally a right to command him, and it was owing to some untoward circumstances, contrary to his endeavors, that he was put over them, and therefore it was just they should be put in their proper places: tho' it must hurt the delicacy of a good Officer to have a man under him to day command him to-morrow. But these gentlemen, however worthy I think them, had no such claim, and I am persuaded, would have been happy in ranking under him. What he will determine to do I know not, but as I think him a valuable Officer, I wish, for the common good, he may waive all these considerations, and return into the Service. I hear our Continental Troops begin to collect fast in companies, and I hope will soon be on their march to relieve the General, who seems to be yet in rather a dangerous situation.

—

May 11th, 1777, Caroline. The last division of 2200 North Carolina troops passed thro' this County yesterday; they are healthy and spirited, and their decent, orderly behaviour does honour to their Officers. They are to take the Small Pox, which will retard their arrival, but will be a respectable reinforcement. I fear not in time to be before Howe's accession of new troops.

One of our vessels has slipped in with 2000 stand of arms, and a small vessel in which Bannister is interested has carried a Rum Prize into N. Carolina.

—

1777, May 17th. Your having plenty of stores of all kinds and Ammunition, is very agreeable, as I was alarmed, as well as surprized when Congress, some time ago, Resolved upon borrowing or buying arms from the Militia, and assessing the different States their proportion of blankets. I am sure few could have been got here, since besides having

spared many to the Soldiery, we have been near 3 years in a state of consumption only, with very little recruit, while the captures to the Eastward have been a source of continual supply to them.

1777, May 25th. I find Mr. Hunter is alarmed lest his works should stop for want of iron; the Maryland Gentlemen who deal in that material article, either from the fondness of back friends to invest their paper in that commodity, or their opinion that we are in their power, or perhaps both, have demanded £20 a ton for Pigs. It will be shocking to have him stopped in so beneficial a course, since besides his gun manufactory and supplying the Navy with Anchors, &c., his slitting, plate, and wire mills are in great forwardness, which would produce the greatest private utility. We must explore our banks for ore and compel the Proprietors to open them, or give up to those who will, that we may have the necessary for these branches within ourselves.

1777, August 30th. I think it no unimportant part of our late success that militia had a principal hand in it, for if they will stand six hours' hard fighting with their officers and men falling by their sides, we can never be subdued; our resources in that way are infinite, however difficult it may be to raise a regular army, and I am told the whole militia here, lately called below, were of volunteers without a single draft, and in most counties the whole declared themselves ready if wanted.

I am no soldier, but I think in dividing their Army as they have done, and carrying on distant operations at the same time, they have played the game as we should have wished.

I am glad to hear that the good old *Lord of Hayes*,\* was able to get out even

on his crutches; his argument was like all his, wise and forcible, and I hope America will prove the truth of his prediction.

1777, Nov. 2d. Some of the pleasantest lines that ever adorned paper since the promulgation of the Holy Scriptures, met my eyes in your obliging favour of the 21st past: and is it really true that the great and flourishing Burgoyne, with nine other Generals, at the head of the very number of men with which they boasted in St. Stephen's Chapel they could conquer America, has surrendered to a detachment of our Army, composed for the most part of honest Planters, called to oppose them from the culture of their farms? I won't say tell it *not*, but tell it in Gath and publish it in the streets of Askelon; and add, moreover, that this great and mighty nation whose Naval Power hath awed the world, hath been alarmed for their trade at home, by a few fishing boats scrambled up by the poor despised Americans, at a time they were entertaining the fond idea of blocking up all the ports upon the Ocean for 1800 miles of a coast 3000 miles from them. If this don't open the nation's eyes, I think they are desperate and their destruction inevitable: nor would I undertake to play for the Prussians, if they are such sanguine gamesters as not to allow we have "thrown sixes."

1777, Nov. 8th. Your last favour removes all doubts, and tho' it cuts us off of 4 Generals, 10,000 stand of arms and 5 pieces of cannon, which common fame had made it, we have yet had abundant reasons to be thankful, for it is a most important victory; and I am inclined to think their retiring to England may prove of greater advantage to us than their actual captivity here, in the report which they may make, discouraging further pro-

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\* Lord Chatham. Ed. 7.



secution of their attempts. Especially Burgoyne, if he seriously thinks our Independence inevitable, may forward a peace much in the House of Commons, where his own honour seems concerned, and must stimulate him to magnify our strength and importance.

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1778, June 13th. The treaties of Alliance and free Commerce with France, which will probably lead the way to those with many other European Powers, will make this year a memorable Era, tho' nothing more important should happen in it.

August 16th. I was astonished at the Resolutions of the Commons in favour of the Irish. I consider them, however, as the first fruits of the benefits mankind will receive from our noble struggle. This and the success of the Duke of Richmond's motion respecting the Toulon fleet, seem to indicate a change in administration. Happy for us they cannot raise Lord Chatham to be in the new.

A heavy North-East storm, on Tuesday last, has greatly injured our Corn and Tobacco, and forced down too many of our half-ripe Peaches. I expect to hear it has reached the fleets.

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JOHN PAGE TO R. H. LEE.

*Williamsburg, Dec. 9th, 1775.*

It was so late when I received your letter, and I have been so engaged in business and surrounded by company, that I am scarcely able to tell you that I received it, and by no means have time to say how much obliged I am to you for writing it. But however much I am pressed for time, I cannot conclude without lamenting the unhappy situation of our Country. So defenceless is it that I am persuaded that a couple of Frigates with a few tenders and only one Regiment, might at this time make as complete a conquest of all the lower Counties of Va. as Ld. Dunmore has made of Princess Ann and Norfolk. Col. Wood-

ford, with 500 hundred men, has been hitherto prevented from passing the Great Bridge, on his way to Norfolk, by a body of Negroes headed by Scotchmen and a few Regulars; and I make no doubt that before he can pass, Norfolk will be made impregnable by land. It is capable of being strongly fortified on a small neck of land near the Church, where it is said Lord D. has for some time past employed several hundred negroes. The only way, I conceive, that town can be taken without Cannon, must be by taking advantage of the night and throwing into it 3 or 400 resolute Fellows—and to make a bold push at the Sloops of War at the same time. I have mentioned this to several, but unhappily they call it a rash attempt, and seemed to be contented with the Expedition now carrying on under Col. Woodford—which if it should succeed, can only force our enemies on board the Ships, and oblige them to change the scene of the War, and spread their depredations farther. I wish to God we had a few armed Vessels to take the tenders. We might very much distress their ships by it. I approve very much of your hint of procuring them from Bermuda or the Northern Colonies. But most of the Committee and Convention seem to think it in vain to attempt anything by water. I think this may be attended with fatal consequences—for if no attempt of this kind is made before Reinforcements of Ships and tenders arrive, the people will be most wretchedly dispirited and easily crushed. *For my part, I think we should make a point of keeping possession of our Rivers, those excellent channels of Commerce, and should strain every nerve in struggles for the Dominion of the upper part of the rivers at least.* It is certain that 5000 men cannot defend our Coast against the depredations of the men of war and tenders already here—but it is certain that 500 men in armed vessels could easily take the whole fleet.

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Feb. 3d., 1776. I have been always of your opinion with respect to our present Commander in Chief. All orders do pass

thro' him, and we really wish to be in perfect harmony with him.

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Feb. 19th, 1776. I moved too, with the like success, that the sum of £40 should be paid to Bucktrout, for his ingenuity in constructing, and to defray the expense of erecting a powder mill; and to enable him to prosecute his plan of working up the Salt Petre which may be collected in the neighbouring Counties, with his Hand Powder Mill now at work in this City. The President—altho' I told the Committee I would engage to make 100 lbs. of Powder per day with it, and endeavoured to show the necessity of encouraging such a work—declared that in his opinion it was a Bauble,—and 5 members were of opinion that it was not worth the reward I proposed. I was ashamed for the Committee, and very much hurt to find that my recommendation of a machine which I understood perfectly and had seen tried, and a man of whose ingenuity I had before produced proofs by showing powder of his making and proving its excellence by actual experiments, had not the least weight with the Committee. This mill, Sir, alone, well attended, might supply a great part of our Country with Powder, I shall do all I can to encourage the man to go on with his work. I think private subscriptions, until the Convention meets, may enable him to be very serviceable. The Committee indeed, on finding that many people in Town entertain an high opinion of this Mill, begin to appear willing to give some kind of encouragement to it.

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April 12th, 1776. I am particularly obliged to you for so readily promising me your vote and interest in favour of Col. Grayson. Before you can receive this you will have seen the letters to Gov. Eden from Lord G. Germain. They had a good effect here. I think almost every man, except the Treasurer, is willing to declare for Independency. But I fear it is too late for Va.; for if the at-

tack should be made here, which we have now great reason to expect, we shall be able to make but a poor resistance. Our army is but an handful of raw, undisciplined troops, indifferently armed, wretchedly clothed, and without tents or Blankets. Our people, in some places disconcerted about Henry's Resignation, in others on account of the removal of the Troops from their Neighborhood, and in others at the apprehension of being removed, as the People of Norfolk and Princess Ann are to be, into the interior parts of the Country. In this state of things, God knows what will be the consequence of a vigorous push made by a fleet and 6 or 7 regiments. It is happy for us that General Lee is here, but so weak are we at present, our troops being so badly armed and accoutred, that I really pity him. On a review to day, there were only 500 men fit for duty. There are 3 companies at York and 6 at Hampton. I trust only to Heaven which has hitherto protected us.

I would to God you could be here at the next Convention. It would be happy for us if you could be all spared on that occasion; if you could, I make no doubt you might easily prevail in the Convention to declare for Independency, and to establish a form of Government.

(P. S.) I suppose, as Mr. Arundel is appointed Captain of a company of Artillery to be raised here, you either intend that there should be two Companies, or you did not know that we had already raised one. If the latter was the case, I fear there will be some confusion here, as Capt. Innes, who is captain of the Company, is a very deserving man, and was expelled the college for his activity in the cause. To prevent this, and indeed as two companies are really wanted, I wish you would raise another, and put them both on the Continental Establishment.

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*Williamsburg, Dec. 20th, 1776.*

You cannot conceive how our cause suffers for want of a constant and speedy conveyance of Authentic Intelligence from State to State. I hope the late

resolutions of Congress respecting the Posts would have remedied this inconvenience, but unhappily it has not been carried into execution. The Tories propagate what lies they please to invent, and it is often long before we can contradict them. Seldom before they have made a bad impression somewhere. Many people here were greatly alarmed at the letters, which it is said, you and Col. Harrison wrote by the Post, (I have not yet seen them,) and seem to think all is lost. But I am sure, your letters, and I suppose Col. Harrison's, could never convey such an idea. For the loss of every town in America, must be but a small loss compared to *all*. Some people, I fear, wish all *was* lost.

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*Williamsburg, Jan. 29th, 1777.*

P. S.—There is a sloop, (the one I mentioned in my letter,) which has a number of soldier's clothes on board, which will probably be taken if she ventures up the Bay. I have endeavored to have them landed and put on the backs of the poor fellows, who cannot march without clothes. But the Capt. refuses to deliver them, unless by an order of Congress, or of Mrs. Buckannan of Baltimore. \* \* \* If the clothes could be sent to Fredericksburg, they would be very convenient for the men who will rendezvous there.

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*Williamsburg, Feb. 27th, 1777.*

If I can have any weight with the Governor and Council, no pains shall be spared to put our Navy on a respectable footing. As it is, I think, if we were not too diffident, or ignorant of the effect of 18 Pounders, we might drive away the Men of War. \* \* \*

The apprehension of an Indian War makes the people immediately on the frontier, who are the best troops in the world for the defence of that country, very averse to leaving it, and they will not enlist.

I can hear nothing yet of casting

cannon here. The two private Powder mills—for there are none belonging to the public—stand still for want of Saltpetre. A fine large Galley is almost finished in North Carolina, but we have no guns proper for her, and we want at least 50 heavy Cannon for the necessary protection of our most important harbors. We have discovered vast quantities of *Lapis Calaminaris* near one of the Copper mines in this State, so that we might, with proper spirit and Industry, supply America with Brass and Brass Cannon. Mr. David Jameson, one of our board, is concerned in a Copper mine, where he thinks that 20 or 30 hands might raise copper enough for this purpose, and the Calamine lies around in vast abundance. We have had specimens of this stone and a small experiment made on some copper with it, and find that it makes fine brass.

—  
*Wms. Burg, August 29th, 1777.*

I will do all in my power to forward the works you mention, but I have long laboured in vain to draw the attention of our Countrymen towards the Copper and Lapis Calaminaris.

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*Rosewell, Sep. 11th, 1777.*

I return you many thanks for the Hand bill, and heartily congratulate you on the glorious news it contains. Col. Gansevoort deserves the highest honours for his gallant defence of Fort Schuyler; and Arnold, whose perseverance, fortitude, and fearless spirit, raised him long since high in my esteem, rises still higher by his rapid march to support Fort Schuyler, his noble resolution to attack the Besiegers at all events rather than suffer the Garrison to fall into their hands, and above all by the Terror which his approach seemed to spread thro' the British Army and the happy effects of this Consternation. And what shall I say of the Generals Herkimer and Starke, the Colonels Warner and Willet. I cannot sufficiently admire them. Happy for us, that quarter of America teems with Heroes.

I think it the happiest event of the War that Ticonderoga was evacuated,—for otherwise Burgoyne would not have ventured so far into the Country. Had he been forced to make regular approaches and attack that place in form, and been long detained by a stout resistance, he must either have set down at that Post after its surrender, or if compelled to raise the siege, have retired to Crown Point; so that I think St. Clair's retreat a happy circumstance; and almost think that if Burgoyne has not seen the votes of Congress condemning that step, he will now think it but a manœuvre. Do you recollect your conversation with Major Butler of Charleston, in the Coffee House Porch at Wms. Burg, on the subject of defending Ticonderoga? I think you spoke of it as a place of little consequence, which surprised us much, and upon our expressing some surprise at your opinion, you added that you believed Congress had ordered it to be evacuated; which I looked upon to be the case until I saw the votes above-mentioned, and then I concluded you must have spoken it in jest and for the sake of argument.

Some people here are greatly afraid, that Howe, when forced to abandon his designs against Philadelphia, will thro' vexation and Revenge lay waste Maryland and Virginia, and canton his troops for the Winter in those States. We have an excellent body of Militia, but unhappily we have not Tents, &c., &c., for a sufficient number of them. *Is there no possibility for cutting out an excuse for France to declare War against England?* Can she not, with a safe, Catholic conscience, endeavor to restore the unhappy race of the *Stuarts*? May not the present cruel Usurper be told, that he has far exceeded any of that family in acts of Tyranny; even the English themselves have no good reason to object to their restoration, and the *Scotch* must be strangely altered to be less zealous and active in this favorite work, than they were in 1715 or 1745.

(P. S.) I heartily congratulate you, on the gallant behaviour of our kinsman, Capt. Lee, of the light Horse.

Williamsburg, Oct. 17th, 1777.

I this moment received yours of the 10th inst. by the return of our Express, and am much obliged to you for the particular account you have given me of our attack on the Enemy. From your account of this affair, and Weedon's particular detail of the Plan, March, and Disposition of Attack, I look upon it to be one of the best concerted, but worst executed expeditions and Attacks, which ever was made. However, as our troops have learnt experience by it, and are willing to make a second trial of their Courage and skill, and have also received a considerable reinforcement since their repulse, which makes them very much resemble the Hydra, I trust they will be more successful in their next attempt and show us that they have not an Hercules to deal with. For my own part however, *I had rather fight such battles every day than not fight at all.* For we not only have the advantage of gaining experience by frequent engagements, but we must at length break up and destroy, or worry our Enemies to death. They will soon be taught to reason in this manner: "If we are to depend upon reinforcements and supplies of Provisions sent us from the distance of 3000 miles, and our enemies, having supplies at hand and recruits daily coming in, can easily, after every defeat, meet us with renewed, or at least undiminished numbers; and if we add to this that a total defeat to us must be ruinous, not only to our affairs in America—but perhaps to Britain herself, what folly is it to contend any longer for the Conquest of America! We see that the loss of Towns and the rout of Armies, serves but to embitter and to instruct our enemies, whilst our very victories must ruin us. Our unavoidable losses in killed and wounded, the necessary guards for the sick and wounded after such incessant Attacks and fatigues, and the garrisons for the Posts we must occupy, must in a short time so weaken us, that it will be at least impossible to make any farther progress in our Victories." But enough of this Reverie.

I am myself much pleased with the

plan and proposals of the French Officers, but am much afraid that our Assembly will be too much prejudiced against Foreigners to accept it; and our officers are so conceited and so jealous of the French, that I fear it will meet with great opposition from that quarter. However, as far as my opinion can influence any of the members I shall give it freely. The Capt. La Porte de Crome, who was out on the recruiting service when I mentioned him to you, now proposes jointly with Mons. Baury, an accomplished young Officer, to raise a French Regiment in the West India Islands for 50 dollars per man, to be paid on producing the men in this State; provided they can have the command as Colo. and Lieut. Colo. They ask for nothing in advance, for they think they can recruit men and import them equipt for 50 dollars each. If so, I think it the cheapest way of raising men. I am sure those we raise now cost us more. If the Assembly should refuse their offer, would it not be worthy the consideration of Congress whether they should not accept of it? For I shall advise them to tender their services to Congress if refused here.

P. S.—I have this moment read a more particular account of the late action written by Capt. Pierce, which has induced me to alter my opinion of that affair. I think now that it was much better conducted than I before thought, and the bravery of our Troops makes full amends for the misfortune.

—

*Williamsburg, Nov. 9th, 1777.*

The Assembly, it seems, have offered Capt. Loyauté the command of an Academy instead of a Regiment. I suppose he will not accept of this offer. We have with us a very able engineer who will undertake this business if offered to him. He has shown his skill and great abilities, in the directions he has given for fortifying some of our Harbors, and in a most excellent treatise he has written on maritime defence and on the principles of Fortification. He understands English

well, and translates it into Italian, Spanish or French. Into French, elegantly, as he showed by his translations of our letters to the Havannah and New Orleans. \* \* \*

I lost an opportunity of writing to you by the last Post, as I was out of town great part of the week, and as I returned not till yesterday, and was then engaged at Church all day, and in company late at night, and am just about to prepare for the Ball this evening, I can only scribble these lines by way of letter and apology.

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*Wms. Burg, 17th Feb., 1778.*

The resolution of Assembly you mention respecting the Galleys to be stationed on the Rappahannock, I have never seen, but will enquire for it. If we had twenty or thirty 32 pounders, we might, in my opinion, secure our Rivers, but without more heavy cannon we cannot defend them. I wish you had mentioned the situation, or station, of the Men of War, and their strength. Perhaps something might be done to remove them. I am much pleased with Capt. Loyauté and have assisted him with all my ability.

—

*Williamsburg, May 7th, 1778.*

As to the report you have heard respecting the stipulation with the Delegates in Gloucester, I am pretty certain you have been misinformed. However, I have often heard it said that you had made the motion you mention, and have as often declared that I could not believe it, for even if you had any pique against the General, you were too good a Politician and Whig to attempt to remove him from the command he holds, and that I believed it to be a stale trick of the Tories. \* \* \*

P. Grymes is actually elected, I am told, and old Wormley was within a few votes of being sent with him.



FROM LETTERS OF F. LIGHTFOOT LEE TO R.  
H. LEE.

July 16th, 1776. The 11th of next month Col's. Harrison and Braxton are no longer Delegates, and as Mr. Jefferson is determined to go home then, we shall be without a representation, unless you join us. We have not heard when Mr. Wythe intends to be here.

—  
*Yorktown, Pa., Dec. 15th, 1777.*

We have reason to think that there are many emissaries of the enemy sent into the country, and some to the parts of Virginia adjoining this State. I wish you would urge the Executive Power to have some active, spirited whigs, in those counties to keep the most vigilant eye over them, especially where there are prisoners of war. We find the people of Frederick begin to be poisoned.

—  
*Menokin, June 25th, 1778.*

Some of the people in the lower end of Westmoreland have lately been a little turbulent. Several of them associated and were in arms to oppose the execution of the militia law. However, they have been quelled without bloodshed, and the ring-leaders are in the hands of justice. These ill-humours among the people are altogether owing to the many infamous lies which are circulated by the incorrigible villains, whom the mistaken policy of our country has supposed to remain with us. \* \* \* The Junto, by their lies and intrigues, have so far carried their point as to throw some little discredit upon us, but have missed their great aim of removing obstructions to their jobbing schemes. I think you are perfectly right in not gratifying them by resenting the ill-treatment of the Assembly. The Esq., says Mr. Harvey, who got to Williamsburg after the election, was much offended, and made those who had been taken in by certain gentry, perfectly ashamed of themselves. I suppose they would now willingly return you thanks to make up with you, though

they will again be taken in by the same wretches. How imperfect a creature is man. We have had fine, seasonable weather, and I think the crops are in a good way.

—  
*Menokin, July 12th, 1778.*

I find the people in this part of the country not in the least hurt by the war. They are better cloathed; and I think bettered in every circumstance. But there is a lamentable indolence and inattention to public affairs in the gentlemen, which leaves the people open to the arts of every designing rascal, and has occasioned some discontents and an aversion to entering into the army.

The weather is so excessive hot that I have not been able to do so much towards setting things right, as I could wish; but from what I have seen, I am sure the people only want to be well informed, to do every thing that is desired of them.

—  
*Menokin, Aug. 12th, 1778.*

I am as heartily tired of the knavery and stupidity of the generality of mankind as you can be. But it is our duty to stem the torrent as much as we can, and to do all the service in our power, to our country and friends. The consciousness of having done so will be the greatest of all rewards. I have very little hopes from the present race. They are too much infected with the views of Britain, but by proper regulations to enlarge the understanding and improve the morals of the rising generation, we may give a fair opportunity to succeeding Patriots of making their country flourishing and happy. But this must be the work of Peace: in the mean time we must struggle with the present degeneracy, and prevent as much of its bad effects as possible.

August 20th.—We have had a bad gust, and heavy continued rains for five weeks, which have injured the crops very much.



*Philadelphia, Dec. 15th, 1778.*

I do not wonder at your disgust at the wickedness and folly of mankind. I have so much of the same feeling, that I am sure there can be no condition in life more unhappy than to engage in the management of public affairs, with honest intentions. But hard as the lot is, it must be done, at least till things have got into a tolerable way. \* \* \*

Congress has as yet done nothing in finance or foreign affairs. I fear there is a design in some that nothing shall be done, that things may get into such disorder as to make the people wish for the old government. Congress has no power, and every villain whom they want to call to account, insults them. The enclosed letter from Mr. Lawrence will give you an account of his resignation and his reasons. He is really an honest man, and I hope will do a great deal of good.

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FROM SAME.

*Williamsburg, Aug. 17th, 1777.*

A letter from General Hand to Col. Campbell of Yohogony County, says that he expects to be attacked by 500 of the English besides Indians, and wants a reinforcement of 400 for the garrison of Fort Pitt. Few troops at WmsBurg and no General. Col. Theodorick Bland to be married to Mrs. Yates. The Mt. Airy family are well. Only 10 of Lane's company took the oath when tendered. Many refuse it in Northumberland and Richmond; Lancaster and the counties to the southward took the oath, except Brunswick and some about Princess Anne and Norfolk.

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FROM THE LETTERS OF MANN PAGE, JR.,  
TO R. H. LEE.

*Mansfield, Sept. 2d, 1777.*

The appearance of Howe's Fleet, in our bay, alarmed the lower parts of the country to a very great degree, but the alacrity with which the militia, who were called from the upper parts, turned

out, gives me great reason to hope that if the enemy should invade our country, the Virginia Militia would be able to withstand the mercenaries of the British Tyrant. Their zeal to assist their country was so great in many counties, that the numbers which were required of them by the Governor and Council were readily made up of volunteers. I congratulate you upon General Starke's signal victory near Bennington. A few more such strokes will wither the Laurels which Burgoyne had gained before Tyconderoga. \* \* \*

I am glad to hear that the spirits of the French begin to rise. If they will only prevent the English from sending over any more mercenaries, I think we may give a good account of what tories they now have in America.

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*Mansfield, Oct. 7th, 1777.*

I congratulate you upon the success of our arms in the North. In a short time I hope to hear that General Gates has demolished Burgoyne's Army, he will then be able powerfully to assist General W. against Mr. Howe. We have a report here that Gen'l de Coudray was drowned in crossing the Schuylkill, pray inform me of the truth of it. I should be much concerned at the loss of so able an officer. Sullivan might have been better spared.

The Post from the northward seldom comes in, and when it does, only brings us old papers from Baltimore. Ought not one to come immediately from York to Virginia? In the hurry in which Congress was forced to remove from Philadelphia, I fear some of their papers must have been lost.

—  
*Mansfield, Oct. 14th, 1777.*

I am much obliged to you for your particular account of the Battle of Germantown, in your letter by Col. Harrison. It is much to be lamented that the utmost skill of a General, and the greatest bravery of soldiers cannot ensure success: but that the event of Battles must be

determined so often by accident. The bravest soldiers have sometimes been struck by a Panic, and have soon recovered from it. Our troops, I make no doubt, have recovered from theirs, and will, in the next engagement of the Enemy, give a good account of them. They have already seen that they can conquer the British troops, and they will be stimulated by every sense of shame and Honour to regain the Reputation which they have lost. I am sorry to hear that we have lost many valuable Officers, but rejoice that the loss of the Enemy was much more considerable than ours. We are told that when the account of the Enemy having got possession of Philadelphia reached Williamsburg, the City was as much frightened as if they had been attacked themselves. Our Executive body appears not to have been free from Alarm; for they immediately empowered General Nelson to raise 5000 volunteers, and march to join the army. Not long before they had disbanded the Militia, who had been collected at a great expense. Had 4000 of them been sent, as General Nelson requested some weeks ago, they might have done good service, for they were fine looking men, and well armed.

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*Williamsburg, May 15th, 1778.*

I rejoice with you upon the glorious treaty, which has lately been concluded by our Commissioners with the Court of France. The terms are so truly generous that the most artful agent of Britain will not be able to prejudice the mind of the weakest American against it. If America would now exert herself to send a proper force into the field, in all human probability this campaign would terminate the War. Our Assembly seems to be sensible of the necessity of making the Army respectable, and will do their part towards it. Yesterday in Committee they voted 500 Horse, and mean to add 2000 Infantry, for the reinforcement of the Grand Army. I entertain great hopes that these troops may be raised without our being reduced to the necessity of a draught. The spark of liberty is

not yet extinct among our people, and if properly fanned by the gentlemen of influence, will, I make no doubt, burst out again into a flame.

We were not able, through want of members, to make a House till Tuesday, when Col. Harrison was elected Speaker: owing principally to a majority of the members present being from the lower counties upon James and York Rivers. Our friend, Mr. Jefferson, was greatly outvoted. Pray inform our Republican friends of the true cause of that appointment, that they may not for a moment entertain a thought that we are lapsing into Aristocracy because an aristocratic gentleman is at our head. We have many true Whigs, and they are upon their guard.

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*May 21st, 1778, Williamsburg.*

Our people are too desirous of Peace, and the report of the embarkation of the Enemy seems to have damped that ardour which a few days ago I flattered myself had begun to spread. The 500 horse which I informed you had been voted by the Committee, are reduced to a regiment of 350. A bill for raising 2000 volunteers to make up our quota of troops, is pretty forward, and it is intended to raise our Battalion of State troops for garrison duty. Measures will also be taken to recruit our regiments with men to serve during the war. These are all our military proceedings. I wish them all to be successful, but fear the fate of all except the House bill. This, I think, will meet with success, for many gentlemen of influence intend to serve at their own expense.

Your fear that we should lose the services of Mons. Loyauté have been too well founded. He has resigned. I had the pleasure of being acquainted with him, and found him to be sensible and polite. I hoped our country would have received great advantages from his abilities; but unfortunately a dispute arose concerning rank, between him and the Officers of the Artillery, over whom he claims the right of commanding. They

all (even Col. Marshall) threatened to resign if Mons. Loyauté was to command them, the matter was referred by the Governor and Council to the Assembly, the House of Delegates determined that his appointment did not give him the command which he claimed. He still might have kept his corps of men and have proceeded in disciplining them, but in disgust he resigned. I am sorry we have lost him, but the loss must be attributed to his own caprice, as he received no slight from the Assembly. Indeed, the words of the resolution appointing him Inspector General by no means warrant the claim which he set up for command.

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May 25th, 1778.

The enemy left our Bay on Saturday last, and stood a S. W. course. I suppose they are gone to take care of their W. India Islands.

—  
July 21st, 1778.

Lord Chatham's death has happened very favorably for us, I have long been afraid of him; for added to his great abilities, he so entirely possessed the confidence of the nation, he could have brought them to undertake any thing. Besides, his system of Politics was by no means fitted for N. America.

The account you give of Capt. Jones, of the Ranger, is very agreeable, it will put the Enemy to a little more expense to guard their Coast. I wish some of our enterprising Generals would visit the Coast of North Britain, we should see how those Gentry, who are so fond of going abroad to fight, would relish it at Home.

—  
*Mansfield*, March 16th, 1779.

I sincerely rejoice with you that the Torrent of faction begins to subside, and that the People are returning to a more dispassionate way of thinking than they have been in for some time past. In the first moments of misrepresentation the

vulgar are too apt to be led away, and from a generous though improper passion become dupes to the artifices of any designing villain, who will be hardy enough to traduce the most virtuous characters. But sooner or later they will recover from their frenzy, and do justice to that innocence which they before abused. In your case, as they have been precipitately hurried on to give credit to Mr. Deane's assertions, so they will upon cooler reflection acknowledge your integrity, and do justice to the injured character of your Brother. Your Brother's zeal in getting the 11th and 12th Articles of the Treaty of Commerce rescinded must prove to America his attention to her Interests, and Mr. B——'s intercepted letters ought to convince the World, that the opposition to you and your family arises from private resentment only. Pray, my dear sir, remember your promise to send me the Paper which contains those letters. I have seen one of them, and feel my curiosity the more raised to see the others. If it would not give you too much trouble to collect them, I should be much obliged to you for all the pieces, on both sides, which relate to your dispute with Mr. Deane. I have seen but few of them, for we seldom get a paper from Philadelphia.

—  
*Mansfield*, March 30th, 1779.

The enclosed paper I would have sent you by the last Post, if I had known in time that the Northern Post had come in. It will show you how impotent an antagonist you have in Mr. B.

—  
*Mansfield*, Dec. 15th, 1780.

I should have been glad to have been with you to have given my opposition to that unjust Law, which makes the present depreciated Currency a tender in discharge of all debts and contracts. I have been told that the yeas and no's were taken upon the passage of that Law; if so, pray send me that sheet of the Journal. I think, however, I could now name

the greater portion of the friends to the Law.'

—  
FROM THE LETTERS OF GEORGE MASON TO  
R. H. LEE.

*Gunston Hall, May 31st, 1775.*

We have seen nothing here from the Congress: I presume their deliberations are (as they ought to be) a profound secret. I hope the procuring arms and ammunition next winter, when the ships of war can't cruise on our coasts, as well as the means of laying in good magazines of Provisions, &c., to the Northward will be properly attended to. \* \* \*

I think you are happy in having Dr. Franklin at the Congress, as I imagine no man better knows the intentions of the Ministry, the temper of the Nation, and the interest of the Minority.

—  
*G. Hall, March 4th, 1777.*

The gallies now building I hope will be able to afford sufficient protection to our Bay. I am sure they are as many as can possibly be built and manned before the meeting of the Assembly. I should be glad to be informed if the Governor and Council have proposed to the Congress to furnish them out small gallies, in lieu of those they ordered to be built here, for the protection and transportation of their troops over our Rivers; and the result.

—  
July 21st, 1778, (*Gunston Hall.*)

I am much obliged to you for the last papers, and the agreeable news they contain. American prospects brighten every day; nothing, I think, but the speedy arrival of a strong British Squadron can save the Enemy's Fleet and Army at New York; indeed as to their fleet I trust the blow is already struck. We are apt to wish for peace, I confess I am, although I am clearly of opinion that War is the present interest of these United States. The Union is yet incomplete,

and will be so until the inhabitants of all the Territory from Cape Breton to the Mississippi are included in it. While Great Britain possesses Canada and West Florida, she will continually be setting the Indians upon us, and while she holds the Harbors of Augustine and Halifax, especially the latter, we shall not be able to protect our trade or Coasts from her depredations; at least for many years to come. The possession of these two places would save us more than half a million a year, and we should then quickly have a fleet sufficient for the common protection of our own Coasts: For without some strong holds in America, or Naval Magazines in our neighborhood, Great Britain could seldom or never keep a squadron here. If she loses her Army now in America, or is obliged to withdraw it, one of which I think must happen, this important object will probably be obtained in the course of another campaign. If the British Ministry act consistently and in Character, they will not recognise our independence until this business is completed, and until our prejudices against Great Britain are more firmly rooted, and we become better reconciled to foreign manners and manufactures. It will require no great length of time to accomplish this, and then the wisdom of British Councils will seize the auspicious moment and acknowledge our Independence. Lord Chatham's death does not seem to be mentioned in the papers with certainty; but from the infirm condition in which he appeared in the House of Lords in April, the account is more than probable.

One cannot help being concerned at the death of a wise and good man; yet it is certainly a favorable event to America. There was nothing I dreaded so much as his taking the Helm, and nothing I more heartily wish than the continuance of the present Ministry. After his Most Christian Majesty, and happiness and prosperity to the French Nation, my next toast shall be, "Long life and continuance in Office to the present British Ministry," in the first bottle of good Claret I get, and I expect some by the ships from France.

*G. Hall, Aug. 24th, 1778.*

We have such various and vague accounts of our affairs to the Northward and of the movements of the French Fleet, that I am extremely anxious to know with certainty what is doing. Is our Army drawn near to King's Bridge? Are the enemy's outposts abandoned? Is New York effectually besieged? Are, or can the Enemy be prevented from foraying upon Long Island and Staten Island? Is the Cork Fleet of Victuallers arrived at New York; or was the report a piece of Artifice? or has any such fleet actually sailed? Has Lord Howe's fleet left Sandy Hook and gone to Rhode Island, or are the English ships which appeared there a fleet lately from Great Britain, and what has been the consequence of their meeting with the Count D'Estaing's Squadron? Are the French land forces landed on Rhode Island, to act in concert with Gen. Sullivan, or are they thought to be able to Burgoyne the British troops there? I am almost ashamed of having asked you so many questions. I think they are nearly equal to the string with which Old Col. Cary once harassed Doctor Francis, upon his coming on shore at Hampton. If Lord Howe, with his fleet, has really left New York, the British Army must be in the most desperate circumstances, and his intention must be to draw off the attention of the French Squadron, untill the Troops can embark, and run down to the Southward, where they can get provisions, for I hardly think they can have provisions for a long voyage. \* \* \*

If the Congress or any of your friends should have occasion to purchase a quantity of Tobacco in this part of the Country, I would beg leave to recommend my friend and neighbour, Mr. Martin Cockburn. He was regularly bred to business in a very capital house in London, and I know no man whose attachment to the American Cause, or whose Integrity, Diligence and Punctuality, can be more thoroughly confided in. I am not fond of giving recommendations, but I am so well acquainted with Mr. Cockburn, that I know I can recommend him with safety.

*Williamsburg, June 19th, 1779.*

The great business of the Legislature goes on heavily, the members inattentive, tired and restless to get away. \* \* \*

The principal bills still before our House are upon the subject of the Militia Invasion or Insurrection, raising troops for the immediate defence of the Commonwealth, selling the real and personal estates of British subjects and lodging the proceeds in the public treasury, subject to the further orders of the General Assembly, Naturalization, ascertaining the damage done by the Enemy on private property that compensation may in due time be demanded, or levied by exclusive duties on the British trade with us at any time hereafter, and the mode of proving Book debts and discouraging extensive credits, and on the more effectual manner of supplying our troops with the articles necessary for their comfortable accommodation, preventing embezzlement; most of these bills now stand committed. Whether the house will have patience to go through them all is uncertain; I fear not; many members declaring that they will stay no longer than next Saturday, at all events, and some that they will go away sooner. We should not have had a house now, but for a little piece of Generalship. I got our friend Mr. Page to undertake procuring an order that the clerk should grant no certificate to any member for his wages until the Assembly should have adjourned, unless upon leave of absence. Some of the Fellows threatened, and kicked, and struggled, but could not loosen the knot. We are endeavoring to digest a scheme for laying a tax on Specific commodities, which I think will have more effect in preventing the further depreciation of our Money, than anything we have done, or can do besides.

We have had Mr. Pinet & Co.'s Memorial several days before a select Committee, the members of which seem well inclined to encourage so important an undertaking; if this can properly be said of men who are too indolent to attend to any thing. The committee have



met, or rather failed to meet at my lodgings every morning and evening for this fortnight; Ballendine has got possession of the key to the Navigation of James River, and is acting exactly the part of the dog in the Manger. I am very uneasy about it, and fearful nothing decisive will be done, and the Gentlemen left in doubt and disgust.

—  
THOMAS LUDWELL LEE.

(Not dated,) *Williamsburg*.

MY DEAR BROTHER:

"I send you enclosed a printed account of intelligence received at Headquarters from our camp at the Great Bridge, about 20 miles from Norfolk, commanded by Col. Woodford. Our Army has been for some time arrested in its march to Norfolk by a redoubt or stockade, or hogpen, as they call it here by way of derision—at the end of this Bridge. Though by the way this hogpen seems filled with a parcel of wild boars, which we appear not overfond to meddle with. My apprehension is that we shall be amused at this outpost, until Dunmore gets the lines at Norfolk finished; where he is now entrenching and mounting Cannon, some hundreds of negroes being employed in the work. This consideration, added to the advanced season of the year, and the strong exportation, as we find by intercepted intelligence, of a reinforcement arriving every hour from St. Augustine, made a bold and sudden stroke necessary, whilst we walk too cautiously in the road of prudence. There we other passes into the neighborhood of Norfolk.

We are now in Convention, and have already voted the raising six new battalions of the Continental number—the two old battalions to be recruited to the same standard. These eight are expected to be on the Continental establishment. The express which brings you this, goes with an application to Congress for this purpose. It would seem indeed highly necessary, from the manner in which Dunmore has hitherto baffled all our endeavors to put our military matters under some other direction.

If Philadelphia is in such a state of Naval preparation as report says, it would be in her power to render the most signal service to this Colony, and thereby to the American cause. The naval force of the Enemy in this Country consists of two sloops of war, the Otter and Kingfisher, of sixteen, six and four pounders with their compliment of men, indeed one hundred and ten, but these much dispersed in tenders, and all except ten in the Kingfisher, and a few in the Otter, pressed men, disaffected to the cause and unwilling to fight. Six deserters from the Kingfisher, examined last night, confirm their circumstances, which we were informed of before from other hands. A frigate of 30 guns with metal proportionable, by coming into Norfolk River, would not only become master of these, but of Dunmore's ship, "William," and a vast many other vessels loaded with the floating property of Tories, and seized cargoes to the amount, it is said upon good grounds, of £140,000. These gentry would, by such a strike as this, be all taken in a nett, Lord Dunmore's preparations be all torn up by the roots, and the plan of hostility for this Country to begin anew. Lord Dunmore has issued his first Virginia Gazette, printed I think on board the "William." It contains his proclamation, the oath tendered to the people of Princess Anne and Norfolk, his conquest over the Militia, and the letters of the Delegates intercepted by Capt. Wallace.

—  
*Williamsburg*, Dec. 23d, 1775.

I congratulate you, my dear brother, on the honour of Virginia being fully restored by the disastrous attempts of Dunmore's troops on our lines at the Bridge. He and his maimed, ragged crew, find no safety for themselves but by skulking on board the ships. The Tories of Norfolk and inhabitants of Princess Ann and Norfolk have forsworn their allegiance to Dunmore. Many of them, after petitioning and acknowledging the authority of Convention, are now under the examination of a Committee; amongst these are the two Messrs. M., a Dr. C. and



Mat. Phrip. An express from Hampton this morning, informs that Capt. Barron of that place, who commands an armed vessel in the service of the Colony, has taken a tender of Dunmore's with 16 men, and a vessel belonging to a couple of Tories in Norfolk, with 24000 bushels of salt on board. Some other vessels belonging to these gentry, with the same commodity, were taken before; by which you see that your infant attempts on the water have been also crowned with success. We have already provided a respectable little navy for James River, and are proceeding to take care of the

other rivers. Most of the objects recommended in your letters have been already attended to and encouraged. A test is now before Convention, which will oblige all those to decamp who are the objects of its rigour. Since writing to you on the subject of a naval assistance from your way, the Liverpool, a frigate pierced for 36 guns, but mounting only 28, has arrived at Norfolk, together with a brig laden with naval and military stores, out three months and upwards from England. The Intelligence reports them to have 400 men; I suppose meaning seamen and marines.

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## NATURE THE CONSOLER.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

### I.

Gladly I hail these Solitudes, and breathe  
 The inspiring breath of the fresh woodland air,  
 Most gladly to the Past alone bequeathe  
 Its painful memories—bordering on despair;  
 I feel a new-born freedom of the mind,  
 Nursed at the breast of Nature with the dew  
 Of glorious dawns; I hear the mountain-wind,  
 —Clear as if Elfin trumpets loudly blew,—  
 Peal through the dells, and scale the lonely height;  
 Rousing the Echoes to a quick delight,  
 Bending the forest Monarchs to its will,  
 'Till all their mighty branches shake and thrill  
 In the wide-wakening tumult: far above,  
 The Heavens stretch calm, and blessing; far below  
 The mellowing fields are touched with evening's glow,  
 And many pleasant sights, and sounds I love,  
 Would gently woo me from all thoughts of woe;  
 Sunlighted meadows,—music in the grove  
 From happy bird-throats, and the fairy rills  
 That lapse in silvery murmurs through the hills:  
 Great circles of rich foliage, rainbow-crowned  
 By Autumns liberal largess, whilst around

Grave sheep lie musing on the pastoral ground,  
Or, sending a wild bleat  
To other flocks afar,  
The fleecy comrades they are wont to meet,  
Homeward returning 'neath the vesper star.

## II.

O! genial peace, of Nature! divine Calm!  
Thatallest on the spirit like the rain  
Of Eden, bearing melody and balm  
To soothe the troubled heart, and heal its pain;  
Thy influence lifts me to a realm of joy,  
A moonlight happiness, intense, but mild,  
Unvisited by shadow of alloy,  
And flushed with tender dreams, and fancies undefiled.

## III.

The Universe of God is still, not dumb,  
For many voices in sweet undertone  
To reverent listeners—come,  
And many Thoughts with truth's own honey laden,  
Into the watcher's wakeful brain have flown,  
Charming the inner ear  
With harmonies so low, and yet so clear,  
So undefined, yet pregnant with a Feeling,  
An Inspiration of divine revealing—  
That they whose being the strong spell shall hold,  
Do look on earthly things  
Through atmospheres of rare imaginings,  
And find in all they see,  
A meaning manifold;  
The forces of divine vitality  
Break through the sensual gloom  
About them furled,  
All instinct with a radiant grace and bloom,  
Caught from the glories of a fairer world.

## IV.

A fairer World! in the thronged space on high  
Dwells there indeed a lovelier star than ours;  
Circled by sunsets of more gorgeous dyes,  
Or gifted with an ampler wealth of flowers;  
Can heavenly bounty lavish richer stores  
Of colour, fragrance, beauty, and delight  
On mortal or immortal sight,  
In any sphere that rolls around the sun?  
See what a splendour from the waning Day  
Through the grand forest pours,  
Now, lighting up its veterans' crests with glory,  
Now, slanting down the shadows dim and hoary,  
Till in the long-drawn gloom of leafy glades,  
At the far close of their impervious shades,  
The purple Splendour softly melts away!

## V.

Now, archéd o'er with dewy canopies,  
And awed by dimness that is hardly gloom,  
We stand amidst the silence with hushed lips,  
Watching the starry glimmer of the skies,  
Paled by the foliage to a half-eclipse,  
And struggling for full room  
With intermittent gleams that quickly die  
In throbs, and tremours, passing suddenly  
To the mere ghosts of flame, to Apparitions  
Impalpable as star-beams in deep seas,  
Lost in the dark below the surface-ruffling breeze.

## VI.

Latest of all these marvellous Transitions,  
And crowning all with unsurpasséd grace,  
The eyes of the night's Empress witching-sweet,  
Scatter the shadows in each secret place,  
So that where'er her beamy glances fleet,  
Shot through and through as if with arrowy might,  
The dusky twilight falls before her shafts of light!

## VII.

Soothed by the milder glory, let us pass  
To the weird land of peace-embosomed dreams ;  
The lapsing of the far-off forest streams  
Rustling the reedy grass,  
Will make rare music for us till we reach  
The shining beach,  
The margin of the mystic sea of sleep ;  
Thence, launching on the waters, let us sail  
Beneath a Heaven of ever-living Blue,  
Thronged with fair, loving faces, fair though pale,  
The faces of the faithful souls we knew  
In our glad youth, ere yet the death-cloud lowered,  
O! let us hold them in communion deep,  
*And learn although our lower world is fair,*  
*A lovelier sphere,*  
*Circled by sunsets of more gorgeous dye,*  
*And gifted with an ampler wealth of flowers,*  
*Dwells in the unimagined heights of AIR,*  
*Unmeasured by dull Time, the weary-houred,*  
And further learn, we yet shall greet them there,  
When trampling down our latest human Fears,  
The Mortal puts on Immortality!

## HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION IN ENGLAND.\*

In the critical department of the September number of this magazine, we submitted a brief notice of Buckle's "History of Civilization in England," in which we spoke of it as a book of remarkable pretensions. Upon a more careful examination of the work, we felt a strong obligation to review it at some length, expressing our dissent from many of the author's opinions and protesting against their general adoption in the United States. With some distrust of our ability to enter upon a subject of such magnitude, we were yet about to commit to writing the thoughts suggested by Mr. Buckle's train of argument, when the following admirable critique of the volume reached us in the columns of the *National Intelligencer*. Reluctant as we are to surrender so large a portion of our number to selected material, we cannot forbear adopting the *Intelligencer's* comments, and laying them before the readers of the *Messenger* in lieu of an original article. There are very many, we are sure, who will thank us for presenting them with so masterly an essay in a form for preservation.—*Ed. Sou. Lit. Messenger*.

We have here a *magnum opus* undertaken in flagrant contempt of the Noachian deluge and the shortening of human life which is commonly supposed to date from that event in the history of our planet. We do not know whether the antediluvian worthies were remarkable for their zeal and perseverance in the cultivation of literature, but if they were we are pretty sure that the literary Mahalaleels and Methusalehs of that period would have shrunk appalled from the task which Mr. Buckle has proposed to himself in the great enterprise of which this volume is the first instalment, in a series of volumes intended to be *introductory* to the body of the work, which is to follow at some later day. Of how many tomes this "Introduction" will in the end consist we are unable to say, for Mr. Buckle nowhere informs us on that point; but if he continues his preliminary labors on the same scale in which they are projected in the volume before us, it will evidently require several additional volumes to complete the Introduction; and as these will naturally be but the steps leading to the main edifice, we are left wholly at a loss to compute how many volumes will enter into the composition of a work demanding an indefinite number of volumes for its preface. We have to fear, however, that even if Mr. Buckle should live long enough to realize all his auctorial expectations, he will hardly be

fortunate enough to find any body sufficiently long-lived to attempt to read what he shall have found time to write; and therefore we hope we may be pardoned for whispering in his ear the monitory words of Horace to his friend Sestius—

Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam.

Before proceeding to any examination of the volume before us we take leave to say that we regard it as one of the most valuable contributions ever made to the philosophical treatment of history. And this mainly because, in connexion with incontestable merits, it at the same time illustrates nearly every possible or conceivable error into which the philosophical student of history is in danger of falling; insomuch that, if there be any virtue in the maxim of Lord Bacon that "truth emerges sooner out of error than out of confusion," we are warranted in hoping that the endeavors of Mr. Buckle to correct the latter will not remain sterile of beneficent results because he has contrived to pour so large an infusion of the former into the composition of this his first essay in a most difficult walk of literature. Without any disposition to speak slightly of his abilities, we are constrained to believe that Mr. Buckle lacks the constructive intellect necessary to the equipment of a wise master-builder

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\* HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION IN ENGLAND: By HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE. Vol. I. From the second London edition. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1858. Pp. 677, 8vo.

in the domain of history. And, while we should be loth to assign him a rank among the hodmen who fill the measure of their usefulness in supplying materials to more skilful laborers, we are compelled to think that, with a genius much higher than his ability to execute its designs would seem to indicate, Mr. Buckle has signally failed to reach the height of the great argument which was set before his eye with a distinctness of outline that makes us the more regret his "middle flight" towards its summit. Metaphor apart, we may say in plain terms that Mr. Buckle succeeds better as a compiler of facts gathered from a wide and variegated tract of history than as an analyst of the general laws by which these facts are capable of co-ordination into a consistent and logical system of ideas. We are sometimes astounded at the singular combination he presents of profundity and shallowness, of knowledge and ignorance, of perspicacity and short-sightedness, of originality in the discovery of new truth and blind adherence to exploded sophisms which would hardly deserve a place in a new edition of Sir Thomas Browne's collection of "Vulgar Errors." We may say of him, as the Latin poet said of the singer Tigellius, "never was there any body so unequal to himself."

Of the industry of Mr. Buckle it is hardly possible to speak in terms of too high praise. The latter portions of the present volume especially deserve to stand as a perpetual monument in honor of the *labor improbus* which he has expended in the compilation of his historical facts from a wide field of research and literary inquiry. It is only when he undertakes to interpret the philosophy of his facts that he seems to us smitten with a sudden impotence, and this because of a few radically vicious ideas—vicious we mean in point of logical truth—propounded at the very inception of his undertaking. Mr. Buckle's standard of philosophical measurement is not only crooked, but too short. What wonder, therefore, that he should bring back erroneous reckonings from the survey he has attempted?

As we do not intend that our readers shall rely upon our simple statement for

the confidence they are expected to repose in the justice of these criticisms, we shall presently proceed to enumerate some of the transparent fallacies and inaccuracies (as they seem to us) into which the learned and laborious writer has fallen from a partial and mistaken philosophy, or from an imperfect summation of the historical antecedents upon which he sometimes assumes to generalize. Before doing so, however, we deem it appropriate as well as just that the plan of the work and the method pursued in its reduction should be clearly set before the reader, and that we may incur no risk of misstatement on these points, we prefer to represent them in the words of Mr. Buckle himself.

After treating on the resources for investigating history and specifying the evidence derived from the uniformity of certain events in favor of the proposition that all human actions are governed by fixed and irreversible laws; and after stating that the laws which govern human actions are partly mental and partly physical, he draws the deduction that both sets of laws must be studied and compared before any correct historical judgment can be pronounced in the premises; inasmuch that philosophical history becomes impossible, unless considered in connexion with physical science. In support of this assertion he adduces the obvious influences seen to be exercised on different national civilizations by the four great agents, climate, food, soil, and the general aspect of nature; citing in illustration of his argument the peculiar social organizations of Ireland, Hindostan, Egypt, Central America, Mexico, Brazil, Greece, and other countries, in all of which he marks the variously modifying effect of their natural surroundings. Admitting the joint influence of mental and physical laws in determining the actions of men, Mr. Buckle next infers that in some countries the former and in others the latter are the more important, because, in point of fact, the one or the other must be predominant. For instance, in all civilizations outside of Europe, argues Mr. Buckle, the powers of nature are more prevalent than in those of Europe, and their agency has worked immense mis-

chief, as seen in the degree in which they have depressed the human understanding by either benumbing its energies or unduly exciting the imaginative faculty over the practical reason. Hence it is that, looking at the history of the world as a whole, we may affirm, says Mr. B., that the tendency has been, in Europe, to subordinate nature to man; out of Europe to subordinate man to nature. This great division, therefore, between European civilization and non-European civilization is taken by the writer as the basis of the philosophy of history, since it suggests the important consideration that if we would understand the history of any nation we must first settle whether it has been more influenced by mental or physical laws; whether the external world has prevailed over man or man has prevailed over the external world. If, for example, we would understand the history of India, we must make the external world the principal object of scientific study, because *it* has influenced man more than *he* has influenced it. If, on the other hand, we would understand the history of a country like France or England, we must make man our chief study, because nature here being from the beginning comparatively weak, every step in the progress of civilization has but increased the dominion of the human mind over the agencies of the external world. It being settled, then, that in any philosophical history of an European civilization the phenomena and powers of mind must occupy a more important place than the organic or inorganic forces of nature, Mr. Buckle next proceeds to consider the most available means of psychological study and research. There are, he says, two methods of generalizing mental laws—one, that of the metaphysician interrogating the phenomena of his own individual mind; and the other, that of the statistician or historian interrogating the phenomena of the minds of whole communities. Giving his preference to the latter method, as alone supplying observations numerous and various enough to eliminate the errors that must arise from the casual disturbances or idiosyncrasies of a single mind, however subtle, in the scru-

tiny of its own operations, the writer next raises the question whether the progressive amelioration that is discernable in the actions of men, as gathered into civil communities, is more attributable to their advancement in moral or in intellectual science. A double movement, moral and intellectual, is admitted to be indispensable to the very idea of civilization; but what shall we say of their comparative movement? asks Mr. Buckle. For a reason, which we shall examine in another part of this article, he assigns the precedence to Knowledge over Morality, and affirms that intellectual truths are the real causes of all human advancement. Moral truths, argues Mr. B., are stationary in point of development, and short-lived in point of actual influence when reduced to practice; while, on the other hand, knowledge is capable of infinite expansion, and in each of its successive steps is always the precursor of some beneficent change in the actual sphere of human society—amended knowledge being always the preparation and pledge of amended action.

To recapitulate, we have seen that, in the idea of Mr. Buckle, human actions are solely the result of irreversible agencies from without or within, that is, of mental laws or physical laws; that in Europe the former are more powerful than the latter, and that in the progress of civilization their superiority is constantly increasing, because advancing knowledge multiplies the resources of the mind, while it leaves the old resources of nature unchanged. On this account mental laws are to be regarded in any critical review of an European civilization as the great regulators of progress; and having thus resolved the dynamics of society into the study of the laws and phenomena of mind, and having, in his analysis of the comparative influence exerted by moral and intellectual truths on the conduct of human affairs, assigned a great superiority to the latter over the former, Mr. Buckle is armed with all the tests and criteria which he thinks necessary for the philosophical inspection of human events on the field of universal history. At first he had intended to apply his tests to the



totality of human actions, but considering the fact that all past history has unfortunately been written by men (because not natural philosophers and for other reasons) so inadequate to the task they have undertaken, he was constrained to acknowledge that but few of the necessary materials for such a comprehensive and exhaustive work are yet ready to the hand of the philosophical systematizer. Compelled in such an attempt to be at once mason and architect, he must, says Mr. B., not only scheme the edifice, but excavate the quarry; and hence the necessity of performing this double labour entails upon the philosopher such enormous drudgery that the limits of an entire life are unequal to the undertaking. On this account Mr. Buckle "long since abandoned his original scheme and reluctantly determined to write the history not of general civilization, but of the civilization of a single people." It therefore remained to decide who that people should be, and since, in a critical and philosophical sense, it was apparent that the history of any civilized people is the more instructive and at the same time more simple in proportion as their movements have been least disturbed by agencies not arising from themselves, Mr. Buckle selected the history of England, as presenting this advantage in a greater degree than that of any other country. With these preliminary views it is that the author proceeds to unfold the plan of his "Introduction" to the "History of English Civilization," the present volume, as already explained, comprising only the opening of the said Introduction. We quote the outline of that plan as follows:

"It is not at all from those motives which are dignified with the name of patriotism that I have determined to write the history of my own country in preference to that of any other: and to write it in a manner as complete and as exhaustive as the materials which are now extant will enable me to do. But, inasmuch as the circumstances already stated render it impossible to discover the laws of society solely by studying the history of a single nation, I have drawn up the present Introduction in order to obviate some of the difficulties with which this great

subject is surrounded. In the earlier chapters I have attempted to mark out the limits of the subject considered as a whole, and fix the largest possible basis upon which it can rest. With this view I have looked at civilization as broken into two vast divisions: the European division, in which Man is more powerful than Nature; and the non-European division, in which Nature is more powerful than Man. This has led us to the conclusion that national progress, in connexion with popular liberty, could have originated in no part of the world except in Europe; where, therefore, the rise of real civilization and the encroachments of the human mind upon the forces of nature are alone to be studied. The superiority of the mental laws over the physical being thus recognised as the ground-work of European history, the next step has been to resolve the mental laws into moral and intellectual, and prove the superior influence of the intellectual ones in accelerating the progress of man. These generalizations appear to me the essential preliminaries of history, considered as a science; and, in order to connect them with the special history of England, we have now merely to ascertain the fundamental condition of intellectual progress, as, until that is done, the annals of any people can only present an empirical succession of events connected by such stray and casual links as are devised by different writers according to their different principles. The remaining part of this Introduction will, therefore, be chiefly occupied in completing the scheme I have sketched by investigating the history of various countries in reference to those intellectual peculiarities on which the history of our own country supplies no adequate information. Thus, for instance, in Germany the accumulation of knowledge has been far more rapid than in England; the laws of the accumulation of knowledge may, on that account, be most conveniently studied in German history, and then applied deductively to the history of England. In the same way the Americans have diffused their knowledge much more completely than we have done; I, therefore, purpose to explain some of the phenomena of English civilization by those laws of diffusion, of which, in American civilization, the workings may be most clearly seen, and hence the discovery most easily made. Again, inasmuch as France is the most civilized country in which the protective spirit is very powerful, we may trace the occult tendencies of that spirit among ourselves

by studying its obvious tendencies among our neighbors. With this view I shall give an account of French history, in order to illustrate the protective principle, by showing the injury it has inflicted on a very able and enlightened people. And, in an analysis of the French Revolution, I shall point out how that great event was a reaction against the protective spirit; while, as the materials for the reaction were drawn from England, we shall also see it in the way in which the intellect of one country acts upon the intellect of another; and we shall arrive at some results respecting that interchange of ideas which is likely to become the most important regulator of European affairs. This will throw much light on the laws of international thought; and, in connexion with it, two separate chapters will be devoted to a History of the Protective Spirit, and an examination of its relative intensity in France and England. But the French, as a people, have, since the beginning or middle of the seventeenth century, been remarkably free from superstition; and, notwithstanding the efforts of their Government, they are very averse to ecclesiastical power; so that, although their history displays the protective principle in its political form, it supplies little evidence respecting its religious form; while in our own country the evidence is also scanty. Hence my intention is to give a view of Spanish history; because in it we may trace the full results of that protection against error which the spiritual classes are always eager to afford. In Spain the church has, from a very early period, possessed more authority and the clergy have been more influential both with the people and the Government than in any other country; it will, therefore, be convenient to study in Spain the laws of ecclesiastical development, and the manner in which that development affects the national interests. Another circumstance which operates on the intellectual progress of a nation is the method of investigation that its ablest men habitually employ. This method can only be one of two kinds: it must be either inductive or deductive. Each of these belongs to a different form of civilization, and is always accompanied by a different style of thought, particularly in regard to religion and science. These differences are of such immense importance that until their laws are known we cannot be said to understand the real history of past events. Now, the two extremes of the difference are undoubtedly Germany and the United States; the Germans being pre-eminently

deductive, the Americans inductive. But Germany and America are, in so many other respects, diametrically opposed to each other, that I have thought it expedient to study the operations of the deductive and inductive spirit in countries between which a closer analogy exists; because the greater the similarity between two nations the more easily can we trace the consequences of any single divergence, and the more conspicuous do the laws of that divergence become. Such an opportunity occurs in the history of Scotland as compared with that of England. Here we have two nations, bordering on each other, speaking the same language, reading the same literature, and knit together by the same interests. And yet it is a truth which seems to have escaped attention, but the proof of which I shall fully detail, that until the last thirty or forty years the Scotch intellect has been even more entirely deductive than the English intellect has been inductive. The inductive tendencies of the English mind, and the almost superstitious reverence with which we cling to them, have been noticed with regret by a few, and a very few of our ablest men. On the other hand, in Scotland, particularly during the eighteenth century, the great thinkers, with hardly an exception, adopted the deductive method. Now, the characteristic of deduction, when applied to branches of knowledge not yet ripe for it, is that it increases the number of hypotheses from which we reason downwards, and brings into disrepute the slow and patient ascent peculiar to inductive inquiry. This desire to grasp at truth by speculative and, as it were, foregone conclusions has often led the way to great discoveries; and no one, properly instructed, will deny its immense value. But when it is universally followed there is imminent danger lest the observation of mere empirical uniformities should be neglected; and lest thinking men should grow impatient at those small and proximate generalizations, which, according to the inductive scheme, must invariably precede the larger and higher ones. Whenever this impatience actually occurs there is produced serious mischief. For these lower generalizations form a neutral ground, which speculative minds and practical minds possess in common, and on which they meet. If this ground is cut away the meeting is impossible. In such case there arises among the scientific classes an undue contempt for inferences which the experience of the vulgar has drawn, but of which the laws seem inexplicable; while among the prac-

tical classes there arises a disregard of speculations so wide, so magnificent, and of which the intermediate and preliminary steps are hidden from their gaze. The results of this in Scotland are highly curious, and are, in several respects, similar to those which we find in Germany; since, in both countries, the intellectual classes have long been remarkable for boldness of investigation and their freedom from prejudice, and the people at large equally remarkable for the number of their superstitions and the strength of their prejudices. \* \* \*

"This is an outline of the plan I propose to follow in the present introduction, and by means of which I hope to arrive at some results of permanent value. For by studying different principles in those countries where they have been most developed, the laws of principles will be more easily unfolded than if we had studied them in countries where they are very obscure. And, inasmuch as in England civilization has followed a course more orderly and less disturbed than in any other country, it becomes the more necessary, in writing its history, to use some resources like those which I have suggested. What makes the history of England so eminently valuable is, that no where else has the national progress been so little interfered with, either for good or for evil. But the mere fact that our civilization has, by this means, been preserved in a more natural and healthy state, renders it incumbent on us to study the diseases to which it is liable, by observing those other countries where social disease is more rife. The security and the durability of civilization must depend on the regularity with which its elements are combined, and on the harmony with which they work. If any one element is too active, the whole composition will be in danger. Hence it is that although the laws of the composition of the elements will be best ascertained wherever we can find the composition most complete, we must, nevertheless, search for the laws of each separate element wherever we can find the element itself most active. While, therefore, I have selected the history of England as that in which the harmony of the different principles has been longest maintained, I have, precisely on that account, thought it advisable to study each principle separately in the country where it has been most powerful, and where, by its inordinate development, the equilibrium of the entire structure has been disturbed."

We have thus allowed Mr. Buckle to

explain the plan of his own work, and have given a specimen of his style, as well as a glimpse of the magnificent vista which he purposes to open up to the view of his readers. Before, however, entering upon the wide field which lies in his way, he proceeds to contest the common belief, that Religion, Literature, and Government are prime movers in human affairs; a proposition which, however wide-spread or plausible, is, in Mr. Buckle's eyes, "altogether erroneous" in point of fact, and false in point of logical statement, being indeed founded on a glaring inversion of ideas—the result of what we may term a species of mental anachronism. For, according to Mr. Buckle, Religion, Literature, and Civil Government are but the resultants of certain social antecedents, and therefore serve only to mark successive degrees of progress in the social civilization which they have no agency in creating. We have heard this opinion advanced before, but Mr. B. is the first *philosopher* who has risked his reputation for common sense by imposing upon himself or his disciples a delusion so transparent.

Having thus explained the method in which he proposes to prosecute his studies in history, and having stated the general proposition that the growth of European civilization is solely due to the progress of knowledge, and that the progress of knowledge depends, in turn, on the number of truths which the human intellect discovers, and on the extent to which they are diffused, Mr. Buckle next proceeds to verify these speculative conclusions by an exhaustive enumeration of such among the most important facts in the history of England as are explanatory of its self-evolved civilization, and of such other most important facts in the history of other countries as serve to illustrate those intellectual peculiarities in which the English history affords no adequate information, or at least such as tend to bring out in greater relief the historical laws which have been more strikingly developed elsewhere than in Great Britain. Before, however, he undertakes to investigate the different phases of civilization into which the

great countries of Europe have diverged, Mr. Buckle, with a characteristic involution of thought in the treatment of his theme, pauses to indulge in a profound preliminary inquiry into the progress of historical composition, as forming the best introduction to an inquiry into the progress of the history of man. His views under this head are characterized by the usual combination of learned research and speculative fallacies.

Having thus cleared the way at last for entering upon an analysis of the historical laws to be developed in this general introduction to the History of England, the learned writer now fairly proceeds to his work, by giving first, in comprehensive outline, a history of the English intellect from the middle of the sixteenth to the end of the eighteenth century, for the purpose merely of showing that its progress was due to the spreading and deepening spirit of intellectual inquiry, or, as Mr. Buckle calls it, the spirit of skepticism—a convenient term which he appears to use in an intellectual rather than theological signification. In order more strikingly to present the same truth as embodied in French history, Mr. B. next traces an outline of the history of the French intellect from the middle of the sixteenth century to the accession of Louis XIV., mainly with the view of studying the abnormal conditions of French society resulting from what Mr. Buckle designates the too *protective spirit* of the French Government; by which latter phrase he means its too constant and overshadowing intervention in the municipal and private affairs of the people, who were retained in a state of perpetual tutelage instead of being left to develop their civil and social institutions under the laws of human nature and political freedom. In this too great energy of the protective spirit, traditional in the French Government, he finds the explanation of the different line of direction almost immemorially impressed on French political institutions as compared with those of England, where the people were early accustomed to think and act for themselves in all municipal or local concerns, and thus kept alive in

every county, township, and hundred so many re-entrant circles of civil independence and political activity, embraced within, but not, as in France, absorbed by, the central power of the General Government. And, in a natural reaction against this humbling, patronising spirit of the French monarchy, Mr. Buckle finds a leading incentive to the French revolution of '89, and minutely traces the rising signs of such reaction in connexion with the proximate causes which led to that great civil cataclysm. This portion of his task has been executed by the writer with an industry and thoroughness of research which are above all praise. These chapters must ever remain invaluable to the historical student for their copious citation of facts, if not always to the justness of the conclusions based upon them, or for the infallibility of the laws educed from this comprehensive survey of historical phenomena in the field of French history, which is here cited only as illustrative of the history of civilization in England. For the reader will comprehend that all these labours of Mr. Buckle are merely initiatory to the discovery and elucidation of the *historical laws* by which the body of English history is to be tried and represented in the main work which our author proposes one day to undertake, after he shall have finished this "Introduction," of which the forthcoming instalments will be devoted to an investigation of the civilizations of Germany, America, Scotland, and Spain, purely for the purpose of gathering into a focus the reflected light which, in common with that of France, they pour on certain intellectual tendencies less remarkably illustrated by the general tenor of English history. Each of these countries presents a different type, progress, and degree of intellectual development, and has therefore followed a different direction in its religious, scientific, social, and political history. The causes of these differences will thus be educed from the various phenomena by which they are subtended, and the next step, adds our exhaustive philosopher, will be to strike a generalization among the causes themselves, and,



having thus reduced them to certain principles common to all, we shall be furnished with what may be called "the fundamental laws of European thought"—the divergence of the different countries being determined by the different direction of these laws or else regulated by their comparative energy. It will remain for Mr. Buckle in the future volumes of his Introduction to give completeness to those laws; after which, in the body of his work, he expects "to apply them to the history of England, and endeavour by their aid to work out the epochs through which the British people have successively passed, fix the basis of their present civilization, and indicate the path of their future progress." What prospect there is that Mr. Buckle will live to fulfil these magnificent expectations the reader can judge as well as ourselves.

Conceding, as we think we have done without stint, the admiration extorted from us by the wide grasp of thought which Mr. Buckle sometimes displays in his generalizations, and renewing our tribute to the affluence of his historical reading and learning, we proceed to point out a few of the manifest imperfections which mar the excellence of this elaborate work, if they do not wholly destroy its pretensions as a philosophical and scientific treatise. This we shall do in all freedom as in all frankness, notwithstanding the slightly supercilious as well as deprecatory tone in which the writer intimates that if the critic may chance to meet in the present work any opinions adverse to his own, "he should remember that his views are, perchance, the same as those which I [Mr. Buckle] too once held, and which I have abandoned, because, after a wider range of study, I found them unsupported by solid proof, subversive of the interests of Man, and fatal to the progress of Knowledge." In some palliation of the hardihood that may seem to be implied in questioning the infallibility of Mr. Buckle's method, as well as the accuracy of some of his conclusions, we take leave to say that for the purposes and limitations of our criticism it is not necessary that we should

be able to vie with him in the wild excursions of his studies in history; for upon the accumulated wealth of his researches we have little remark to offer save in the way of commendation. It is to the very essence of his philosophical method that we take our greatest exceptions; it is with the very metaphysics which Mr. Buckle considers the most irreproachable part of his labours that we are the least satisfied; and in a department where he is manifestly so weak, we are sure we shall incur no charge of presumption if we venture to bring to the notice of our readers a few of his more glaring fallacies.

We agree with Mr. Buckle in holding that history no less than nature is the embodiment of reason and law. Since the day when the Greek Anaxagoras was the first to enunciate the proposition (which he failed to apprehend in all its breadth of meaning) that *Nous* (Understanding or Reason) governs the world, the deepest thinkers of the race have been curiously exploring the rational laws which may be said to constitute the harmony of the universe. When this doctrine was propounded, says Aristotle, Anaxagoras appeared as a sober man among the drunken. The minds of men were not prepared to accept its truth or to test its accuracy. Since that day great advances have been made in the knowledge of the laws by which the ongoings of the visible world are regulated, and the presence of law is now everywhere suspected, even though it is still far from being everywhere clearly and fully made out. Without pausing to explain why, in the natural order of evolution which obtains among the sciences, we might have expected the scientific character of history to be among the latest trophies of the inductive philosophy, it is enough to say that the laws which control the actions of men, whether singly or collectively considered, are from the very nature of the case more implicit in the phenomena as well as more complex in their relations than those which have been embodied in the physical universe, and which are almost *expressed* by the visible regularity of its movements.

Assuming, then, the scientific character of history, how shall we set about the task of unravelling the tangled skein of human affairs in the figure of society? This is the great problem which Mr. Buckle has proposed to himself, and undertaken to answer so far as regards the history of England. It remains for us to examine a few of the principles with which he sets out, and which must necessarily give character and complexion to all his conclusions.

In the first place, then, he ventures with a single dash of his pen to simplify the conditions of the problem by totally ignoring the doctrine of free agency, and consequently of moral responsibility, as attaching to the actions of men in the sphere of society. As this assumption lies at the very basis of Mr. Buckle's philosophy, we give it in his own words:

"The actions of men are by an easy and obvious division separated into two classes, the virtuous and the vicious; and as these classes are correlative, and when put together compose the total of our moral conduct, it follows that whatever increases the one will in a relative point of view diminish the other; so that if we can in any period detect a uniformity and a method in the vices of a people, there must be a corresponding regularity in their virtues; or if we could prove a regularity in their virtues we should necessarily infer an equal regularity in their vices; the two sets of actions being, according to the terms of the division, merely supplementary to each other. Or, to express this proposition in another way, it is evident that if it can be demonstrated that the bad actions of men vary in obedience to the changes in the surrounding society, we shall be obliged to infer that their good actions, which are, as it were, the residue of their bad ones, vary in the same manner; and we shall be forced to the further conclusion that such variations are *the result of large and general causes*, which, working upon the aggregate of society, *must produce certain consequences, without regard to the volition of those particular men of whom the society is composed.*"

In support of this position Mr. Buckle adduces the evidence derived from social statistics. What crimes, he asks, are apparently more arbitrary in their origin and capricious in their motives than mur-

der and suicide? Yet it is notorious, he adds, that in point of frequency "they are committed with as much regularity, and bear as uniform a relation to certain known circumstances, as do the movements of the tides and the rotations of the seasons." In London about two hundred and forty persons every year make way with themselves, insomuch, says Mr. B., that we may truly and safely say "in a given state of society a certain number of persons *must put an end to their own life*. This is the general law; and the special question as to who shall commit the crime depends, of course, upon special laws; which, however, in their total action, *must obey the large social law to which they are subordinate*. And the power of the larger law is so *irresistible* that neither the love of life nor the fear of another world can avail anything toward even checking its operation." Perturbations there are in the operations of these great social laws, but only such, says Mr. B., as are analogous to the aberrations observable in the laws of mechanics or of nature, where the concrete results are never expected to conform precisely to the abstract formulæ of science. "Just in the same way," he adds, "the great social law that the moral actions of men are the product *not of their volition*, but of their antecedents, is itself liable to disturbances which trouble its operation without affecting its truth. And this is quite sufficient to explain those slight variations which we find from year to year in the total amount of crime produced by the same country." Indeed, looking at the fact that the moral world is far more abundant in materials than the physical world, the only ground for astonishment is, in Mr. B's opinion, that these variations should not be greater; and from the fact that the discrepancies are so trifling we may form, he thinks, some adequate idea of "the prodigious energy of those vast social laws, which, though constantly interrupted, seem to triumph over every obstacle."

As with vices, so with other phenomena of society. They are all the inevitable consequents of certain fixed, if not always ascertained antecedents. Marriage,



for instance, "is not determined by the temper and wishes of individuals, but by large general facts over which individuals can exercise no authority. It is now known (adds Mr. B.) that marriages bear a fixed and definite relation to the price of corn; and in England the experience of a century has proved that *instead of having any connexion* with personal feelings, they are simply regulated by the average earnings of the great mass of the people."

Now, if we may legitimately eliminate from human actions the element of conscious freedom and responsibility, the problem of reducing the facts of history to some coördination of parts is undoubtedly facilitated in a high degree. But if it remains none the less true that man is not only a sentient but a moral being, endowed with the fearful prerogative of choosing between good and evil, then Mr. Buckle's solution of the problems of history is vitiated by his failure to embrace all the conditions which it presents. And here we find the *proton pseudos* of his philosophy—a philosophy falsely so called because it ignores the highest capacity of man, and omits, in its generalizations, precisely that attribute of human actions which invests the scientific treatment of history with most of its difficulty and nearly all its grandeur.

Is it true that the uniformity observable in human phenomena proves the absence of volition in their determination? Because every year two hundred and forty persons commit suicide in London, stimulated by every variety of motive and caprice, which constitute in each case so many *special laws*, does it therefore follow that these special laws which, individually considered, may certainly implicate moral considerations, are to be pronounced in their aggregate *non-moral* or *necessary* because that aggregate is seen to obey a definite numerical law? Is the moral quality of actions eliminated by their reduction to an arithmetical average? The fallacy of the hypothesis may be latent, but it is too paradoxical to have imposed on a mind so acute as Mr. Buckle's. Who shall assert that because the number of marriages bears a certain function to the

price of corn, it therefore follows that they are "*simply regulated by* the average earnings of the great mass of the people," and have "*no connexion with* personal feelings?" Such language is as unphilosophical as it is illogical in statement and contradictory to human consciousness. Mr. Buckle, we suppose, will not deny that "personal feelings" do determine *some* of the marriages which occur in human society, any more than we shall deny that "the price of corn" may increase or lessen their number by enlarging or contracting the conditions which may be held to justify the assumption of conjugal responsibilities. Why, then, may we not retort his argument upon him, and say: "Because it is known that a certain number of persons marry every year from feelings of mutual love and admiration, it follows that marriages in every community bear a fixed and definite relation to the degree of amatory sensibility, and have no connexion with the price of subsistence?"

It will be seen that the fallacy is the same in each proposition, and results from a confusion of ideas in interpreting the rule of averages. Mr. Buckle should remember that in a universe which is a universe only because of the harmony that exists among its parts, every separate phenomenon in the realm of nature or of mind sustains a certain functional relation to every other phenomenon, and to the vast complex of phenomena seen in the totality of events. It is the part of philosophy to form its generalizations without unduly sinking any of the elements which should modify our grand conclusions, but Mr. Buckle, in summing up his great archetypal ideas of historical construction, contrives in some way to shuffle all moral considerations out of our sight, leaving the congeries of human affairs to be controlled in the last analysis, and in the most ultimate generalizations, by the irreversible laws of nature or society.

Of course we need not say that Mr. Buckle's theory demands the immediate and entire abrogation of all penal codes, or of any punitive sanctions in the enforcement of civil law. If in a given

state of society a certain number of men *must* commit the crime of murder in obedience to "the large social law," which holds all minor special laws in subordination to it, it follows that *society at large* is really answerable for all murders that are annually committed. In the light of this system may we not fancy that the exemplary Roman Emperor who wished all the necks of the Romans condensed into a single tracheal column, was in reality imbued with the philosophical ideas of Mr. Buckle, and only sought to wreak plenary vengeance on the confederated guilt which constrained a certain number of Latins, himself among them, to commit the foulest crimes against their will? In fact, individual crime, according to Mr. Buckle, is the misfortune, not the fault of the culprit, who has no volition as against "the large social law" which importunately demands a certain per centage of vice and crime every year. Is anything more needed to point the fallacy of a line of argument which logically conducts to such absurd conclusions—conclusions which are as disorganizing socially as they are false in philosophy?

Or if it be admitted that, in order to check eccentricities of temper or to restrain the sallies of private malice and vengeance, it might still be expedient to visit the penalty of capital punishment on the "crime" of murder, it is none the less clear that the quality of crime can attach to that act only after it shall have been made to appear that it has been done in contravention of "the great social law." If, for instance, it be found on examination that twenty murders must annually take place in Massachusetts under the pressure of the said social law, it follows that twenty culprits arraigned for murder might every year be rightfully exempted from the penalty of suffering death; for who does not see that their "crime" was nothing more than their misfortune, growing out of the evil times in which they lived. If, however, there should be an overplus of murders in any given year, it might be just and proper to hang the number in excess over the annual average of twenty, since this would have the useful effect of deterring

the evil-minded from abusing their privileges under "the large social law," and would at the same time keep the science of statistics in a favourable shape for quotation by philosophical historians. And hence, perhaps, we may see the undiscovered wisdom which has directed the legislators of Massachusetts (men who "builded wiser than they knew") to postpone the capital execution of every person condemned for murder in that State until one year after the date of his conviction. For in that time the annual returns of statistics may be completed, and the data thereby furnished by which to ascertain whether any more murders have been committed than are allowed by "the large social law." And after the Legislature of that humane Commonwealth shall have read Mr. Buckle, we are sure they will perfect the present statutes of their criminal code by providing for the unconditional pardon of as many murderers as shall appear by statistics to have acted in obedience to the large social law rather than their own volitions.

Omitting all animadversion on the shallow metaphysics displayed in Mr. Buckle's genesis of Free-will and Predestination, (which he thinks have respectively risen into abstract dogmas from the observed phenomena of chance and necessity,) and without pausing to point out any of the many partial generalizations into which he has fallen while treating on the comparative civilizations of India, Egypt, Mexico, Peru, Sweden, Portugal, and other countries, we proceed again to trace the persuasive influence of the radical fallacy which runs through all his disquisitions, so soon as, turning from the compilation of facts, he undertakes to draw from them their highest lessons.

Distinctly holding that all civil and social amelioration implies a two-fold progress, moral and intellectual, Mr. Buckle perceives that this double movement presents a question of great moment, namely, which of these two parts or elements of mental progress is the more important in the last analysis. For, he adds, the progress itself being the result of their united action, it becomes necessary to ascertain which of them works more

powerfully, in order that we may subordinate the inferior element to the laws of the superior one.

Mr. Buckle, as already intimated, gives the precedence to knowledge over morals. This he does mainly from two considerations: firstly, because the stock of moral truths has long been complete and stationary, and therefore, he thinks, cannot be held to have had any appreciable influence in determining the mutations of society; while, on the other hand, intellectual truths, being constantly cumulative, are perpetually infusing new forces into civilization. And, secondly, because the acquisitions of the intellect are more actively vitalizing in society than good deeds effected by the widest philanthropy from purely moral motives. These conclusions, says Mr. B., are no doubt very unpalatable; and he adds, with an air of oracular self-sufficiency, "what makes them peculiarly offensive is that it is impossible to refute them."

To our mind there is nothing offensive in these conclusions save the ignorance and stolidity which they argue in their patron. It remains to see whether they are so irrefragable as Mr. Buckle imagines. The illustration which he employs to enforce his argument in affirmance of the comparative inferiority of moral to intellectual truth is derived from the history of religious persecution and of war. Here, says Mr. B., we have two great evils which are gradually disappearing from the face of the earth. To what is this decline attributable? Evidently, he affirms, "to the diffusion of knowledge, and to that alone," since the diminution has marched step by step with the progress of intellectual illumination. Moral truths being stationary, and intellectual truths being progressive, he holds it highly improbable that the progress of society, in any amelioration, should be due to moral knowledge, which for many centuries has remained the same, rather than to intellectual knowledge, which for many centuries has been incessantly advancing. Hence he draws the monstrous inference that, "if we would ascertain the conditions which regulate the progress of modern civilization, we must seek them

in the history of the amount and diffusion of intellectual knowledge; and we must consider physical phenomena and moral principles as causing, no doubt, *great aberrations in short periods*, but in long periods correcting and balancing themselves, and thus leaving the intellectual laws to act uncontrolled by these inferior and subordinate agents." Again: "We are all sensible that moral principles do affect *nearly the whole of our actions*, but we have incontrovertible proof that *they produce not the least effect on mankind in the aggregate*, or even on men in very large masses, provided that we take the precaution of studying social phenomena for a period sufficiently long and on a scale sufficiently great to enable the superior laws to come into uncontrolled operation."

Here we have another proof of Mr. Buckle's method of disposing of moral truths by shuffling them out of sight in his grand generalizations. Moral ideas, he says, influence all men individually, but produce not the least effect on mankind in general! To state the proposition is to confute it. But as it is put forth with such an air of assurance let us scan it a little more narrowly.

To impute to moral truths as a defect the fact that they are stationary, and not progressive, is to complain of the foundations upon which a palace is reared because they are not liable to expansion and contraction. For, by some unaccountable confusion of ideas, Mr. Buckle throughout fails to discriminate between moral truths in the abstract and their concrete realization in the figure of society. As abstract truths, undoubtedly they are incapable of constant multiplication, but who does not see that they are susceptible of a constantly increasing verification in the actual conduct of human affairs? This latter it is which constitutes *moral progress*, properly so called. Morality is indeed the great conservative band of every community, and without knowledge becomes an element of greater destructiveness. It is the guarantee of all intellectual as of all social advancement. In what country has dissolution of morals been combined with a steady and whole-

some acquisition of useful knowledge? Yet if moral principles are only potent enough to produce "aberrations in short periods," might we not have expected Mr. Buckle to cite some instance in which intellectual laws may be shown to have acted "uncontrolled by the inferior and subordinate agencies" of morality? The atrocities of the French Revolution were great "aberrations" in the history of humanity—aberrations from which the French mind is even yet slowly recovering itself, as is proved by the periodical oscillations with which it swings between the torpor of absolutism and the spasms of popular revolt. We leave the reader to judge whether the greater or less degree in which moral truths have infiltrated themselves into French society has had anything to do in giving definite form and peculiar colour to its distinctive civilization, or whether, as Mr. Buckle would assert, their efficacy has been limited to the mere production of sporadic growths at particular periods in the annals of France. Or, to advert to British history, in which, as Mr. Buckle says, we can trace the constant increase and diffusion of intellectual knowledge, let us ask if the England of Cromwell and the Puritans was so much inferior in all the elements that constitute a State to the England of Charles II. as we should be warranted in expecting, if indeed it were true that "the effect of moral influences is, in the great average of human affairs, nowhere to be seen," and if "the total actions of mankind, considered as a whole, are left to be regulated by the total knowledge of which mankind is possessed."

Mr. Buckle, we need hardly say for the information of the intelligent reader, embraces the elements of Christianity in the scope of his argument when he decides in favour of the comparative superiority of intellectual to moral truths. Indeed, we are gravely told that "the system of morals propounded in the New Testament contain no maxim which had not been previously enunciated, and that some of the most beautiful passages in the Apostolic writings are quotations from Pagan authors." We imagine it would be somewhat difficult for Mr. Buckle to

find in Pagan literature the originals of all the moral virtues enjoined by Christ and his Apostles; but, admitting the statement in all its length and breadth, it would still fail to strip Christianity of its crowning glory, considered as a merely historical element. For it cannot be denied that the new hopes and fears which it awakened in the breast of humanity were so many new forces impressed upon the current of human thoughts and actions, and supplied to the system of natural morals all the superadded incentives and motives derived from "the powers of the world to come." If these pass for naught in the estimation of Mr. Buckle, they have at least left the marks of their prevalence in those revolutions of the world's history which have made the progress of humanity but a reflex of the successive stages through which Christianity has passed in gradually displacing the old ethnic civilization. But we weary in the exposure of a sciolism which is as unhistorical in its facts as it is unphilosophical in its teachings.

Having devoted so much of our space to the examination of what seems to us the radical fallacy of Mr. Buckle's volume, we have no room in which to treat in detail upon certain other inaccuracies and paralogisms into which he has fallen. We may say, however, that if some of his generalizations seem to us unsound, many of his historical parallels seem to us equally imaginary. For instance, in speaking of the effect of climate and soil on the social life and mental habits of a people, Mr. Buckle remarks that although Spain and Portugal on the one hand, and Sweden and Norway on the other, are countries essentially dissimilar in government, laws, religion, and manners, yet these four countries have one point in common, namely, that their agriculture is interrupted by the heat and dryness of the weather in the former countries, and by the cold and shortness of the days in the latter. "*The consequence is,*" he adds, "that these four nations, though so different in other respects, are all remarkable for a certain feebleness of character, presenting a striking contrast to the more regular and settled habits which are

established in countries where climate subjects the working classes to fewer interruptions." Where the meteorological facts are unfounded it is hardly necessary to say that the philosophical inference from them is historically false.

Mr. E. Meriam, who attends to the state of the weather generally, but makes earthquakes his *specialité*, will learn with much satisfaction that Mr. Buckle agrees with him in thinking "there is much reason to believe that these phenomena are always preceded by atmospheric changes, which strike immediately at the nervous system, and have a direct physical tendency" not only to create an extraordinary agitation in the duodenum, but also "to impair the intellectual powers." And hence, as Mr. Meriam finds in earthquakes an explanation of disordered bowels throughout a continent, so Mr. Buckle discerns in these same subterranean concussions the secret of that political and intellectual incapacity which has been displayed by countries like Peru and Mexico during the cycles of their history. But even the statistical Mr. Meriam will learn with surprise that "earthquakes and volcanic eruptions are more frequent and more destructive in Italy and in the Spanish and Portuguese peninsula than in any of the great countries;" and that it is for precisely this reason that in these countries "superstition is most rife and the superstitious classes most powerful." For, Mr. Meriam, with the rest of mankind, (save Mr. Buckle,) is aware that there are no volcanoes in the Spanish peninsula, and that the only earthquake known to have occurred there was that of Lisbon in 1756, which, though sufficiently "destructive," can hardly be held sufficiently "frequent" to sustain Mr. B.'s assertion when he declares that "earthquakes and volcanic eruptions are more numerous" in that quarter than "in any of the great countries."

We trace a like license of the imagination in the writer's attempt to run a parallel between the war of the Fronde in France and the Great Rebellion against Charles in England. "It would indeed be far from accurate," admits Mr. Buckle,

"to say that the two events were [respectively] the counterpart to each other; but there can be no doubt that the analogy between them is very striking." The actual analogy which he traces is very transcendental, as might be expected in any attempt to institute a comparison between "the most prodigious and the boldest rebellion that any age or country ever brought forth," as Clarendon not unfitly characterizes the one, and that playing at rebellion which passes under the facetious name of the "*Wars of the Fronde*," or as it is otherwise called the "*war of the ladies*." Mr. Buckle seems himself to be not wholly unaware of the generic differences between these two civil commotions. The one was waged in the name of civil liberty against royal prerogative; the other turned on the right of the French nobles to sit rather than stand in the presence of their king. As we turn the weighty pages of Clarendon we find how closely, in the one, the grandest problems of human destiny and the deepest mysteries of religion were united in the thoughts of the gloomy but earnest men who were working out their country's deliverance from the shameless perfidy of Charles and the persecuting bigotry of Laud; in the sprightly pages of de Motteville we read what formed the "direful spring" of the mimic wars which amused the French nobles engaged in the other. Nay, Mr. Buckle tells us in another part of his volume that the greatest difficulties and disputes of these belligerent French noblemen and ladies arose as to mere points of conventional etiquette, such as who was to have an arm chair at court; who was to be invited to the royal dinners and who was to be excluded from them; who was to be kissed by the Queen and who was not to be kissed by her; who should have the first seat in church; what the proper proportion was between the rank of different persons and the length of the carpet on which they were allowed to stand; what was the dignity a noble must have attained in order to justify his entering the Louvre in a coach; who was to have precedence at coronations; whether all dukes were equal, or whether, as some



thought, the Duke de Bouillon, having once possessed the sovereignty of Sedan, was superior to the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, who had never possessed any sovereignty at all; whether the Duke de Beaufort ought or ought not to enter the council chamber before the Duke de Nemours, and whether, being there, he ought to sit above him. These and such as these were the mighty and momentous questions which convulsed France during the period when the most serious misunderstandings arose as to who should have the supreme honour of handing to the King his napkin as he ate his meals, and when the ladies of her Majesty's bed-chamber, not to be surpassed by the gentlemen of the court in their obsequious loyalty, espoused different parties in the "wars of the Fronde," solely in order to decide by an appeal to arms their respective pretensions to the inestimable privilege of helping on the Queen with her juxta-cutaneous linen. The reader, in a word, who will compare the "campaigns of Mademoiselle" with the "crowning mercies" for which Cromwell offered solemn thanks to the Lord, will find the measure of the likeness between the "Ladies' War" and the "Great Rebellion."

We had intended to offer some reflections on many other portions of Mr. Buckle's work, but we are constrained to forbear from the length to which our remarks have already extended. We had intended to allude to the supposititious origin ascribed to St. Augustine's Pauline theology; to the one-sided and erroneous view of Christian doctrine presented under the name of "Calvinism," by a writer who has evidently never read the Institutes, and who significantly enough, while devoting almost a whole chapter to a contrast of "Calvinism" and "Armenianism," considered in relation

to their political tendencies and historic influences, (a contrast just and proper in the main,) makes not a single reference to the writings of either Calvin or Armenius, nor even enumerates their names in the list of the five hundred and more authors who are somewhat ambitiously paraded in the front of his work "with the view of indicating the nature and extent of the materials used" in its compilation. We had intended also to remark on Mr. Buckle's depreciatory criticism of Edmund Burke because that liberal and enlightened statesman could not find it in his heart to look with complacency on the horrors perpetrated in the name of liberty during the French Revolution; we had purposed to cite a few instances in which Mr. Buckle, in narrating the events that occurred during the reign of George III, has allowed his anti-Tory political prejudices to betray him into exaggerated statements which do not become the calm and impartial historian, to say nothing of the philosopher; but on these, as on all other points, we must refrain from animadversion, and satisfy ourselves by simply invoking the careful and critical attention of our readers to a volume which combines more of ripe erudition and crude speculation than any it has ever before been our fortune to meet. It is to be hoped that Mr. Buckle, before proceeding with his work, will put himself on a course of reading in metaphysics, theology, and logic. In all these he is sadly deficient, as is apparent not only from the contexture of his present volume, but even from his own admissions. He has undertaken a great task and a noble one. But let him beware lest, in regard to his merits as a *philosopher*, it may be said of him in the end that he spent his life in dropping empty buckets into empty wells and drawing nothing up.

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## MRS. STOWE AND DRED.

It may, perhaps, seem rather late in the day to review "Dred," that dismal story of the Dismal Swamp, which Mrs. Stowe gave to the world some three years ago, and which, aimed, as it was, against the people of the Southern States, like the terrible boomerang, came back upon her and demolished her own reputation. We have never, indeed, up to the present moment, alluded to "Dred" in the pages of the *Messenger*, nor had we thought of doing so, until the following notice of it from the pen of a most accomplished young lady of New England was placed at our discretion, to publish or not, as we should determine. The reader will see that the article, which, it is proper to say, was not written for publication, is less a criticism of the novel than a characterization of the Beecher family, and as such we are confident it will be gratefully accepted. We should be gratified to hear again from our fair correspondent. [ED. *SOV. LIT. MESSENGER*.]

The old proverb, which divided the English into three classes—"Saints, sinners and Herveys," has of late received a cis-atlantic application, and the citizens of the new world have been designated as "Good, Bad and Beechers," the latter being supposed to be an intermediate class between the two others.

Proprietors of too much genius and goodness to be summarily condemned, and of too much ultraism and singularity to be commended, the Beechers defy both natural and artificial methods of classification, and can be ranked only in the catalogue of American curiosities. As we direct travellers to a hot spring or a mammoth cave, as the peculiarity of American nature, so we point out to him the Beecher family as the freak of American humanity.

Now, though it has been shrewdly suspected, that if the quality called Beecher were analyzed, it would be found to be identical with other forms of human depravity, yet as long as it passes for something better, its possessors are allowed immunities denied to the rest of the world. They can trample on conventionalities, say and do what others would be condemned for saying and doing, and all this is looked upon as only the characteristic manifestation of an elementary substance. So widely have the family been dispersed, that it has become the ready explanation of idiosyncracies in every part of our land, to say that they originated with the Beechers, and, since the death of John Randolph, every orphan epigram and oddity has been attributed to them.

Dr. Lyman Beecher has, for years, been celebrated no less for his excellence than for his eccentricity. His children, however, not content with the fame they inherit from their colossal father, seem bent on achieving renown for themselves, and with great calculation have so marked out their orbits as to avoid all danger of collision.

Miss Catherine has in her department, Domestic Economy, Hygienic Education and Cookery; Mrs. Stowe seeks her fortune in the furtherance of moral reform; while Reverend Henry Ward shows his versatility in turning to account the fragments abandoned by the others. He sells his imagination in twenty-five to one hundred dollar packages to lyceums, and supplies the scintillations of his genius to the New York Independent; now fires a rifle for Kansas, and now reports to his newspaper readers the progress of his poultry yard at Lennox. Matters in this world being pretty much used up, Dr. Edward Beecher throws his parabola quite beyond the sphere of the earth, makes a novel excursion into the realm of the past, and comes back to publish on this planet his *Rambles in Chaos*.

Who can predict the future, when it is considered that there is a *third* generation, in whom, no doubt, the spectacled eyes of Old Tiff would unmistakably discern "de very sperit of de family!"

In 1852 Mrs. Stowe appeared before the American public as the authoress of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*—she visited Europe, and on her return published two volumes of adjectives, which were sold and read as another work from the authoress of

Uncle Tom's Cabin; and just as Thomas Campbell complained that he was never recognized in any other capacity than that of Author of the Pleasures of Hope, it seemed probable that Mrs. Stowe would be known to futurity, only as the patroness of poor Uncle Tom. "Life among the Lovely" was made the measure by which all subsequent publications of like kind should be gauged, and it was supposed that even its authoress, a modern Cervantes, would be unable again to produce anything which should quite come up to its standard. In defiance of this opinion, and no doubt with the triple intention of replenishing her purse, furthering moral reform, and reminding the world that she is mentally alive, Mrs. Stowe has issued another work, published simultaneously in three countries.

Instead of avoiding comparisons by aiming at a different target, with true Beecherly boldness she again selects the subject of slavery, and brings out of the Dismal Swamp some spirited sketches founded on the South Carolina insurrection, the Cincinnati slave case, and the attack on Mr. Sumner.

These are surnamed Dred, for no other reason than that it is a novel and attractive name. In fact, Dred is the most uninteresting and unnatural character in the book, and no more the hero than Mr. Edward Clayton, a man dubbed idealist because he followed his conscience rather than his interest, or Miss Nina, a singular combination of coquetry and practical philosophy, a rainbow with a pot of money at the end,—or best of all, Old Tiff, a negro who had possessed such extreme veneration for the "F. F. V.'s," that only the hard experience of age, and a residence in New England, could convince him that character was equivalent to family, and that as a lady could not marry all the generations back, it was best for her to look at the man himself rather than his ancestors.

In their portraiture of Southern life, we do not criticise the lights and shades of Mrs. Stowe's work. Let us rather look at its literary merits and moral

character, at it, as the work of a popular authoress and Christian lady.

While Uncle Tom may be said to contain the pith of her genius, Dred is not wanting in the lively wit, drama and argument, which marked its predecessor. At the same time there is frequently discernible in it, a want of that delicacy always so pleasing in female writers, and of a reverence for sacred things no less essential to literary refinement than to consistent Christianity. Indeed, one of the most prominent features of the work is a constant bordering on profanity, and such frequent use of irreverent expressions as leads us to inquire into the nature of Mrs. Stowe's philanthropic zeal.

Is she engaged in a crusade against sin, or against slavery?

If against *sin*, what is accomplished, when, in destroying one form of evil she builds up another, and lends her influence at once to overturn oppression and encourage profanity? One would almost conclude that, in her view, slavery was the only synonym for guilt, and that she thought it no wrong to break the third specific commandment, to enforce the great general law of love.

The only apology for these expressions must be, that they are necessary to the effectiveness of her picture of Southern wrongs. But is profanity any more a *sine-qua-non* to Dred than cotton to the North, or negroes to the South?

The "shalt not" is as strict against profanity as against oppression, and the only plea for it is one that our authoress denies to the South, that of expediency. Let us measure Southern consistency by our own. Mrs. Stowe complains "that the mouth of the North is filled with cotton, and will be kept so as long as suits Southern interest," yet Mrs. Stowe, in her Sunny Memories, says she does not feel the sacrifice of slave labour products to be required of us.

From one identified with the tribe of Levi, as a daughter, sister, and wife, we could not have anticipated such libellous reflections on the American ministry as Dred contains. Of all the clergymen mentioned, only one poor, persecuted

man is faithful, and he but just escapes feathers and lynching.

There is Mr. Titmarsh, "a theological dictionary with a cravat on," and Dr. Calker, "who loves the church better than the Deity," meaning by the church the Presbyterian organization in America, and there is Dr. Cushing, and Dr. Baskum, and Father Bonnie, all preaching to Southern men, and more or less swayed by Southern interest. But there is no Mason and Dixon's line limiting Mrs. Stowe's invective. Dr. Packthread, an influential minister in a *Northern* city, is described, we hesitate to repeat it, as "going on from year to year doing deeds which even a political candidate would blush at, while he sang hymns, made prayers, and expected, no doubt, to enter heaven by some neat arrangement of words used in two senses."

But there are accusations of the brethren as well as of the clergy. Dred says, "I have found the alligators and snakes better neighbours than Christians. They let those alone that let them alone, but Christians hunt for the precious life."

Of all the persons mentioned as lay professors of Christianity, not one is consistent save Tomtit, "who jined the church and did beautiful." The clear starched Aunt Nesbit, the barbarous Zekyl, are the examples of orthodox Christianity; while all genuine goodness

is vested in Clayton, Nina, and non-professing Christians.

At once, to decide the matter for the scrupulous, Dred was advertised as a novel. It is, however, perused by anti-fictionists, who read Uncle Tom because it was true, and read Dred because they read Uncle Tom, though one tithe of the profanity it contained would interdict the work of any of the old novelists from our puritan homes.

Mrs. Stowe says, "In a book, it is contact with the personality of the author that improves you—a real book always makes you think that there is more in the writer than he has said."

We beg pardon for hoping that there is nothing unexpressed in Dred, and that its authoress, like the Queen of Sheba, "has no more spirit in her."

Each expression of Mrs. Stowe has double significancy when we remember that her work is simultaneously issued in three countries, and that triple publicity is thus given to every reflection on our church or country.

We envy not the authoress who, in the deliberation of retirement, can fill her pen with unrefined expressions; we fear for the Christianity that can trifle with the use of profaneness; we do not acknowledge the patriotism which, in a foreign country, can quietly sit under the mutilated flag of our country.

Were she a woman, we should blush for the sex—luckily she is only a Beecher.



## A STORY OF YESTERDAY.

*From the French of Paul D'Ivoi.*

In one of the most aristocratic streets of the Faubourg St. Germain, at the extremity of the street bordering on the Gros Caillou, there is a little well-known hotel, which was built in 1751, for a lady whose name shone at that period at the court of Louis XV. The family of this lady, an illustrious family, became extinct in 1793, unceremoniously cut off by an act of condemnation of the Revolutionary Tribunal. The hotel, for a long time the property of the nation, was sold at last to a speculator for less money than would be necessary at this day to purchase the building-lot of a small house in one of the most deserted streets of the city. It belongs at present to the great-grand-daughter of this speculator, who is a widow and mistress of a large fortune, though she is hardly thirty-three years of age.

Three months ago, this young lady, the Comtesse Amélie de C. was alone and in a reverie. She mused upon her happiness, upon her reign over the little flowery kingdom which she saw from her casement, upon her subjects, the servants who waited only upon her orders. She mused, and found this splendid existence too calm not to be a little monotonous, too unoccupied not to become, now and then, suggestive of those dreamy moods which border nearly upon ennui.

Accordingly, the Comtesse Amélie languidly passed the day at the bottom of her summer boudoir, lost like a nest in the foliage of a large garden. Walking here and there, seating herself, rising again with a petulant air, she threw aside, one after another, all her accustomed playthings: her Angora Cat, furious at being forsaken, bristled in a corner in its ermine fur; her beautiful bengalis, flying in a large cage of fine twisted silver wire between four silver-gilt palm trees, no longer amused our capricious lady: the remembrance of her husband, two years deceased, has never amused her. In short she was weary. Meanwhile, the sky above was as sweetly blue as the flower of the *Vergiss-mein-nicht*—a warm

breeze floated through the trees with a harmonious murmur; the fair Comtesse seemed like one of those pretty coquettish little shepherdesses who look down so graciously from their grassy thrones in the pastoral groups of Watteau, and Mignard, who painted such dazzling nymphs with eyes as oval as almonds and lips as red as cherries, had anticipated her.

The Comtesse Amélie is one of the richest, the most beautiful and the most distinguished women in Paris, and yet she is sad. Her dejection has been of some duration, for her birds, forgotten, have had nothing to eat, and her loveliest flowers are dying for water. After walking for several minutes in her boudoir, like some exquisite panther in its cage, she coloured up, seized from a gilded pier-table a piece of Japanese porcelain of rare beauty and dashed it violently in fragments against the floor. She smiled, a little calmed by this performance, and then drew forth from a drawer a pack of cards, spread them out upon a round table of marqueterie and began to arrange them after the manner of a fortune-teller.

She dealt the cards.

She began again several times: each time she turned up to herself the knave of hearts and the knave of clubs; she placed mysteriously her pretty little rosy finger sometimes on one and sometimes on the other, dwelt upon them pensively, then fired with indignation that her luck could bring her only one of these two cards. She began over again once more, and then both the knaves reappeared.

Finally she tried her fortune for the last time, when she drew three knaves, the knave of hearts, the knave of clubs and the knave of diamonds.

What was the meaning of this? the cards could not lie. The knave of hearts, this is a lover with whom one must expect to be linked for better, for worse. The knave of clubs, this is also a lover, a lover who has money; the club means money; one may wed also for that. The knave of diamonds, what are we to think of him? The diamond is friendship and

marriage, but the knave of diamonds is a traitor, a soldier that carries bad news.

She was employed in these meditations when the door opened, and a little negro, three feet high, dressed in a livery of peach-blossom, announced

Monsieur le Baron Auguste de V. . . ,  
Monsieur Amédée de S. . .

The Comtesse Amélie gave a little scream and hastily threw aside the cards.

Compose yourself, madame, we do not come to disturb your game.

Auguste and Amédée divined at a glance the mental condition of the pretty Comtesse. They saw the perishing flowers, the bengalis enraged by hunger, the broken fans, the porcelain shattered to pieces, the pets in an uproar, the cat in disgrace, and both readily conjectured why she had taken counsel of the cards.

Notwithstanding the little scene of which we have been a witness, it must not be supposed that the Comtesse Amélie was a child. She had her little paroxysms, but she was really a woman of mind and character. Married at sixteen to a man much older than herself, she had not known the period of girlhood; she had passed at once from infancy to the exciting life of a woman of the world. She was a true woman, looking upon life after a fashion at once intelligent and poetic, animating all whom she met with a fervid and mysterious inspiration, possessed of tact and judgment, having a certain hardihood such as belongs to women who passed from the period of innocence too early to have ever known it, and with this, subject to those returns of her childish nature, those inexplicable freaks, those pouting caprices which we see in an infant playing with a doll. In fine, and as the result of these contradictions, she was an adorable creature.

It is proper for us to say a word also of the knave of hearts and the knave of clubs.

The knave of clubs, Auguste de V. . . , was twenty-nine years of age; a handsome young bachelor, of dark complexion, with black eyes and hair like the crow's wing. He was brave. He was rich. He had first met the Comtesse Amélie when he was oppressed by the yoke of a great

affliction. Amélie had made him acquainted with that smile of woman which restores happiness and light to hearts darkened by the deepest gloom; he fell in love with Amélie with all his strength and all his soul, and Amélie loved him.

Unfortunately she also loved the knave of hearts, the fair-haired and timid Amédée de S. . . Amédée was a person of great distinction, he had a complexion of aristocratic paleness, beard and hair of an ashy lightness; his eyes were of a milky blue; full of elegance and grace, he was of a refined and delicate nature which was both intellectual and sad; he loved the Comtesse, but he loved her poetically, with that selfish passion which makes one love a woman less for herself than for the tendernesses, the ebullitions of rage, the seasons of softness, the fits of fervor, the sportive sallies, the sudden attacks of peevishness, the outbreaks of feeling, the strange intervals of despondence, the foolish hopes, in a word, for that quivering interest which a capricious creature attaches to the least disturbance of her musings. He loved the Comtesse as a musician loves his piano—the Comtesse was the instrument by which were accompanied the dreams of his heart. He had not for her then a true love, the love which belongs to those rare and mysterious apparitions of whom men talk so much and see so little, according to Rochefoucauld. But this love he sincerely thought he experienced.

The Comtesse did not manifest a preference for either of these two lovers. She did not know which of them to choose. She dreaded to make the choice, for to select one was to send off the other.

The knave of hearts and the knave of clubs were devoted friends. But love had singularly impaired their friendship. When therefore to-day they surprised the Comtesse interrogating fortune, because her heart had not the courage to speak, they resolved to determine the question precipitately.

Up to this moment they had never spoken of love to the Comtesse or asked her hand but separately and apart from each other. Without previous concert, they found themselves of the same mind, and



demanded of her, with the utmost politeness and consideration, that she should choose between them. The Comtesse, rendered yet more irresolute by the persistence of the cards in refusing to direct her choice, responded evasively, flattering both of them, leaving both to hope, and promising both a prompt reply.

They left the house in a fury.

Auguste and Amédée lived in the same street, one of the great streets of the Faubourg St. Germain running parallel with the Seine.

The following day Auguste and Amédée sallied out at the same hour and met each other in the street equidistant from their dwellings.

I was going to your house, said Auguste, without offering his hand to Amédée.

And I to yours, replied the latter.

My dear friend, we must fight.

My friend, I must kill you.

You think, as I do, that as long as we both live—

—The Comtesse will never decide to choose between us.

It is therefore necessary to compel her to a decision.

This must be done.

It is understood ; to morrow at Vincennes a pistol ball shall kill one of us and marry the other.

Next day at noon they were on the ground. The knave of hearts had for his seconds two fair-haired young lawyers, friends of his, little acquainted with the laws of the duel ; the knave of clubs was accompanied by one of his friends, the Comte Hector de T. . . , a cavalry officer of high distinction, of a great family and very expert in affairs of honour and gallantry. Auguste had presented him to the Comtesse who could not endure him.

The rivals were placed fifteen paces apart ; the word was given, two pistol-shots went off simultaneously, and Auguste, the knave of clubs, fell bathed in his blood.

The unhappy knave of hearts was in despair. But Hector gave him no time for lamentation.

Monsieur, said he, you have killed my friend, but you bore yourself gallantly.

Fly at once from pursuit ; I will employ myself in arranging matters so that you may return. Go to Germany. Here are six thousand francs which I had brought to meet emergencies for my unfortunate friend. Lose no time in making your escape.

Amédée distractedly threw himself into his phaeton, drove immediately to the Eastern railway station and left by the first train.

Meanwhile, a surgeon whom they had brought with them was kneeling down by the side of the wounded man and had uttered a cry of joy. He had only fainted. The ball had but grazed the cheek and the tip of the ear—a lively hemorrhage was the consequence, and the blood which flowed forth had induced the belief that the wound was more serious. But after all it was nothing, and the swoon having passed away and the wound having been dressed, there was no more to be said.

The seconds left the ground. Those of Amédée would have attempted to overtake him but they knew not in which direction he had fled. They charged themselves with writing to him, when they should have any news to communicate.

The wounded man having fainted a second time, was placed in his carriage and Hector took him home, to the apartments he himself occupied in the Champs Elysées.

Auguste came to himself. His scratch was nothing at all ; he was not even indisposed. But he was dreadfully frightened at the gloomy look of Hector.

The latter took both of Auguste's hands in his own.

My friend, said he, your swoon saved you a most melancholy spectacle. You have killed Amédée. It is absolutely necessary that you fly to avoid pursuit. I shall use every exertion to arrange the affair, I shall prevent any noise being made over it, I have powerful friends, this you know, but I shall be able to act more effectively, you being in a place of safety. Leave then immediately. Cut off your beard and moustache, wear blue glasses and take these six thousand francs for your immediate wants. I will remit



you more when you inform me where to send it.

Auguste lamented his enemy, threw himself into the arms of Hector, made him promise that he would narrate all to the Comtesse, and left by the Northern railway.

Auguste and Amédée wandered about everywhere, awaiting with impatience the moment when they might return to Paris; seeing nothing in the journals concerning the duel, they concluded that the good Hector had done his utmost to keep it silent, and both ardently wished to get back to Paris. Auguste had determined to return secretly. He was at Wiesbaden, he wished to see Baden Baden before his return.

Arriving there he entered the gaming saloon, seated himself at the table, and was getting ready to throw a louis on the *rouge*, when directly opposite to him he saw the ghost of Banquo who threw a louis on the *noir*. It was the pallid Amédée, more pallid than ever.

Auguste exclaimed aloud.

Amédée exclaimed aloud.

The knave of hearts and the knave of clubs recognized each other and embraced heartily.

They both explained, and you may imagine their indignation against the rascally Hector.

An hour afterwards, the knave of clubs and the knave of hearts were on their return to Paris. They approached the city, they arrived, took a carriage and were soon at their respective lodgings.

Monsieur, here are letters for you, said Auguste's concierge.

Monsieur, here are letters for you, said Amédée's concierge.

Auguste and Amédée broke open at the same moment, each before the door of his concierge, two letters engraved as follows

"Mme la Comtesse Amélie de C . . . has the honour of announcing her marriage with the Comte Hector de T . . .

"M. le Comte Hector de T . . . has the honour of announcing his marriage with the Comtesse Amélie de C . . .

"You are invited to assist at the nuptial benediction which will take place day after to-morrow at the church of —."

These letters had been there ten days. It had been eight days since Amélie and the Comte were married.

Auguste and Amédée each left his own house in a run to seek the house of the other. They met again in the middle of the street, letters in hand.

We will kill him, cried the fair haired knave of hearts, red with anger.

Let us do better, let us revenge ourselves more surely, let us remain his friends, and the friends of his wife.

This was what they did.

They sought Hector and gave him their pardon with a great air of sincerity.

But Hector, sure of being loved by his wife, saw through their plan and laughed at it with Amélie who said to him with a smile,

Bah! You know, mon ami, that they are not dangerous. As long as there are two of them I shall never be able to decide between them!



## THE FALSE FRIEND.

### I.

She was my playmate, and the sound of her glad, childish voice  
Had power to wreath my lip with smiles and bid my heart rejoice,  
And if, perchance, she wept or grieved, my cheek was stained with tears,  
So linked together were our hearts, in childhood's happy years.

### II.

She was my friend, the truest one into whose faithful heart  
My dearest hope—my every wish, I feared not to impart;  
She was my earliest, dearest friend, most loved in those sweet hours,  
When hope and happiness smiled near, and strewed my path with flowers.

### III.

At length strange words of dark import fell harshly on my ear,  
And base suspicions seemed to haunt the friends I held most dear,  
Some who had loved and trusted me now grew estranged and cold,  
And round my pathway seemed to hang some mystery untold.

### IV.

As yet I heeded not their frown, with stern unyielding pride,  
With bitter scorn and fierce disdain, I strove the wound to hide,  
Though *some* were false, and though the world contained deceit and guile,  
Yet one kind friend's unfading truth, still made the desert smile.

### V.

But who shall paint the deep despair, that seized my sinking heart,  
When that dark veil of mystery at length was rent apart,  
When *she* whom I had fondly loved, and thought too pure for earth,  
Was proved to be the heartless one, who gave each slander birth.

### VI.

With candour ever on her lips, she blushed not to defame,  
And in the kindest terms she cast aspersions on my name.  
And the base falsehood, with the truth, so nicely did she blend,  
That many doubted and despised her unsuspecting friend.

### VII.

I cannot *hate* that faithless friend, she whom I loved so long,  
And yet how deeply did she wound, how basely did she wrong,  
And the sad memory fills mine eye and rends my heart with pain,  
That as I trusted that false friend, I *ne'er* can trust again.

M.

## ENTHUSIASM.

There is not in the whole arsenal of defamation, a weapon more potent, more fatal, than opprobrious epithets. They often fall with an irresistibly crushing effect on the cause, the party, the individual, against whom they are directed. Moore has very happily expressed this idea, as applied to political existence.

Rebellion, foul, dishonoring word,  
Whose wrongful blight so oft has stained  
The holiest cause that tongue or sword  
Of mortal ever lost or gained.  
How many a spirit, born to bless,  
Has sunk beneath that withering name,  
Whom but a day's, an hour's success,  
Had wafted to eternal fame.

The poison of these opprobrious arrows is all the more deadly, because like strychnine over the nervous system, it diffuses itself over the reputation of its victims, without leaving any other trace than the destruction which it produces.

A distinct, specific charge may be met and rejected; but a vague and indefinite accusation insinuated, rather than distinctly made, in an abusive epithet, is as impressive and as irresistibly noxious as a contagious atmosphere.

More especially is this the case in a period of excitement. Without going back to the past we have only to look around us now, for the saddest and most palpable evidence, how unfair and dangerous is the "argument of epithet," or rather from epithet, which, if it fall in with the popular feeling, no logic can refute, no ingenuity evade, no eloquence resist.

Names, once consecrated to noble and excellent qualities, are often applied by those who cannot or will not appreciate those qualities, to their dangerous perversions. It is thus, that evangelical, which properly belongs to men and principles, most nearly in accord with the blessed gospel, often designates, in the mouths of the worldly and latitudinarian, visionary and fanatical. The same class of sneerers employ, as an abusive epithet, Methodism, which originally indicated that systematic ardour of piety, which charac-

terized the followers of Wesley and Whitfield, and spread its life-giving savour over many Episcopalian divines.

In like manner, enthusiasm has been perverted from its primary meaning of inspiration, God in the soul, to signify that state of the mental atmosphere in which the light of reason is beclouded and obscured by the fumes of the imagination. The very sound of the word enthusiasm curls with scorn the lips of many who hide their cold selfishness and want of sympathy with every thing disinterested, under the proud names of reason and philosophy.

We wish not only to vindicate the claim of this term to be employed in a good sense, but to show by reasoning and the citation of examples, that in every department of human effort, a certain exaltation of the imagination is necessary to great achievements.

It is well known that the heathen priests and priestesses, who professed to give oracular responses, pretended to indicate by distorted countenances and quivering limbs the ingress and inspiration of the deities, and that this real or imaginary indwelling of the god, was from two Greek words called *enthusiasm*. Ancient skeptics regarded this as mere imposture, just as modern skeptics are prone to consider all ardent, professedly disinterested effort for benevolent purposes as ostentatious hypocrisy. As the ancient doubters were generally right, so we are compelled to admit that the suspicions of the modern are but too often well-founded. Yet he knows little of human nature, who will not believe that even those ancient enthusiasts were often self-deceived, and still less, if he cannot reconcile the unconscious mixture of a base alloy with the fine gold of true philanthropy.

Indeed it will not be hard to prove that a certain amount of self-deception is an absolutely necessary stimulant to nerve the human soul and the human arm, for levelling those mountainous difficulties which lie in the path of every great enterprise.

God has made this a world, not only of utility, but of beauty, has caused it to abound, not only in fruits but in flowers. Were the face of nature deprived of those beauteous hues, lent it by reflected light and a refracting atmosphere, it would become a dreary waste, it "would wear a universal shade." These hues make us not only endure it as our allotted, but love and enjoy it as our delightful residence. What the light and the atmosphere do for the landscape, the imagination does for our prospects in life. Viewed by the light of reason, which although clear as the sun, is cold as the moon, they often appear gloomy and forbidding. While the mental eye is gazing along the dreary track, the heart sinks and the hand is unnerved in despair. But when imagination pours its bright and warm beams over the scene, it is at once invested with new life and beauty, while hope and energy revive. We must not believe the voluptuous poet, at least in the sense which he evidently attaches to the couplet,

"This world is all a fleeting show  
For man's illusion given."

This "show," "fleeting" though it may be, was "given" for nobler purposes, than mere "illusion"—for enabling man to bear the load of life, and to cheer him amid its toils and cares.

This useful, this benign "illusion," is no less necessary in the humblest than in the loftiest occupations, to the peasant in his cot, than to the prince in his palace. Could the peasant foresee, in all their reality, the hardship and misery that await him, he would too often shrink, like a coward, from the battle of life, and prematurely abandon his allotted station. Imagination, in him an almost unsuspected "faculty divine," gilds his future with an abundance of common physical and social enjoyments, such as he loves but seldom realizes, or, perchance, it kindles in his simple soul the hope of earthly wealth or grandeur, or better still, of a more than earthly crown, a more than earthly happiness, which last, if he seek them aright, will never prove an "illusion."

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown,"

if imagination does not fill it with bright anticipations of a greatness and glory in most cases never to be actually attained. Can any one believe that Alexander would have traversed the sands of Africa and the steppes of central Asia, had he clearly foreseen his drunken death at Babylon, and the severance of the mighty empire which he had won for his posterity, into numerous and discordant fragments? It was enthusiasm which bore him exultingly through those scenes of hardship and carnage, and which shed over them the light of coming renown. Could Napoleon have seen through the distance, looming up at the end of his career, "the vulture and the rock," would he have left his native isle to brave the terrors of the guillotine and the dangers of the battle-field? Even in the period of his unpromoted youth, when fortune seemed to frown on him, his imagination was filled with gorgeous visions of oriental conquests and glory, which prevented the storm-clouds of despair from settling down upon his soul, before promotion gave scope to his great powers. He was, indeed, a man of wonderful calculation, of acute discrimination, of the highest practical ability; yet he could no more have moved onward in his brilliant career without enthusiasm, than a vessel could reach its destination without the steam or gale that gives it motion.

Imagination, instead of being as many so-called practical men suppose, a merely superfluous or even dangerous faculty, is as necessary as any other to the complete whole of the human intellect and character. It fills the heart with hope, cheers the drooping spirits, and carries us onward over difficulties which, to the eye of reason, seem insuperable. It contributes to enjoyment in the course, and brings us triumphantly to the goal. Possessed in a high degree, and yet balanced by a sound judgment, it constitutes the great distinction between men capable of great undertakings, and those phlegmatic and desponding spirits who shrink back from every "high emprise."

Uncontrolled by reason, it may raise

our aspirations to tasks above our powers, and dangerous to the world as illustrated in the case of the mythological Phaeton ; but the same mythology gives us a Prometheus, who stole from heaven fire, the very soul of the useful arts, and truth, palpable to our own eyes, a Morse who has taught us how to send that same fire in benignant currents along the electric wires of commerce.

We now proceed to compare some historical characters, who, living about the same periods, rose or sank, were useful or comparatively useless, glorious or comparatively obscure, as they possessed or lacked that electricity of soul which gives origin to enthusiasm.

During the century before Christ, nearly two thousand years ago, there lived in great intimacy two Roman youths, well-endowed by nature and by fortune. Not satisfied with the instruction which the best Roman masters could give, they together completed their education at Athens, then still the literary centre of the ancient world, although long since shorn of all political greatness. Together they frequented the schools of the philosophers ; but in accordance, perhaps, with their natural tastes, they imbibed entirely different principles in regard to public affairs. The one embraced the doctrines of that Academic sect, which, indeed, doubted and discussed too much, yet was not unfriendly to the active duties of the orator and patriot. These doctrines coincided perfectly with the temper and views of one who pursued forensic and senatorial, literary and philosophic occupations, with an ardour, an industry, a genius and a success never surpassed. His zealous patriotism, which once saved his country from a dangerous conspiracy, was yet doomed to see that country's liberty go down under the overwhelming corruption of the time, and the onset of a man like Cæsar, whose will and firmness, if not genius, were mightier than his own. The palm in eloquence, in prose composition, in philosophy, in all which departments he was *facile princeps* among his compatriots, did not save him from envy, from banishment, from deep sorrow over the fallen liberty of his country ; nay it was

the fatal gift of eloquence which caused Anthony to murder him, and expose his severed hands and head on the rostrum, the scene of his triumphs. These misfortunes then, as well as his glorious success, must be traced to that enthusiasm which, with untiring industry, sought *aliquid immensum infinitumque* for himself and his dear republic. Yet without an imagination, that always gilded his "steep and strong" path with the halo of immediate and posthumous renown, he would never have won the summit, nor handed down to posterity his imperishable models of composition. Neither could he, deprived of this, have enjoyed the same degree of happiness ; for strenuous effort in pursuit of laudable and stimulating objects, will mix no small portion of sweet with the bitterest cup which a good man may be called on to drain. This was more especially the case with Cicero, whose mental activity and thirst for employment were so great, that in spite of a great tendency to sea-sickness, he studied and wrote constantly even on his voyages, and in a year or two of compulsory leisure, after the downfall of the republic, consoled himself by writing moral and philosophical treatises which, of themselves, entitle him to immortality.

Atticus, Cicero's bosom-friend, adopted the principles of Epicurus, who, himself temperate, taught that pleasure is the chief good, and is best secured by shunning the cares and responsibilities of life, in imitation of the Gods who lived apart, undisturbed by the sorrows, the crimes and the strifes of mankind.

We cannot certainly tell whether he was led to embrace this theory, by the natural bent of his mind, or by witnessing an anarchy and corruption which none but the most sanguine patriots could see without despair. He kept entirely aloof from political controversy, which was raging around him, and interfered only to relieve his friends of both parties, with an impartial generosity that did him honour. He was equally the friend of Pompey, of Cæsar, of Brutus, of Antony, and of Augustus, commanding the respect and affection of persons inflamed by the most deadly hostility to each other.

We cannot refuse our admiration to this kindness,—almost expansive enough to be called philanthropy; nor to the literary zeal, directed specially to Greek, by which he won his name of Atticus. Yet, after all, we must doubt whether he fulfilled his destiny, discharged his duty to his suffering country, or even attained the happiness which would have been his in a more active life. We cannot help suspecting that his neglect of public duties weighed heavily on his Roman conscience, which must have been peculiarly sensitive on that point, and disturbed the repose which was, at best, a sort of lethargy. He knew that no true Roman ever despaired of the republic, or surrendered to either foreign or domestic enemies.

He left no impress on his age, and is known only from his friendship and correspondence with the great orator, whom, perchance, with the same stimulus of enthusiasm, he might have equalled.

Nearly fifteen hundred years after Cicero and Atticus, there lived two brothers in the same Italy, the birth-place of so many great men, and the theatre of so many great actions, although now trampled on by foreign and domestic tyrants.

Rome had passed away, and a new order of things had arisen. The heart of Europe was then stirred with a mighty impulse towards maritime discovery. The brothers mentioned were citizens of Genoa, then a strong maritime power. They had both learned the theory of nautical science, and the practice of nautical art, as far as they had been carried at that time. They were both equally experienced, hardy, brave, energetic, and endued with the spirit of command; in fine, both were equally fitted to shine in their profession. But the younger possessed one quality, the Promethean fire of a perennial enthusiasm, not vouchsafed to his senior and teacher, Bartholomew. In his delightful biography, Irving tells us, that he had “an ardent and enthusiastic imagination,” and that “he was decidedly a visionary, but a visionary of an uncommon and successful kind,” that, “with all the sallying ar-

dour of his imagination, his ultimate success has been admirably characterized as a conquest of reflection.”

He had conceived that, to make an equilibrium of land on the surface of the globe, there must be a large body of hitherto undiscovered land to the West. In sailing West, however, he expected only to find an extension to the East of China, to which he gave Marco Polo's name of Cathay. This land his fancy painted in all the beauty, splendour, and fertility associated with Hindostan and other regions imperfectly known, and dimly conceived of in that quarter. So strongly did this idea possess his mind, that he came to consider it as a certain truth, which it was his destiny to demonstrate to the world. He sought, in various courts in Europe, the means of realizing what was usually considered his dream. At length womanly compassion and piety, rather than queenly judgment, granted him the men and ships for trying the grand experiment.

Bartholomew, although he aided his brother in solicitation, would have despaired long before Queen Isabella's patronage was secured, had not the fated discoverer continued to “hope against hope.” “Hope sprang eternal in his breast,” as he pursued his dark and trackless way over the Western Atlantic. It died out in the hearts of his followers, who mutinied and insisted on turning back. Hardly could he prevail on them to continue their course one day more,—a day the most eventful, perhaps, in the secular history of mankind. What deed of Alexander can compare with his discovery? The Macedonian made his way through blood, rapine, and desolation to the banks of the Indus, where, as the tale goes, he sat down to weep, because there were no more worlds to conquer. Yet, had his geography and his career extended a little further, he would have found, not only Hindostan, one of the finest countries of the globe, but the very Cathay which Columbus sought. Lured on by the splendid vision of that bright land, the Genoese navigator won a bloodless victory over nature, and “gave a new world,” not only to “Castile and



Leon," as recorded in his epitaph, but to civilization and Christianity. That new world was the gift of unconquerable enthusiasm. Of that enthusiasm the talents of Bartholomew Columbus were highly useful instruments, but without it, were utterly powerless to perform the great achievement.

But the power of enthusiasm in exalting the character to the firmness and energy necessary for great action, can be shown more clearly by the contrast between no two individuals, than between Erasmus and Luther. Erasmus had many brilliant qualities—wit, genius, learning, taste; he loved truth; had a certain degree of boldness in attacking error; lashed, with the scourge of his ridicule, the abominations of Monks, and did not spare the vices of kings. Alluding to monarchs who, amid the horrors of war, indulge in frivolous dissipation, he exclaimed, "*O gens Bruti jamdiu extincta. O, cœcum aut obtusum Jovis Fulmen.*" Such conduct and language indicated a readiness to lead the van of political and religious reformation, a task for which his talents, acquirements, and reputation eminently fitted him.

But this was reserved for one in whom duty triumphed over every other motive,—who saw the light of victory shining on every path, along which conscience seemed to lead him, and whose iron nerves shrank from no danger. Such was not Erasmus, who, hating tyranny and superstition, yet was disgusted with the violence and alarmed by the danger involved in a thorough reform, and wanted decision to strike bold and effective blows at existing abuses. His cautious timidity at last led him even to defend the church whose corruptions he had once exposed,—and thus he came into direct collision with the Saxon reformer; at whose side he should have fought the great battle of truth and freedom.

Luther was not so acute, nor were his wit, genius, and learning equal; neither did he possess that elegance and fascination which made Erasmus the delight of nobles and princes. But the monk of Erfurt had what was far above them all,—that electric spark of enthu-

siasm, which not only fired his own noble soul, but produced that social explosion to which Europe had been long tending, and which was essential to its moral purification. This alone overcame his natural conservatism, and made him brave the Imperial ban and the Papal anathema.

He may have been coarse, violent, and impatient of opposition; but these frailties must be forgotten in the rare heroism with which he defended himself at Worms, and thus set the Protestants an example of bold yet prudent resistance. A century later, Gustavus Adolphus fell on the field of Lutzen, defending the doctrines of Luther, and leaving a deserved reputation for brilliant valour; but his blood was stirred by rolling drums and thundering cannon, by the shock of the charge with which he had been long familiar, and, above all, by the sympathy of a gallant and victorious host.

But it was in the quiet solitude of his chamber, with nothing to excite him but the ardent love of truth and duty with which God had inspired him, that Luther decided to meet the distant peril, the nature and extent of which he could not clearly foresee, but which, judging from the past, seemed likely to end in the stake. Under all circumstances, even without this dauntless enthusiasm, Luther must have been an extraordinary man; with it, he was the master spirit of his age, and, under God, one of the foremost benefactors of his race.

Let us turn now to our father-land, and contemplate for a moment the career of two men who figured in the English rebellion. One of them was high-born, possessed of genius, prodigious learning, elegant person, manners, and accomplishments, was the very soul of honour and enlightened liberality. He saw the need of reform in Church and State, and at first advocated it with disinterested firmness and moderation. But a crisis soon came in which he had to choose between the faithless Charles and the Parliament, which armed the nation in defence of national rights. He espoused the royalist party, not because he fully approved the king's conduct, but because he

saw clearly and greatly dreaded the palpable evils of rebellion, without the buoyant hope entertained by others, that they would result in established freedom. Pining for peace, a word ever on his lips, he soon became careless and weary of life, and eagerly sought death on the battle-field. Thus fell Lord Falkland, as Clarendon says, "that incomparable young man, in the thirty-fourth year of his age, having so much dispatched the true business of life, that the oldest rarely attained to that immense knowledge, and the youngest enter not into the world with more innocency." Yet it is evident from his eulogist's account, that he halted between the two great principles and parties, and adopted neither with the full consent of his heart. He was a man of singular excellence, and "all the ends he aimed at were his country's, his God's, and Truth's." Yet he wanted that political ardour and decision, tempered by prudence, which is essential to eminent usefulness in critical emergencies.

At one time in close intimacy with Falkland, there figured another, and very different character, on the political theatre of that period. Incomparably inferior in learning and accomplishments, he was a plain country gentleman, wealthy indeed, and well educated, but pursuing the noiseless tenor of his way, without seeking *éclat* or distinction. Known in his immediate neighbourhood, as a man of excellence, of inflexible probity, and of public spirit, he had no national reputation, until he stepped forward to test, at his own expense, the legality of an unconstitutional tax. It was then seen that, under this calm exterior, he cherished an enthusiasm for rational liberty, which knew no fear and regarded no difficulty. By his admirable tact, self-control, and knowledge of men, he rose to the acknowledged leadership of the House of Commons, then a body of almost unequalled ability. Clarendon is forced to say "he was indeed a very wise man, and possessed with the most absolute spirit of popularity, and the most absolute faculties to govern the people of any man I ever knew."

He was foremost of those who drew the sword and threw away the scabbard, to compel a perfidious king to the observance of his promises and oaths. Alas! for England, Hampden, too, fell early in battle; he had exposed himself, not in recklessness and despair, but with the wise forecast of an heroic leader, anxious to restore, by his own daring, the sinking spirits of his followers, at first overmatched by the royalists. The nation mourned, while the king exulted in his death. Had he hesitated, had he joined either party with half a heart, his countrymen might have wept over him as they did over Falkland; but they would never have lamented him as the only pilot who could have steered the ship unharmed through the breakers and tempests of civil strife, as the true-hearted patriot, whose spotless name and example will ever guide and animate all true lovers of freedom.

Passing over another century, let us compare the course of two other individuals, who also lived in Great Britain.

The one was the son of a prime minister, who did not indeed leave a stainless reputation, but who, on the whole, governed the country ably and successfully. His son, without his strong practical sense, had far more genius, and had cultivated his literary taste far more, and more successfully. With these advantages of talent, culture, and social position, there might have been anticipated for him a most brilliant career in letters and statesmanship. Yet what has Horace Walpole done or written that is useful or glorious to himself or to his kind? He has handed down the name of a laborious trifler, a hunter after curiosities in literature and virtue; who, even down to old age, amuses us in the most idiomatic and easy English, with chitchat and scandal.

The cotemporary, although nine years younger, with whom we shall compare him, was John Howard, at whose name, in such a connection, the lip of the fastidious aristocrat would doubtless have curled in scorn. There are, we thank God, few who can sympathize with the sneer. We remember well the pain, al-

most loathing, with which we listened to slighting mention of Howard in the speech of a young man, highly intellectual, but unfortunately skeptical. We thought in an evil omen, which has been so far verified by his obscurity.

Howard is, indeed, one of the noblest names of England, and John Howard was a man of property; but it was from neither name nor property that his character derived its lustre. The son of an upholsterer is, confessedly, "the noblest of the Howards." Not content with making his own tenants comfortable and happy, he spent thirty thousand pounds, and travelled fifty or sixty thousand miles in visiting the sick, and the prisoner, and, with a courage superior even to Luther's,—for Howard both decided and acted without the stimulus of public display,—he studied the plague in its direst forms, and, by word and pen, roused the attention of all Europe to the condition of gaols and hospitals. He fell in the Crimea, not in arms before Sebastopol, but on the battle-field of mercy—the victim of disease, contracted in nursing the sick. The only epitaph which he desired was, "Christ is my hope." The statue, which he refused in life, now stands in St. Paul's, and we doubt not the Russians themselves would be proud to see another in the Kremlin. He has a still nobler monument in the eulogies of Edmund Burke and John Foster, who, antipodes in most things, perfectly agreed in their admiration of Howard. After a most eloquent contrast between the travels of the philanthropist and those of the merely curious, the orator says, "His plan is original; and it is as full of genius as it is of humanity. It was a voyage of discovery, a circumnavigation of charity. Already the benefit of his labour is felt more or less in every country. I hope he will anticipate his final reward by seeing all its effects fully realized in his own. He will receive, not by retail, but in gross, the reward of those who visit the prisoner."

In his "Essay on Decision of Character," Foster cites him as the noblest example of that virtue. "The habitual passion of his mind," says he, "was a

pitch of excitement and impulsion, almost equal to the temporary extremes and paroxysms of common minds; as a great river, in its customary state, is equal to a small or moderate one, when swollen to a torrent." Speaking of his visiting Rome without giving himself leisure to examine its antiquities and works of art, he concludes. "It implied an inconceivable severity of conviction, that he had one thing to do, and that he who would do some great thing in this short life, must apply himself to the work, with such a concentration of his forces, as, to idle speculators, who live only to amuse themselves, looks like insanity.

"His attention was so strongly and tenaciously fixed on his object, that even at the greatest distance, as the Egyptian pyramids to travellers, it appeared to him with a luminous distinctness, as if it had been nigh, and beguiled the toilsome length of labour and enterprize by which he was to reach it. So conspicuous was it before him, that not a step deviated from the direction, and every moment and every day was an approximation. As this method referred every thing he did and thought to the end, and, as his exertion did not relax for a moment, he made the trial so seldom made, what is the utmost effect which may be granted to the last possible efforts of a human agent; and therefore what he did not accomplish, he might conclude to be placed beyond the sphere of mortal activity, and calmly leave to the immediate disposal of Providence."

Yet, even this praise from such men is not equal to that best and universal tribute paid to his character in the fact that, wherever throughout Christendom men unite for humane purposes, the most appropriate name which they can assume is that of a *Howard Association*.

One more contrast and we are done. There were living in England at the close of the last and beginning of the present century, two men strongly opposed in character. Both clergymen, they were, in almost every respect totally dissimilar. The one engaged in the clerical profession by necessity, not choice was fond of amusement, brilliant, and thoroughly

educated. Sidney Smith was the delight of every company, and one of the first writers of his age. None can fail to enjoy his overflowing humour, his vigorous, racy, trenchant English, and to admire the singular acuteness of that mental scalpel with which he separated sophistry from logic, truth from error.

He loved justice, and was a man of active benevolence. God forbid that we should say he was no Christian. He professed to be one, and he was certainly no hypocrite. But he made no pretension to that ardent and aggressive piety which he contemptuously styled *evangelical*. He pronounced William Wilberforce, who was a Christian, seven times refined in the furnace of temptation, and what he called his *Clapham sect*, more dangerous to the church of England than the Roman Catholic. He earnestly deprecated as well as ridiculed missionary effort in Hindostan, because, as he conceived, it jeopardized British ascendancy in that region. Zealously and efficiently advocating whatever he deemed right measures, he never was in any sense a religious enthusiast. Loving and beloved by his friends, he always promoted sound morality, being a prominent leader in many of the social and political reforms of the day, as he boasts in the preface to his *Miscellanies*. But that piety which changes the heart and sends a man forth in the earnest pursuit of spiritual good to his fellow-creatures, was a stranger alike to his heart and to his theory. Of course it was not his master-passion, the enthusiasm which filled his nature and nerved all his efforts.

Far otherwise was it with a "consecrated cobbler," at whose plans to convert the Hindoos, Smith directed the keenest shafts of his powerful ridicule. This man was indeed very poor, and earned precarious bread by honest industry.

"Fair science frowned not on his humble birth." He had never seen Eton, nor Westminster, nor Oxford. He had neither genius nor wit, nor, in its ordinary sense, imagination—no peculiar talent except for the acquisition of language. But his were an indomitable purpose, a persevering energy of will, a capacity for

labour which supplied the place of Smith's bright parts and golden opportunities.

At home he applied himself with unremitting diligence to the Classical and Hebrew languages. But he was not to stop there:

"His heart was pregnant with celestial fire."

Unsupported and even ridiculed by friends, scoffed at and denounced by enemies, he was, in England, the absolute originator of Eastern missions. "Silver and gold had he none;" "but such as he had," all his powers of body and mind, he gave to the enterprize which God, as he believed, had enjoined. In vain did heathen darkness hang like a pall over the Indian peninsula; the taper of his faith, bright and quenchless, carried him dauntless through the gloom. In vain did the Indo-English Government frown upon his plans and deny him a foothold on its territory. His true dignity and heaven-born patience could neither be confounded nor exhausted by opposition.

He saw before him an immense multitude ignorant of the way of life, and heard ever-ringing in his ears: "Preach the gospel to every creature."

He translated the Scriptures into some twenty of the dialects of Hindostan. Even in a literary point of view, this was a great work; but, viewed in a religious aspect, its importance is incalculable. "The book of books" made known to twenty tribes before ignorant of it, and sunk in an abyss of degradation! "Those who sat in darkness saw great light;" and "it was light from heaven" which never, in reality, as in the words of the poet, "leads astray." Who can tell how many poor Hindoos may derive instruction, consolation, nay salvation itself from William Carey's translations?

Not content with doing this himself, he smoothed the path of others by compiling the first good grammars and dictionaries of several of these dialects, and especially of Sanscrit, the parent of them all. Within eight years after he entered India, obscure and almost proscribed, he was selected by the accomplished governor-general, the Marquis Wellesley, as professor of Bengali and Sanscrit, in the

government College of Fort William, at Calcutta. Beginning almost without the necessary books, he filled this chair with distinguished ability for 30 years. Amid these engrossing occupations, he found time to become one of the first of oriental botanists and naturalists.

What did the vaunting Edinburgh reviewer do to be compared with these grand results? Time fails us to speak of those great discoverers in science and art, whose guiding-star has been enthusiasm through the dark hours, preceding brilliant success. In imagination's own domain too, how many painters, sculptors, architects and poets have, amid their wearing toils, fed on this ambrosial aliment? Listen to Milton speaking of his blind eyes:

"What supports me, dost thou ask,  
The conscience, Friend, to have lost them  
overplied  
In liberty's defence, my noble task,  
Of which all Europe rings from side to  
side.  
This thought might lead me through the  
world's vain mask  
Content, though blind, had I no better  
guide.

Again in a still finer strain.

I feed on thoughts that voluntary move  
Harmonious numbers,"

And

So much the rather thou, celestial Light,  
Shine inward, and the mind through all  
her powers  
Irradiate.

The enthusiasm of patriotism, of genius and piety enabled him to "sing darkling" that song which glowed with the light of immortality.

But enthusiasm is not merely a stimulus to great, but cheers and encourages us amid those little things which mainly constitute the sum of human life. If it served only to form great orators, statesmen, discoverers and philanthropists, it might indirectly promote our interests, but could not influence our conduct. Yet it would certainly touch our sympathy, and increase our enjoyment. The enthusiasm of great men, whether in word or

action, stirs the cold and phlegmatic hearts of us, the common herd of mortals, like exercise and warmth, when they put in motion the current of life in some cold and benumbed limb. This kindling of the noble impulses by the electric touch of great eloquence or great deeds, is one of

"The purest pleasures mortal times afford."

It is sometimes felt in the highest degree by those least capable of imitating what they admire.

Yet is it not in this indirect manner only that enthusiasm affects those who stray

"Along the cool sequestered vale of life."

It often forms the consolation amid his toils and sufferings of the humblest artisan. Who can tell what day-dreams fill his mind as he plies his daily task under the weight of which he might otherwise sink? They may never be realized in actual fruition, yet they are a food as essential to mental as bread is to bodily health. The mechanist dreams that he will enrich himself by some discovery in machinery. This gives a new spring to his industry, and when it does not lead to success, as it often does, and is regulated by prudence, keeps him from evil and fills his mind with real enjoyment. In like manner the industry of the lawyer, the merchant, the physician, the farmer, is sustained by hopes of wealth or comfort, or luxury, often never attained. Yet they are realized in enjoyment as much, frequently more, than by their actual possessors.

In nothing is enthusiasm more appropriate, more needful, more delightful than in works of love and charity. Like a novelist or poet, it invests them with an attraction invisible to the cold eye of reason. We know that a sense of duty causes many an act of charity, carries many a kind heart into the disgusting abodes of vicious poverty. It is fit that duty should be a leader of supreme authority; but it neither disdains nor is denied powerful aids. The divine saying; "It is more blessed to give than to



receive," is often verified even in this world. The Christian who relieves and educates the orphan is cheered by the hope that the object of his kindness may one day bless and enlighten the world. He sees the promise of health, happiness and talent in the returning bloom upon his cheek, and the bright glance of his intelligent eye. When he visits the abodes of filth and wretchedness, he turns from all that is disgusting in the scene to watch the faint sparks of good feeling and principle which he imagines may be blown into a cheerful flame. Did he always look on things just as they are, human energy and charity would sink exhausted.

Even in cases where this earthly illusion is utterly excluded, there is still an enthusiasm which looks beyond this changing scene to the sure rewards of a bright hereafter. We are sometimes told that the spectacles of woe, of disease, of excessive suffering which they behold, haunt the dreams and disturb the repose of those "ministering angels" who afford relief. This may be so in

some instances; but, on the other hand, no earthly pleasure can equal the sense of duty done, of misery alleviated, the humble hope of following him "who went about doing good." Relying on his merit alone, they may yet trust that every cup of water given in his name shall be in them a "well of water springing up into everlasting life," that the same divine alchemy will convert every crust of bread given to the starving into food meet for these "celestial bodies" with which they shall one day be "clothed upon." There may be those among us whose forms are bent and faces wrinkled with age, and who yet spend the last remaining strength of their decrepid limbs in finding and relieving the wretched; such may look forward to the time when they shall be radiant with immortal beauty, and strung with immortal vigour. Such a belief, coupled with a due sense of their unworthiness, is no delusion, but a true enthusiasm, a heaven-descended solace for all engaged from right motives in the great work of benevolence.

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## SONNETS.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

### I.

Here, friend! upon this lofty ledge sit down!  
 And view the beauteous prospect spread below,  
 Around, above us; in the noonday-glow  
 How calm the landscape rests! 'yon distant Town,  
 Enwreathed with clouds of foliage like a crown  
 Of rustic honour; the soft silvery flow  
 Of the clear stream beyond it, and the show  
 Of endless wooded Heights, circling the brown  
 Autumnal fields alive with billowy grain;  
 Say! hast thou ever gazed on aught more fair  
 In Europe, or the Orient?—what domain,  
 (From India to the sunny slopes of Spain)  
 Hath beauty, wed to grandeur in the Air,  
 Bless'd with an ampler charm, a more benignant reign?

### II.

The rainbows of the Heaven are not more rare,  
 More various and more beautiful to view,  
 Than these rich forest rainbows dipped in dew



Of morn and evening, glimmering on the Air  
 From wooded dell and mountain summit fair;  
 O! Autumn! wondrous Painter! every hue  
 Of thy immortal pencil is steeped through  
 With essence of divinity; how bare  
 Beside *thy* colouring the poor shows of Art  
 Though Art were thrice inspired; in dreams alone  
 (The loftiest dreams wherein the soul takes part,)  
 Of jasper pavements, and the sapphire Throne  
 Of Heaven, hath such unearthly Brightness shone  
 To flush, and thrill the visionary Heart!

Sept. 24th, 1858, *Burk's Garden, Tazewell Co., Va.* :

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### MEMENTOS FROM A LADY'S MEMORANDUM BOOK.

Ancient traditions state that the primitive inhabitants of Greece lived in caves, and often contended with the beasts of the field for coarse and even baneful food. At length they united under daring chiefs and *human* wars commenced—violent passions were kindled, the strong crushed the weak and bloodshed and vengeance ensued. Inachus brought into Greece an Egyptian colony, this founded an Empire and civilized the country. Three centuries after, Cecrops, Cadmus and Danaus arrived with new colonies. Cecrops settled in Attica, Cadmus in Bæotia and Danaus in Argolis, and the arts and industry were extended beyond the Peloponnesus.

The most ancient epoch of Athenian history, is the reign of Cecrops . . . The Greeks worshipped unknown Deities and offered up the blood of human victims. Cecrops abolished these human rites and instituted oblations of the fruits of the earth. He also ordered human burial, and that at funerals the memory of the virtuous should be honoured and that of the wicked stigmatised. To him is attributed the establishment of the tribunal of the Areopagus, which gave the first ideas of civil justice to the Greeks. After his death, the Athenians decreed him divine honours and the Constellation of Aquarius was consecrated to him.

Zopyrus the bosom friend of Darius Hystaspes, was a Persian and the son of Megabyzus the conqueror of Thrace. One day as Darius was eating a pomegranate, he was asked, what good he would wish to multiply as often as that fruit had seeds. "Such friends as Zopyrus," he replied. While Darius was besieging Babylon—Zopyrus cut off his nose and ears and covered himself with wounds and went to Babylon, where he pretended to seek a refuge and made the inhabitants believe that he had been thus maimed and cruelly treated by Darius and was bitterly incensed against him; by this means he succeeded in obtaining the command of a corps of soldiers, and having the gates of the city in his power, opened them to Darius, who loaded him with caresses and gifts, but said that he would rather have lost a hundred Babylons than that Zopyrus should have undergone such sufferings.

Dieneces a Spartan warrior being informed before the battle of Thermopylæ that the army of Xerxes was so numerous that its arrows would darken the sun. "So much the better (said he) for then we shall fight in the shade."

Arsames was one of the ministers of Artaxerxes King of Persia, and so remarkable for his wisdom and goodness, that he was universally respected and beloved.

Demades was an Athenian, whose first employment was that of a common sailor, but afterwards changing his vocation and becoming an Orator, he gave rise to the proverb—"From the oar to the Rostrum," which is used to express the advancement of one who gains unexpected promotion. Demades never wrote his discourses and frequently when an unforeseen affair came before the Assembly, would speak when Demosthenes would not open his lips. He was eloquent and witty, but avaricious and intemperate.

## DUMAS' METHOD OF COMPOSING.

FROM "LE MONTE-CRISTO."

M. Alexandre Dumas is one of the most amusing writers of the present age. His vanity, his wit, his gasconades, and eccentricities of every possible description, furnish endless entertainment to his countrymen, and indeed no inconsiderable part of Europe. This inventive genius is now employed in editing a weekly journal of his own, which, with a vanity particularly characteristic of the man, he styles "Le Monte Cristo"—after his well known work of the same name. It is certainly one of the most amusing periodicals in the world—and no small part of this interest is derived from the all-embracing and all-revealing egotism of the editor, or rather author. M. Dumas very calmly takes for granted that the topic of most interest to France and the whole world, is beyond any question M. Alexandre Dumas and what concerns that gentleman. His life, his opinions, his sayings, his adventures—his habits, his prejudices, his partialities, his dislikes—all are narrated and described by M. Dumas with unflagging gusto, and the most admirable minuteness. Does M. Dumas go to Brussels? He tells how the king received him—where she slept—whom he visited—what he said, and what others said to him in reply. Does he visit London? He narrates his reception there—tells how a china merchant sold him some articles at cost, refusing to make any profit from so great a man as M. Dumas—how the Times spoke of him, and what he wrote back to the "Thunderer." Does some Parisian author die? M. Dumas writes his biography, dating their first meeting "on the day of Henry III." etc—Henry III. being his first great play. His journal is an endless narration on the one single theme—Dumas, Dumas, Dumas! No description of this gigantic egotism could possibly convey an adequate idea of its extent. The writer's vanity, and joyous conceit are absolutely indescribable.

M. Dumas has many good qualities however. He is brave, generous, and

magnanimous. The vices of his life and writings are those of a man who for a quarter of a century has lived alone, without the mollifying influences of a home and family ties, in the most dissipated circles of Parisian society, pursuing the career of a man of the world, and fighting his way against a thousand rivals. Many incidents of his life speak well of the man—we may instance the letter which he wrote some time since to the manager of the *Theâtre Français*, demanding that an actress who had that morning assailed Victor Hugo in a public journal should be at once dismissed from her part in a play of his own to be acted that night. "No person shall perform in any drama of mine," wrote Dumas, "who attacks my friends when in poverty and exile." As the Emperor hates Hugo more bitterly perhaps than any man in Europe, this published letter was not without magnanimity. M. Dumas is, beyond any question, a very great favourite with his brother authors whom he frequently assists and defends, and seems wholly free from envy and ill nature. Among his warmest friends is the poet Lamartine.

But our business now is with M. Dumas, the man of vanity and wit. We shall present a complete *feuilleton* from the "Monte Cristo," which, like many others, has greatly amused us. It is addressed to his "dear readers," and describes with the most self-complacent and delightfully conceited egotism, the method of composing of the great romancer, and his son Alexandre. The ostensible subject of the paper, as will be seen, is a new drama of M. Alexandre Dumas the younger, but as usual M. Alexandre Dumas the Elder, is not neglected. In the translation, the eccentric and thoroughly *French* division of the paragraphs or sentences is purposely preserved. If the article is not found both delightfully absurd and highly amusing, we shall be greatly mistaken in our calculations.

## I.

PARIS, 21 Jan., 1858.

We will talk a while—shall we not, my dear readers? of something which naturally interests me more than you, but for you also, is not entirely without interest.

We will chat about the representation on Saturday the 16th of January at the *Gymnase*.

The first question generally asked me by indiscreet strangers is:

“How much do you write in your son’s pieces?”

I will answer you, my dear readers, as if *you* were indiscreet strangers, and asked the question.

I have absolutely no part in them.

More than that, whenever, at any general rehearsal (and I never know anything about Alexandre’s pieces until the general rehearsal) I have made a suggestion to Alexandre, I must do him the justice to say my advice has never been followed.

One day I complained of this:

“Why don’t you speak to me about your pieces when you plan them, or read them to me when you have finished them?”

“For a very simple reason,” he replied, “not only our mode of writing is different, but the art of 1850 bears no resemblance to the art of 1828. I have great confidence in your dramatic skill—your criticism would instil doubt into me, and influence me in the plan I wish to follow. I should not be you, and should no longer be myself. It is better that I should appear before the public with all my faults—but also with all my good qualities.”

And I was forced to acknowledge that on this point, as upon every question of supreme good sense, and exact reasoning, Alexandre was perfectly in the right.

And the proof, as you see clearly, my dear readers, lies in the fact that he succeeds wonderfully without my counsels. Moreover, we both gain by it. His work is more characteristic of himself; and I, who never see his plays before the general rehearsal, sometimes not even before

the first representation, my pleasure is is all the greater.

In fact, our dramatic style is not only different, but also the art of 1850 is, as he very judiciously declared, entirely dissimilar to that of 1828.

Has there been progress? I cannot tell you.

Has there been movement, change? Yes.

Others will analyze my pieces, and Alexandre’s, my dear readers:

Let me tell you how I wrote my dramas, and how he writes his.

Let us premise:

That we start from a different point.

My temperament inclines me to depict the passions—his to paint customs.

I found myself impelled toward eccentricity and ideality.

He found himself impelled toward generalities, and actual truth.

I borrowed most from Shakspeare.

He borrowed most from Molière.

He was right—the two styles are different.

The pupils are more or less strong.

Each of the Masters is sublime.

## II.

Now how did I proceed; or rather how did my mind, or my imagination proceed without my knowledge?

I closed my eye in order not to see the material world—I sought in my dreams, or in my memory, almost always a catastrophe.

The catastrophe being found, my piece was finished.

You observe, to return to that which I stated in the preceding paragraph, the catastrophe is that which is most important in the eyes of Shakspeare, is the least in the eyes of Molière.

All Shakspeare’s dramas have a catastrophe, moral or the reverse, it matters little to him, but always human and terrible.

For example, *Macbeth*, *Othello*, *The Jew of Venice*, *Romeo* and *Richard III*.

Except *Tartuffe*, none of Molière’s pieces has a catastrophe.

Thus, as I said, having more natural affinity with Shakspeare than with all others, I sought first my catastrophe; then to this catastrophe I attached four acts.

That explains why many of my fifth acts are single scenes.

These are my best works—*Henry III.*, *Antony*, *Mademoiselle de Belle Isle*.

As to my mode of composition, it was wholly in my brain.

The piece was built up like an edifice, and completed in its whole details in my mind.

I did not sit down to my work until it was, in a measure, finished.

Would you like two instances—the one taken from romance, the other from the drama?

Let us commence with the example from romance.

After the success of the *Mousquetaires*, I resolved to contribute to the journal which had published it, that is, the *Siècle*, *Vingt ans Après*.

The *Siècle* hesitated—it was afraid of sequels. Sequels in fact are rarely happy.

M. Pierrée referred me to Desnoyers.

Was it in spring or in autumn? I do not remember. I only remember that it was during the fine days.

Desnoyers lived in the *rue Navarrin*, at the Hotel Botherel.

I found him, after dinner, strolling in the garden.

I related to him, as we walked together, the eight volumes of *Vingt ans Après*, from the first word to the last—and he was so much struck with the plan that he hastened—he, the man so difficult to move, on the very same evening to the *Siècle*—and the next day sent to me Pierrée's consent.

When I announced in the "*Mousquetaire*"\* *Les Mohicans*, not a word of it was written. I announced thirty-two volumes.

The *Mohicans* will be in neither thirty-one, nor thirty-three volumes.

It will be in thirty-two.

It was because the thirty-two volumes of the *Mohicans*, were entirely composed

in my mind, as the eight volumes of *Vingt ans Après* had been.

Let us come now to an example taken from the drama.

I was a long time composing *Mademoiselle de Belle Isle*. A little vaudeville of Brunswick, rejected in 1832 or '33 gave me the idea.

*Mademoiselle de Belle Isle* was not really finished until five or six years afterwards.

The day when the scene of the *Sequin* was found, *Mademoiselle de Belle Isle* was finished. It was the only scene which was wanted, and it arrested the piece for more than a year, not condescending to suggest itself.

That scene having once arrived, and the piece consequently finished and well understood in my brain, I went to the *Théâtre Français* to ask a reading.

It was on Saturday, the day of the administration committee.

The session had adjourned, but the artists were still in the hall.

I entered, and addressing myself to the director:

"My dear Videt," I said, "I come to ask for a reading."

"Well, and for what?"

"For a comedy in five acts."

"On what day do you wish to read it?"

"Next Saturday."

"Saturday? Impossible—that is the day of the meeting of the committee. What say you to Monday?"

"Monday let it be then."

"Then you are ready?"

"I shall be."

"I mean that I suppose your piece is written?"

"There is not yet a single word of it on paper."

"And you will read Monday!"

"Yes."

"Oh! that's a good joke!"

"You do not believe me?"

"Jester!"

"Listen—will you agree to one thing?"

"What is that?"

"All the members of the Reading

\* This was M. Dumas' former journal—preceding the "*Monte Cristo*."

Committee are here, since they are the same as the Administration Committee, may I read you *Mademoiselle de Belle Isle*?"

"Then your piece is called *Mademoiselle de Belle Isle*?"

"Yes."

"You understand his proposition, ladies and gentlemen," said Videll.

"Perfectly," replied the members of the committee.

"Do you wish to hear Dumas' piece which is not yet written?"

"Certainly."

"Well, said I, sit down."

They smiled: I took my place before the mantlepiece, in the centre of the circle; and if I did not read in the true acceptance of the word, I at least repeated *Mademoiselle de Belle Isle* from beginning to end.

The narration being over—

"Well gentlemen!" said Videll, wiping away a tear:

"I do not see what prevents us from voting," said Mademoiselle Mars.

"Let us vote," said Firmin.

"Let us vote," repeated Jeffroy.

"They voted—*Mademoiselle de Belle Isle* was received unanimously without a word of *Mademoiselle de Belle Isle* having been written.

If I had been struck with apoplexy upon leaving the committee, *Mademoiselle de Belle Isle* accepted, but not written, would never have been acted.

### III.

Alexandre's plan is very different.

He seeks for, and adopts a style—

Or rather a type encounters him and takes him.

This title is the embryo of the piece.

In the *Dame aux Camelias*, it is called Margaret Gauthier—in *Diane de Lys* it is the lady with the pearls—in the *Demi-Monde* it is Susanne D'Ange—in *L'Argente* it is Jean Giraud—in the *Fils Naturel* it is Jacques Vignot.

This type is not ideal, but material. It either has existed or now exists.

The four last types drawn by Alexandre might have been, and I may even say, were present at the first representation, and saluted themselves as if they were passing before a mirror.

Around this type, moral or immoral, elegant or ridiculous, he groups other types; secondary, but living, animated like the principal one.

These types are a circle traced by the compass of intellect in the society in which we live.

All that is within the circle is taken, like fish in a net.

Some slip through the meshes—but these are only the minnows.

This first point found, Alexandre commences with the scene which seems to him most comical or interesting, the rest will follow.

And it does follow.

But here is the struggle.

A struggle, terrible, incessant, interminable—which absorbs his days, his nights, his intellect, his health—not only his spiritual, but also his material life.

Like the caterpillar which becomes a butterfly, the chrysalis betrays the sufferings of its transformation by nervous throbs.

Ten times he draws a long breath, and thinks he has finished.

Ten times he sees that his work is incomplete, and recommences.

He remodels entire acts, and changes their places.

He omits characters which he at first thought indispensable to the plot. He inserts new ones which he had considered useless—others of which he had never even thought.

You who have seen the *Fils Naturel*,—can you imagine that M. Fessard could have been anything but a *notary*?

"No."

"Well, for my part, I have known him as an actor.

"Why from being an actor has he become a notary?

Ah! *parbleu!* in order to give you that magnificent scene of the adoption of the child—the most purely comic scene perhaps of the modern drama.

He would change the profession of his character for much less than that.

If the manager did not snatch the MS. from Alexandre's hands, he would work all his life on the same play.

And this is easily explained—not having found everything at first, there always remains something still for him to find.

I have seen around Alexander's desk—I say around, because there was no more room on top, as many as seven manuscripts of the same comedy.

He was writing the eighth.

He seeks to the very last moment. At the last rehearsal he seeks still. In the evening, when the curtain is about to rise, he seeks what may be added to the first act. After the first act is performed, what he may add to the second. After the second, what he may add to the third; and so on.

Finally when the curtain falls,—when he is called out—when we have embraced—he falls, overcome. His strength fails him at the moment when he has nothing more to seek.

#### IV.

Now let us examine the difference which exists between the art of 1828, and that of 1857.

It has often been asked, whence arose in 1828 that hatred between ancient and modern literature.

This hatred does not naturally exist.

There are periods of strife in art, but it is not in the ordinary succession of days and years.

It is when two unknown arts meet, which are, so to speak, foreign to each other.

It is when German music conflicts with the Italian.

When Gluck and Piccini have met face to face.

It was the art of the North against that of the South.

The *langue d'Oc* and the *langue d'Oïl*.

The French musicians looked upon this great contest of the Gluckists, and Piccinists, as a child in swaddling clothes waits to see what language it shall speak.

It had some reason.

But in 1828 the struggle was between fellow countrymen. It was simply a civil war.

Whence came this hostility between what were called the *Classics and Romantics*?

We think we have discovered the secret.

It proceeded from the purely military reign of Bonaparte.

In fact from 1796 to 1815, that is in nineteen years, Bonaparte was obliged to levy for his armies from ten to twelve millions of men, who were turned from the career which they would have chosen to become soldiers, captains, generals, marshals of France and kings.

Of these ten or twelve millions of men, three or four million remained stretched beneath the orange trees of Italy—on the sands of Egypt—amid the sierras of Spain—on the snows of Russia.

A whole generation had disappeared in the train of the warlike meteor.

When we came, society was, in a measure, divided by an immense chasm, the work of bullets and grape shot. On both sides of the *barraca*, as the Mexicans say, were grey-headed men, and half-grown children.

In the chasm were the dead, the ten or twelve poets who would have served as a link between the art of André Chenier and Millevoie, and that of Hugo and Lamartine.

The only ones who served as intermediate links were the consumptives, whom the weakness of their constitution had preserved from the epaulet, or the tomb.

Casimir Delavigne, Soumet, Guiraud.

Therefore there is no gradation between the authors of *Germanicus*, of *Sylla*, of *Agamemnon*, of *Omasis*, and us.

Two colours clearly defined—two banners entirely distinct—two camps directly opposed.

No concession possible:—concession would have been regarded as treason.

Thence came *Henri III.*, and *Antony*—thence *Hernani* and *Marion de l'Orme*—thence the *Mareschale D'Ancre* and *Chatterton*.

The same state of things existed in painting.



Gérard, Gros, Le Thier, Picot, on the one side :

Delacroix, Sigalon, Decamps, Boulangier on the other.

The first spoke always of antiquity.

The others always of the *renaissance*.

These who had no longer the paintings of Timanthes, Apelles, and Zeuxis as models, imitated what remained of antiquity—the statues.

The others, who had beneath their eyes the master pieces of Leonardo De Vinci, of Titian, of Paul Veronese, of Vandyke, and of Velasquez, extolled colouring and shape.

Well, permit me to say—we replied to the men who made painted statues, by trying to make written Leonard De Vincis, Titians, Veroneses, Vandykes, and Velasquez.

Never did the axiom *Ut pictura poesis* receive a more perfect verification than at this epoch.

*Antony*, with his black surtout, his chamois pantaloons, his white cravat was an exception.

But an exception which proved the rule.

Under this modern costume, beat the heart of a man of the middle age.

We were young—we had the future before us—we conquered.

There was nothing astonishing in that—we had as allies old age and death.

These struck while we wrote.

By degrees, society was changed. Hugo alone remained faithful to the velvet doublets and the brocade mantles.

I was less severe. I wrote *Teresa*, *Richard D'Arlington*, *Angèle*, *Kean*.

But, as you observe, always describing passions.

Manners, customs, the epoch, were only the frame.

The passions were the picture.

Soulié was doing at the same time the same thing.

The two great disenchanters of an epoch came in their turn.

Alfred de Musset and de Balzac.

Alfred de Musset produced the *Caprice*, the *Chandelier*, *Louison*.

Balzac produced *Vautrin*, the *Marâtre*, *Mercadet*.

They are between Alexandre and myself—these transition men who were wanting in 1828, between the Armaults, the Le Merciers, the de Jouys, and us.

Alexandre starts from the *Dame aux Camelias*, which is of the class of *Angèle*—he passes to *L'Argent*, which is of the class of *Mercadet*—then he arrives at the *Fils Naturel*, which, after the twenty-seven years, is the counterpart of *Antony*, and which is as successful in realism as *Antony* was in idealism.

## VI.

Now laying aside all paternal tenderness, the *Fils Naturel* is a beautiful work, and indicates great progress not only in art generally, but also in the talent of the author. The piece as a piece, is faultlessly executed—and never have dramatic logic and deduction gone farther.

But what I consider especially happy, is the comic part—it is comic not only in words and detail, but also in its arrangement.

The piece being by Alexandre, I say that it is one of the best comedies in point of costume which have been written for twenty years.

If it were not by Alexandre, I should say that it was the best.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

## THE BATTLE OF LUNDY'S LANE.

*Written after a moonlight ramble over the scene of the action of July 25th, 1814, Canada  
West, one mile from Niagara.*

Love bends above in robes of blue ;  
The radiant Queen of Night goes forth  
Glancing her smiles upon the dew ;  
And the wind breathing from the North  
Sighs through the wood, like passing ghost,  
And wafts light echoes o'er the tomb,  
Where the turf shrouds with greenest bloom  
The bravest of a Warrior Host !

In other days, yon fatal hill  
Glittered with arms and waved with plumes,  
And the sad sunlight on their steel  
Flashed its last splendour—Even's glooms  
Rang with the bugle's martial breath  
That called the brave to deeds of Death !  
There the dismal cry of slaughter  
Broke on midnight' slumberous hour ;  
And the earth drank blood like water :  
There the quick musket's deadly flash  
And loud Artillery's throats of flame  
Hurled their fierce tempest on the lines  
Of charging foemen : 'neath that shower  
Of Death the bristling onset shines :  
On it rolls with a sullen tone  
Like rushing billows ; and the clash  
Of bayonets answers to the groan  
Of parting life's convulsion.

There deeds of deathless praise proclaim  
How rolled war's tide when Ripley's name  
Swelled the wild shout of Victory :  
And dauntless Miller and McNeil  
Led foremost to the strife of steel  
The flower of Northern chivalry.

There Scott, to Glory's self allied,  
Quelled the fierce foe's advancing pride,  
And from his brow the laurel tore  
Dyed oft and deep in Gallic gore.

But these unhallowed scenes are past—  
The peasant's slumbers, the wild blast  
Alone may break them ;  
And those proud bannered hosts are gone  
Where the loud tempest's charging tone  
No more shall wake them !

Time has hurried on his way  
And swept each vestige from the plain,  
Save what the stranger views to-day,  
The oak trees shattered by the rain

Of shell and shot: the glance around  
 Marks, at each turn, the grass-grown mound  
 That shrines a hero's ashes;  
 Peace to the brave! around their stone  
 Shall Freedom twine her laurel wreath,  
 And when with moss of years o'ergrown,  
 Fame shall applaud their glorious death  
 Long as Niagara dashes!

VIATOR.

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## Editor's Cable.

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The subject of Female Education has been discussed very freely in this magazine, but we do not recollect that any writer upon it, either in the Messenger or elsewhere, has yet advanced the views presented by our correspondent whose letter we subjoin. He is certainly entitled to the credit of originality, however the reader may dissent from his propositions. We have a certain suspicion that he has touched the true cause of the domestic troubles of Mr. Dickens, and the hint would be sufficient to elicit some comments thereupon, were we not unwilling to detain the reader from the perusal of so racy a communication. We therefore introduce it without farther preliminary—

*Mr. Thos. Teetotal Teetotum's proposal for reform in the present system of Female Education.*

It has long been my intention to astonish the public with a series of severe essays upon the present system of female education.

This system I know to be a decided failure, for the reasons I shall now proceed to lay before the public. I have been a sufferer, sir,—so have Messrs. Dickens, Bulwer & Co.—from incompatibility of tastes in a wife. I was always fond of sociability; of the wine table; of a game of cards, or billiards; of my pipe; of horse racing; in a word, of all those innocent amusements which characterize the man of taste. I was never a ladies' man, because I never found ladies at all companionable. How

I came to address one is still a mystery to me. I was induced to drive a mum, demure little thing—a cousin of mine—one evening in a buggy. We had been thrown together a great deal in our lives; for when deprived of the society of my friends, I found myself often compelled to take to hers.

On these occasions she would invariably set herself up to lecture me on what she was pleased to term my dissipation, which amounted to nothing more nor less than the enjoyment, in the society of friends, of the sports mentioned above. Strange that she who scarce opened her mouth in the company of strangers, would talk, when she got upon this subject, as if her tongue were oiled. I would invariably stop these lectures by kissing her heartily in the mouth and spinning out of the room. But we took that buggy drive—I must have been intoxicated—I am certain I was,—she became Mrs. T. T. Teetotum. “The course of true love never did run smooth.” Of the truth of this remark I am not a competent judge, but I know that married life never can run smooth where there is no love at all, and where the man and woman have *different tastes*. This last consideration is what I wish to get at. Give a couple the same tastes and the love will follow. Let the rising generation of females be so educated that they make good companions, and consequently good wives, for the rising generation of males. Let girls be taught to smoke, drink, swear, and play all the games that we men are fond of, and there will be

fewer divorces than at present. No doubt my own case is a common one in this age and country, and many a broken-hearted man will recognize his own situation in the following account.

The coldest winter nights I am expelled pipe and all from the parlor, and if I smoke at all it must be in the most uncomfortable room in the house. Oh, that my wife were a slave to the pipe! Then would I not be expelled from the parlor, nor have disagreeable remarks made about my breath.

One night after having attended a supper with my friends, I came home, and had a fight—my wife had no reason to complain—with my own reflection in a looking-glass. I smashed the glass with my cane, and she complained of it.

When I come home at one o'clock at night, and, on account of the darkness, am unable to find the key hole, she accuses me of being drunk and keeping late hours.

She makes war upon my pets. On one occasion Flora, my favorite pointer, entered the house, followed by a troop of admirers close at her heels, snapping and snarling at each other in the most diverting manner. One of these, a long waisted, yellow dog, with cropped ears, a perpendicular stump tail, and large, muddy feet, so far forgot himself as to seize his rival, a thick-set, blear-eyed bull terrier by the neck, and the two had a furious fight in the parlor, in which all the troop joined, tearing the carpet and scratching the furniture, but altogether affording me high amusement, from my position on the piano. My sport was put an end to by the entrance of my wife at the head of a regiment armed with broom-sticks, expelling the pack ignominiously from the premises.

How shall I express my regrets at the dissimilarity in our taste as regards dogs.

Not satisfied with attacking my canine friends, she makes war upon my human ones. She calls them vulgar, because they put their feet in the chairs, spit on the carpet, swear, and go to bed with their boots on. For such trifling causes has she, alas! taken a prejudice against those I love.

And now, sir, have I become almost a broken-hearted man, and all from this false system of female education, which has instilled into my wife tastes so different from my own.

In this age of progress, of cable laying,

of woman's rights, of spirit rapping, of abolitionism, in this age that has produced a Greeley and a Barnum, a Hudson and a Field, and oceanic fire-works in New York, let us form a party, and with iron lungs proclaim "Man's Rights and Woman's Reform."

Allow me, sir, to sign myself,

Your ob't and humble serv't,

THOS. TERTOTAL TERTOTUM,

F. G. & G. P., &c., &c.

That is to say, fond of grog and given to poker and other things.

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There are many who will be glad to learn that Mr. Charles Campbell of Petersburg, proposes to publish at an early day, a new and enlarged Edition of his "History of Virginia." In announcing this fact, it is not necessary that we should say a word as to the value of the work or of the eminent qualifications of Mr. Campbell as a historian. These are well known. But we may express our gratification that the admirable outline of our Virginian story which was drawn for us with so much strength and fidelity by this gentleman some years ago, has been filled up since, and made to assume proportions more acceptable. In avoiding a redundancy of style and illustration, Mr. Campbell's original draft was somewhat hard and cold; he has only done justice to himself and to his subject in giving more of warmth and colour to the narrative, by the introduction of new material gathered from the stores of his wide and laborious research. We trust that Mr. Campbell will be abundantly encouraged to bring out his new volume in a form worthy of its merits, and we would appeal to all our readers who feel a proper interest in the matter, to write at once to Mr. Campbell at Petersburg, Va., and give him their names as subscribers. The author desires to be apprised by private letter, in advance, of the name and post-office of every gentleman who wishes to obtain a copy of the work, which will be sold by subscription. Let the members of the Historical Society of Virginia; and all literary men within and without the State, forward their subscriptions to Mr. Campbell immediately. The price of the new volume will be \$2 50.

The departure of Mr. G. P. R. James for his new abode in Venice was so sudden a thing, that no opportunity was afforded his many friends in our city of meeting him, as they had wished, at the festive board. An invitation for a Farewell Dinner was indeed extended him, but his numerous and pressing engagements, preparatory to leaving, compelled him to decline it. A few gentlemen, uniting in a desire to present him with some testimonial of their regard, caused a handsome piece of silver to be prepared and handed to him, with these inscriptions;—on one side "Old Dominion Julep Bowl," on the reverse

To G. P. R. JAMES,  
From a few of his friends in Virginia.

May their names,  
Familiar to his ears as household words,  
Be in this flowing cup freshly remembered.

At an informal social meeting on the occasion of the presentation, the following lines were read, and they are here printed in accordance with the wishes of the parties. In giving them, the Editor of the Messenger feebly expresses his feelings in parting with a most amiable gentleman whose literary friendship he has for several years most highly valued.

Good bye! they say the time is up—  
The "solitary horseman" leaves us,  
We'd like to take a "stirrup cup,"  
Though much indeed the parting grieves us;  
We'd like to hear the glasses clink  
Around a board where none were tipsy,  
And with a hearty greeting drink  
This toast—The Author of the Gipsy!

The maidens fair of many a clime  
Have blubbered o'er his tearful pages,  
The Ariosto of his time,  
Romancist of the Middle Ages:  
In fiction's realm a shining star,  
(We own ourselves his grateful debtors)  
Who would not call our G. P. R.—  
"H. B. M. C."—a Man of Letters?

But not with us his pen avails  
To win our hearts—this English scion,  
Though there are not so many tales  
To every roaring British Lion—

For he has yet a prouder claim  
To praise, than dukes and lords inherit,  
Or wealth can give or lettered fame—  
His honest heart and modest merit.

An Englishman, whose sense of right  
Comes down from glorious Magna Charta,  
He loves, and loves with all his might,  
His home, his Queen, Pale Ale, the Gar-  
ter:

This last embraces much, 'tis best  
To comprehend just what is stated—  
For *Honi Soit*—you know the rest  
And need not have the French translated.

O! empty bauble of renown,  
So quickly lost and won so dearly,  
Our Consul wears the Muses' crown,  
We love him for his virtues merely:  
A Prince, he's ours as much as Fame's,  
And reigns in friendship kindly o'er us,  
Then call him George Prince Regent James,  
And let his country swell the chorus.

His country! we would gladly pledge  
Its living greatness and its glory—  
In Peace admired, and "on the edge  
Of battle" terrible in story:  
A little isle, its cliffs it rears  
'Gainst winds and waves in wrath united,  
And nobly for a thousand years  
Has kept the fire of freedom lighted.

A glowing spark in time there came,  
Like sunrise, o'er the angry water,  
And here is fed, an altar-flame,  
By Britain's democratic daughter—  
From land to land a kindred fire  
Beneath the billow now is burning,  
O may it thrill the magic wire  
With only love, and love returning!

But since we cannot meet again  
Where wine and wit are freely flowing,  
Old friend! this measure take and drain  
A brimming health to us in going:  
And far beneath Italia's sky,  
Where sunsets glow with hues prismatic,  
Bring out the bowl when you are dry,  
And pledge us by the Adriatic!

JNO. R. THOMPSON.

Richmond, Va., 20 Sept., 1858.

We learn, with great satisfaction, that Messrs. Rudd and Carleton, of New York City, will shortly publish in book form, the charming story of "Vernon Grove, or Hearts as They Are," which it was our good fortune to bring out originally in the pages of the Messenger. We but echo the universal opinion of our readers, when we say that "Vernon Grove" deserves to rank with the very best novels which belong to the current literature of the United States and England. Without attempting to startle the reader with extraordinary incidents, the fair authoress has constructed a story of remarkable interest, and thrown around it the graces of a pure and flowing style which runs easily from eloquent description into animated dialogue. Nor has she failed in the individualization of character, by far the most difficult part of the novelist's

office, and especially so when, as in Vernon Grove, the chief personage is withdrawn from the world that surrounds us, and made to move within a narrow circuit of his own. The character of Richard Vernon is a masterly delineation, and the change wrought upon his strong nature by the calamity of blindness is developed in the most natural touches. In Sybil Gray, we have one of the sweetest and holiest portraiture of fiction—"a perfect woman nobly planned"—to have drawn whom would entitle any writer to the possession of genius. We do not hesitate to predict for our Messenger novel a wide range throughout the country, winning for its authoress fame and sympathy with all who have hearts to feel and the taste to admire what only true emotion and genuine talent could have produced.

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## Notices of New Works.

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**A HOUSEHOLD BOOK OF POETRY.** *Compiled and Arranged by* CHARLES A. DANA. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1858. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

We cannot too highly extol the liberality of the publishers who have issued this sumptuous volume, in giving to the best thoughts in the English language the finest dress that the art of printing can furnish. The book is just what it should be in point of typographic and bibliopegic excellence, the text is bold and correct, the binding tasteful and serviceable. Nor can we fail to acknowledge that the poetic materials of which it has been made up, have been on the whole judiciously chosen. Exception may be taken by some to the classification, inasmuch as many pieces included under the title of "Poems of Nature," might come as appropriately under the title of "Poems of Sentiment and Reflection," and *vice versa*, but we may be content to allow the compiler to arrange his selections as he pleases, when he supplies an alphabetical Index of authors, by means of which we may turn readily to anything we wish to find. Acknowledging Mr. Dana's scholarly taste and wide

acquaintance with polite literature, we cannot help entering a complaint against certain sins of choice and omission which should have been avoided. In the department of "Comedy" we own that it seems inexcusable not to have given a single specimen of the humorous versification of "Tom Ingoldsby," the Rev. Mr. Barham, while several of Thackeray's comicalities, which he would not care to preserve, are paraded in full. And we can hardly suppose that the popular judgment would approve the bald nonsense of "What Mr. Robinson thinks" more highly than the capital rhyming of the Sonneteer of the *Boston Post*, who is not honoured with a place in the volume. With regard to American poets, we think Mr. Dana has not been strictly just or fair. The "Babie Bell" of Aldrich should certainly have been assigned a page, as one of the most exquisite expressions of melodious sorrow which the country has produced. As for the poets of the South, to whom we may fairly lay claim by birth or residence, they have but small recognition at Mr. Dana's hands. Mrs. Caroline Gilman has but one poem in the collection, and this by no means the best of her many tender and



thoughtful effusions. Philip Pendleton Cooke is treated with no more consideration, and the sweet singer, "Amelia," "whose heart-strings were a lute," fares in the same way. Albert Pike of Arkansas, the author of "Hymn to the Gods" which Blackwood's Magazine had the honour of bringing before the world, and George D. Prentice of Kentucky, whose happy lyrics, so full of delicate beauty, will live long after his political pasquinades have been forgotten, are not permitted to appear in the work at all. But what shall be said of the exclusion of William Gilmore Simms, at once the most voluminous and versatile of our Southern writers of poetry, whose claims to the laurel have been long ago acknowledged by the highest British authority? Could not the space have been afforded for one of his stirring "Songs of the South," or a single passage from his longer and more lofty musings, wherein he runs so nearly parallel with Wordsworth whom Mr. Dana so much admires? Why exclude Simms whom thousands know for a poet, and honour George William Curtis who is utterly without claim to be ranked with the children of song? Ah, Mr. Dana, we fear there is some narrow prejudice here, quite unworthy of the scholar and the citizen of the Literary Republic. And since we are writing of a South Carolina bard, let us ask why should not a corner have been allotted to a Sonnet of Paul Hayne? Is he too young to be classed with the Poets? Then why admit Robert Lytton to that shining company? The last mentioned writer has certainly won his bays, but we claim for Hayne also the right to wear them.

We have felt it our duty to say thus much in dispraise of one of the most beautiful and acceptable volumes ever issued from the American press. *Malgré* the defects in its compilation, it is a treasure for the household, and should be placed in every family library in the land. As new editions of the work will be constantly demanded hereafter, let us say to the publishers that the alphabetical list of Poets is very loosely and carelessly arranged. Bowles should come before Bowring in strict alphabetical order, Brooks before Browning, Byrd before Byron, Derzhavin before De Vere, Grant before Gray, and so on, down to the letter W, whose occupants are very much out of place, Whittier coming after Woodworth, and Wolfe not appearing by half a page where he belongs. These are trivial errors, it is true, but in a volume so imposing and costly they deserve correction. We may add, too, that the poet *Praed* is incorrectly cited as *William Mackworth Praed*, both in the Index and on page 440. His first name was Winthrop.

**TITCOMB'S LETTERS TO YOUNG PEOPLE.** *Single and Married.* TIMOTHY TITCOMB, Esq. Fourth Edition. New York: Charles Scribner, 124 Grand Street, 1858. [From James Woodhouse, 139 Main Street.

This little volume approves itself at first sight to our gracious reception, by its comely appearance, its excellent typography being set off by a red border around each page—which, with clear, white paper, presents Mr. Timothy Titcomb to us as a gentleman who at least pays a proper attention to externals. Upon becoming better acquainted with him, through the wholesome and entertaining conversations he holds with the young public in these letters, we do not hesitate to commend him cordially to our own visiting circle as a man of good sense and good manners, whose suggestions, if acted upon, will greatly benefit the "rising generation." It is true that Mr. Titcomb's Letters contain little that has not been enforced already by writers on ethics of the past or present time. The authors of "Guesses at Truth" and "Companions of My Solitude," have impressed upon the youth of England much of the best advice that Mr. Titcomb offers to "Young America," but the latter writer is none the less entitled to the credit of having conveyed sound instruction in a lively and pleasing style, altogether free from affectation and cant. We cannot have too many counsellors for the young, so that they only make truth attractive, and we are therefore disposed to be thankful for this new work on an old subject, rather than captious at its possible want of originality.

The volume, like Gaul in the Commentaries of Cæsar, is divided into three parts, of which the first, reversing the maxim of *place aux dames*, is devoted to "Letters to Young Men," the second to "Letters to Young Women" (we like this, for some of our literary Sir Piercie Shaftons would have said "Young Ladies") and the third to both these classes after they have been made one, under the title of "Letters to Young Married People." We shall give a passage from each of these three divisions, by way of letting our readers have an idea of Mr. Timothy Titcomb's moral teachings. Passing over much sensible and well-timed warning to Young Men, which they must read in the work itself, we beg to tender our acknowledgments to the author for this independent recognition of the manliness of Beards.

"I should be unjust to the age were I to omit the mention of a special point of 'physical culture,' which has been long neglected. You find as you come into man's estate that hair has a tendency to grow upon your face. It is the mark by which

God meant that man and woman should be distinguished from each other in the crowd. That hair was placed there in infinite wisdom, but your fathers have been cutting it off from their chins in small crops from thirty to fifty years, thus impugning nature's policy, wasting precious time, drawing a great deal of good blood, creating a great deal of bad, and trying to erase from their faces the difference that was intended to be maintained between them and those of women. If you are a man and have a beard, wear it. You know it was made to wear. It is enough to make a man with a decent complement of information and a common degree of sensibility (and a handsome beard) deny his kind, to see these smooth-faced men around the streets, and actually showing themselves in female society? Let us have one generation of beards."

The following strikes us as hitting seasonably a prevailing foible among the Young Women of the United States. It is from the chapter on the "Proper Use of Language."

"And now that I am upon this subject of talk, it will be well to say all I have to say upon it. It is a very common thing for young women to indulge in hyperbole. A pretty dress is very apt to be 'perfectly splendid'; a disagreeable person is too often 'perfectly hateful'; a party in which the company enjoyed themselves somehow becomes transmuted into the 'most delightful thing ever seen.' A young man of respectable parts and manly bearing is very often 'such a magnificent fellow!' The adjective 'perfect,' that stands so much alone as never to have the privilege of help from comparatives and superlatives, is sadly over-worked, in company with several others of the intense and extravagant order. The result is, that by the use of such language as this, your opinion soon becomes valueless."

Our last extract is from the letter on the "Special Duties of the Wife," and it embodies about as much profitable correction as we have seen in the same space this many a day. Let it be read and pondered by every young woman who has recently entered upon the interesting estate of matrimony.

"Young wife, I talked to your husband in my last letter, and I now address you. I told him that you have a claim on his time and society. There are qualifications of this claim which concern you particularly, and so I speak to you about them. Your husband labours all day—every day—and during the waking hours, between the conclusion of his labour at night and its

commencement in the morning, he must have recreation of some kind; and here comes in your duty.

"If you do not make his home pleasant, so that the fulfilment of his duty to you shall be a sweet pleasure to him, you cannot hope for much of his company. What his nature craves it will have—must have. He cannot be a slave all the time—a slave to his work by day and a slave to you by night. He must have hours of freedom; and happy are you if, of his own choice, he takes the enjoyment you offer in the place of anything which the outside world has to give. I suppose there are few men, who, when their work is over, and their supper eaten, do not have a desire to go down town 'to meet a man' or visit 'the post-office.' There is a natural desire in every heart to have, every day, an hour of social freedom—a few minutes, at least, of walk in the open air, and contact with the minds of other men. This is entirely a natural and necessary thing; and you should encourage rather than seek to prevent it, unless your husband is inclined to visit bad places, and associate with bad companions.

"Precisely here is a dangerous point for both husband and wife. The wife has been alone during the day, and thinks that her husband ought to spend the whole evening with her. The husband has been confined to his labour, and longs for an hour of freedom, in whatever direction his feet may choose to wander. Perhaps wife thinks he has no business to wander at all, and that his custom is to wander too widely and too long. She complains, and becomes exacting. She cannot bear to have her husband out of her sight for a moment, after he quits his work. Now, if there be anything in all this world that will make a husband hate his wife, it is a constant attempt on her part to monopolize all his leisure time and all his society, to curtail his freedom, and a tendency to be forever fretting his ears with the statement that 'she is nothing, of course,' that he 'does not care anything about her,' and that he dislikes his home. Treatment like this will just as certainly rouse all the perverseness of a man's nature as a spark will ignite gunpowder. Injustice and inconsiderateness will not go down, especially when administered by a man's companion. He knows that he loves his home, and that he needs and has a right to a certain amount of his time, away from home; and if he be treated as if he possessed no such necessity and right, he will soon learn to be all that his wife represents him to be. I tell you that a man wants very careful handling. You must remember that he can owe no duty to you which does not involve a duty from you. You have the charge of the home, and if you expect him to spend a portion, or all of his evening in it, you

must make it attractive. If you expect a man, as a matter of duty, to give any considerable amount of time to your society, daily, through a long series of years, you are to see that that society is worth something to him. Where are your accomplishments? Where are your books? Where are your subjects of conversation?

"But let us take up this question separately. How shall a wife make her home pleasant and her society attractive? This is a short question, but a full answer would make a book. I can only take a few points. In the first place, she should never indulge in fault-finding. If a man has learned to expect that he will invariably be found fault with by his wife on his return home, and that the burden of her words will be complaint, he has absolutely no pleasure to anticipate and none to enjoy. There is but one alternative for a husband in such a case—either to steel himself against complaints, or be harrowed up by them, and made snappish and waspish. They never produce a good effect under any circumstances whatever. There should always be a pleasant word and look ready for him who returns from the toils of the day, wearied with earning the necessaries for the family. If a pretty pair of slippers lie before the fire ready for his feet, so much the better.

"Then, again, the desire to be pleasing in person should never leave a wife for a day. The husband who comes home at night and finds his wife dressed to receive him—dressed neatly and tastefully, because she wishes to be pleasant to his eye—cannot, unless he be a brute, neglect her, or slight her graceful pains-taking. It is a compliment to him. It displays a desire to maintain the charms which first attracted him, and keep intact the silken bonds which her tasteful girlhood had fastened to his fancy.

"I have seen things managed very differently from this. I have known an undressed head of 'horrid hair' worn all day long, because nobody but the husband would see it. I have seen breakfast dresses with sugar plantations on them of very respectable size, and most disagreeable stickiness. In short, I have seen slatterns, whose kiss would not tempt the hungriest hermit that ever forswore women and was sorry for it. I have seen them with neither collar nor zone, with a person which did not possess a single charm to a husband with his eyes open, and in his right mind. This is all wrong, young wife, for there is no being in this world for whom it is so much for your interest to dress as for your husband. Your happiness depends much on your retaining not only the esteem of your husband, but his admiration. He should see no greater neatness, and no more taste in material and fitness,

in any woman's dress, than in yours; and there is no individual in the world before whom you should always appear with more thorough tidiness of person than your husband. If you are careless in this particular, you absolutely throw away some of the strongest and most charming influences which you possess. What is true of your person is also true of your house. If your house be disorderly, if dust cover the table, and invite the critical finger to write your proper title, if the furniture looks as if it were tossed into a room from a cart, if your table-cloth have a more intimate acquaintance with gravy than with soap, and from cellar to garret there be no order, do you blame a husband for not wanting to sit down and spend his evening with you? I should blame him, of course, on general principles, but, as all men are not so sensible as I am, I should charitably entertain all proper excuses.

"Still again, have you anything to talk about—anything better than scandal—with which to interest and refresh his weary mind? I believe in the interchange of caresses, as I have told you before, but kisses are only the spice of life. You cannot always sit on your husband's knee, for in the first place, it would tire him, and in the second place, he would get sick of it. You should be one with your husband, but never in the shape of a parasite. He should be able to see growth in your soul, independent of him; and whenever he truly feels that he has received from you a stimulus to progress and to goodness, you have refreshed him, and made a great advance into his heart.

"He should see that you really have a strong desire to make him happy, and to retain forever the warmest place in his respect, his admiration, and his affection. Enter into all his plans with interest. Sweeten all his troubles with your sympathy. Make him feel that there is one ear always open to the revelation of his experiences, that there is one heart that never misconstrues him, that there is one refuge for him in all circumstances, and that in all weariness of body and soul, there is one warm pillow for his head, beneath which a heart is beating with the same unvarying truth and affection, through all gladness and sadness, as the faithful chronometer suffers no perturbation of its rhythm by shine or shower. A husband who has such a wife as this, has little temptation to spend much time away from home. He *cannot* stay away long at a time. He may 'meet a man,' but the man will not long detain him from his wife. He may go to 'the post-office,' but he will not call upon the friend's wife on the way. He can do better. The great danger is that he will love his home too well—that he will neither be willing to have you

visit your aunts and cousins, nor, without a groan, accept an invitation to tea at your neighbour's."

**LEGENDS AND LYRICS.** By ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTOR. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1858. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

The appearance in the world of letters of a daughter of "Barry Cornwall" is an event that could not fail of making a sensation among literary people. More than this, her claim, modestly set forth, to the honours of song, challenges a comparison of her verses with those of her father which would be damaging to a poetess of less unquestionable merit than Miss Adelaide Anne Proctor. We have rarely read youthful poems of greater promise than these, and perhaps their greatest excellence consists in the fact that they are quite unlike the paternal model. The gifted daughter, who some twenty or more years ago was daintily addressed by her father as "Golden-Tressed Adelaide," and thus ensured for immortality, seems to have been but little affected intellectually by the study of his poetical compositions, for no greater contrast could possibly be presented than exists between the energetic and sometimes almost riotous lyrics of "Barry Cornwall" and the sweet and delicate musings of her own nature. A quiet tenderness pervades these poems—they breathe a spirit of pleasing melancholy and suggest an exquisite sensibility, at the same time that they indicate a taste for richness of imagery and diction, and a love of the graceful peculiarly feminine. In the songs and dramatic sketches of her father, the language is always simple and frequently prosaic, and a classic severity distinguishes the longer efforts of his muse. In one thing father and daughter resemble each other, their recognition of the social ills that afflict England. In the following stanzas from "The Cradle Song of the Poor" the woman's aspirations for a better day speak out with a pathos that is hardly less touching, though not expressed in such words of dire anguish, as that of Mrs. Browning's "Cry of the Children."

"Hush! I cannot bear to see thee  
Stretch thy tiny hands in vain:  
I have got no bread to give thee,  
Nothing, child, to ease thy pain.  
When God sent thee first to bless me,  
Proud, and thankful, too, was I;  
Now, my darling, I, thy nother,  
Almost long to see thee die.  
Sleep, my darling, thou art weary,  
God is good, but life is dreary.

"I have watched thy beauty fading,  
And thy strength sink day by day;  
Soon, I know, will Want and Fever  
Take thy little life away.  
Famine makes thy father reckless;  
Hope has left both him and me;  
We could suffer all, my baby,  
Had we but a crust for thee.  
Sleep, my darling, thou art weary,  
God is good, but life is dreary.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I am wasted, dear, with hunger  
And my brain is all opprest,  
I have scarcely strength to press thee,  
Wan and feeble, to my breast.  
Patience, baby, God will help us,  
Death will come to thee and me,  
He will take us to his Heaven  
Where no want or pain can be.  
Sleep, my darling, thou art weary,  
God is good, but life is dreary."

The lines which follow have been extensively copied by the newspaper press of the country and will be familiar to many of our readers, but we reprint them as a happy sermon on the subject of Duty.

"One by one the sands are flowing,  
One by one the moments fall;  
Some are coming, some are going,  
Do not strive to grasp them all.

"One by one thy duties wait thee,  
Let thy whole strength go to each,  
Let no future dreams elate thee,  
Learn thou first what these can teach

"One by one (bright gifts from Heaven)  
Joys are sent thee here below:  
Take them readily when given,  
Ready, too, to let them go.

"One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,  
Do not fear an armed band;  
One will fade as others greet thee,  
Shadows passing through the land.

"Do not look at Life's long sorrow;  
See how small each moment's pain;  
God will help thee for to-morrow,  
So each day begin again.

"Every hour that fleets so slowly  
Has its task to do or bear;  
Luminous the crown, and holy,  
If thou set each gem with care."

We can find space for but one other specimen of Miss Proctor's poetry—a plaintive song which has more completeness than many others of these "Legends and Lyrics." The reader should recite it

aloud to catch its full meaning and effect.  
It is entitled

### HUSH.

"I can scarcely hear,' she murmured,  
'For my heart beats loud and fast,  
But surely, in the far, far distance,  
I can hear the sound at last.'

'It is only the reapers singing,  
As they carry home their sheaves;  
And the evening breeze has risen,  
And rustles the dying leaves.'

"Listen! there are voices talking,'  
Calmly still she strove to speak,  
Yet, her voice grew faint and trembling,  
And the red flushed in her cheek.  
'It is only the children playing  
Below, now their work is done,  
And they laugh that their eyes are  
dazzled  
By the rays of the setting sun.'

"Fainter grew her voice, and weaker,  
As with anxious eyes, she cried,  
'Down the avenue of chestnuts,  
I can hear a horseman ride.'  
'It was only the deer that were feeding  
In a herd on the clover grass,  
They were startled, and fled to the  
thicket  
As they saw the reapers pass.'

"Now the night arose in silence,  
Birds lay in their leafy nest,  
And the deer couched in the forest,  
And the children were at rest;  
There was only a sound of weeping  
From watchers around a bed,  
But Rest to the weary spirit,  
Peace to the quiet Dead!"

THE POETICAL WORKS OF EDGAR ALLAN POE.  
*With Original Memoir.* Illustrated by  
F. R. Pickersgill, R. A., John Tenniel,  
Birket Foster, Felix Darley, Jasper Crop-  
sey, P. Duggan, Percival Skelton, and A.  
M. Madot. New York: J. S. Redfield,  
34 Beekman Street. [From G. M. West,  
145 Main Street.

Luxury in book-making can go no farther than it has been carried by Mr. Redfield in this really superb volume. We have copied its title page in full, in order to set before our readers the names of the gifted artists who have worked together so harmoniously and with such distinguished success to illustrate the weird fancies of the author of the "Raven," the poet of grandeur and gloom. A wonderful desolation, at once sweet and mournful, pervades these pictures which seem to be the

very visions of the poet's fancy; the melancholy surges beat upon the loneliest of shores; the moon shines with a ghostly light upon terrace and lawn; the elements dash furiously against the doomed "City of the Sea;" the Coliseum stands before us, a crumbling ruin, yet more wasted by the hand of time than it appears in old Rome; the weary and despairing student sinks under the shadow of the bird of evil—all these look to us more like creations of the overheated brain, as Poe himself might have seen them in his mind's eye, than like mere counterfeits of nature and art done by the pencil and the burin. Lengthened criticisms might be written upon these designs, and the "Art Journal" will probably discuss them as belonging to the best efforts of contemporary art, but while we would gladly leave to more competent judgments the task of deciding upon their merits respectively, we may be permitted to award to Birket Foster, in his illustrations of the lines "To One in Paradise," the palm of excellence.

We are sorry to see so magnificent a book as this disfigured by errors of the press. In the Lecture on the Poetic Principle the name of Edward Coates Pinkney is printed Edward Cooté Pinkney, and the poem of "Annabel Lee" is improperly rendered in two of the stanzas. We speak upon the best authority, for the poem is before us in the handwriting of the author. One of the changes is unimportant, but the other mars the metrical structure of the whole lyric. Observe; on page 43 we have

"The angels, not half so happy in heaven,  
Went envying her and me—  
Yes, that was the reason (as all men know  
In this kingdom by the sea)  
That the wind came out of the cloud by  
night,  
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee."

Here in the last line we have a foot too much in the measure—an entire dactyl—"Chilling and"—being in excess. In Poe's MS. the stanza runs thus

"The angels, not half so happy in Heaven,  
Went envying her and me:—  
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know  
In this kingdom by the sea)  
That the wind came out of the cloud, *chil-  
ling*  
And killing my Annabel Lee."

We could have wished to see this tender ballad accurately given for once in this volume, since nine times out of ten it has heretofore been printed with the metrical error we have pointed out.

We need not stop here to pass in review



the wonderful poems of Poe, nor is this the place to speak at length of the Memoir contained in this volume, which gives a rather harsh estimate of his character, but how could truth be uttered in charity of the wayward genius?

This splendid edition of Poe's poetical works has been sent to us through Mr. G. M. West of this city, of whom we may here take occasion to say that he has recently removed his book store to No. 145 Main Street, where a large and varied assortment of books in law and general literature may be found.

---

**THE CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES** *from the adoption of the Articles of Confederation to the Close of Jackson's Administration.* By WILLIAM ARCHER COCKE. In two Volumes. Vol. I. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1858. [From G. M. West, 145 Main Street.

This goodly volume embraces half of an imposing work from the pen of a native and resident of Virginia. It evinces great research and pains-taking labour, and will be received as a valuable addition to our political literature. Mr. Cocke has evidently bestowed more attention upon the matter than the manner of his History, for the style of this volume cannot be called elegant, and at times it is not altogether clear. In a grave work on Constitutional history, however, trivial defects of composition may be pardoned, if the service of recording the progress of events has been faithfully performed, and it might be captious to hold an author to a very strict account for matters of minor importance who has shown himself capable of taking large views of matters of paramount interest. In justice to Mr. Cocke we ought to say, upon his authority, that certain grammatical errors in the opening chapters of this volume are attributable to careless proof-reading, and will be corrected in the second edition.

---

**ON THE AUTHORIZED VERSION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.** *In Connection with some Recent Proposals for its Revision.* By RICHARD CHÉVENIX TRENCH, D. D. Redfield, 34 Beekman Street, New York. 1858. [From James Woodhouse, 139 Main Street.

There is no more delicate question that can be suggested for discussion than that of a new rendering of the Holy Bible. The version of King James is so hallowed by the associations of the past and so en-

deared to the memories of all living Christians through the teachings of infancy, that the slightest tampering with the text would seem to many as little less than sacrilege, while others, whose philological learning enables them to perceive verbal improprieties in the translation, would hesitate to favour a revision, lest unwarrantable liberties unsettling the ancient faith, should be taken by the revisors. Mr. Trench approaches the subject in a spirit of the truest reverence. His opinion is, that a revision must come, but that the time has not arrived for it. He then proceeds to show wherein the New Testament deviates from a faithful transcript of the original, and his comments are full of interest for the Christian and the Scholar. So learned and so pious a writer as Mr. Trench could not fail of treating this difficult matter with judgment and ability.

---

We continue to receive through Mr. James Woodhouse, the Richmond Agent of Leonard Scott & Co., of New York City, the English Reviews and Blackwood's Magazine. All these publications maintain their ancient reputation, and Blackwood, thanks to Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, is perhaps more entertaining than ever. We want words to express the delight that has been afforded us by the novel of "What Will He Do With It," which is now drawing to its close in this periodical. We wish it might be drawn out monthly as long as Old Ebony shall stand its ground. As the end of the year approaches, it is a good time for us to remind the public of the great advantages held out by Leonard Scott & Co., to all who desire to get these excellent British publications. The whole are offered to American subscribers at Ten Dollars a year.

---

"Davenport Dunn, A Man of our Day," is another of Lever's charming novels from the press of Peterson of Philadelphia. It is printed, we are sorry to say, in very small type and will not therefore be read by many who value their eyesight. Why does not Peterson bring out a Complete Edition of the works of Lever, uniform in style with the library volumes of Dickens published by him last year? It would be a great public service, and we cannot doubt that it would be rewarded by a large sale of the series. Everybody enjoys the writings of Harry Lorrequer, but there is no good reason why this enjoyment should be marred by the abominable manner in which they are brought out. "Davenport Dunn" is for sale by G. M. West, 145 Main Street.



**ELECTRON; or, THE PRANKS OF THE MODERN PUCK: A Telegraphic Epic for the Times.** By WM. C. RICHARDS. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1858. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

There are some good lines in this collection of telegraphic poems, but the author does not seem to be very highly charged, at the moment of writing, with the electricity of genius, and his impulses are sometimes as faint as those of the unfortunate electricians who are vainly trying to shock each other at Trinity and Valentia Bays. The book has evidently been gotten up to catch a temporary popular enthusiasm and yet there is but little vulgar *ad captandum* in its contents. The author writes like a gentleman, perhaps like one of that "mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease" in times gone by, but ease and even a certain degree of elegance, may be exhibited without a spark of poetic fire, and we think if Mr. Richards had not established a reputation as a poet by "striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound" before the appearance of "Electron," this would not give it to him. The Appletons have exhibited their usual good taste in the dainty externals of the book, and when we accomplish a poem, we shall ask them to publish it.

**FROM NEW YORK TO DELHI, By way of Rio Janeiro, Australia and China.** By ROBERT B. MINTURN, Jr. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1858. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.


This is really a most interesting and valuable book. The author made a tour through India just before the outbreak of the Sepoy mutiny, and his opportunities were excellent for observing the manners and customs of the people. He has recorded his impressions in a simple style of unadorned narrative which bears the strongest inherent evidence of truthfulness. Mr. Minturn draws a sad picture of the native Hindoos—perhaps his account of their character is the least hopeful one we have seen—and pays a high tribute to the East India Company, which, he seems to think, has administered the affairs of the Anglo-Indian Empire with equal justice and moderation. As the opinion of a sensible and unprejudiced man, perhaps better qualified than most writers on India, to judge in the matter, this acknowledgment will be duly appreciated by John Company Bahadoor who, now that he has departed his official life, seems to have no friends. Besides the new and acceptable information concern-

ing India contained in Mr. Minturn's volume, there are several chapters devoted to Australia and China that may be read with profit. The book is well printed and reaches the dimensions of 484 pages.

"The Arts of Beauty," by Lola Montez, from the press of Dick and Fitzgerald, for which we are indebted to Mr. G. M. West, is a catchpenny publication by a woman who has contrived to lose her own beauty of person in a premature old age, and who has not the beauty of the soul to compensate for its decay. We turn with something of disgust from her paints and powders, her lotions and lavatories, recommended to her own sex, and withhold the thanks she expects from us for her "Hints to Gentlemen on the Art of Fascinating." Lola may teach "how a beautiful bosom may be obtained," but her lessons, if followed out to their natural results, will deprave the heart of the gentlest and purest of her sisters. Let the "Arts of Beauty," with all its recipes and prescriptions be thrown aside as something insulting to our women.

"King Richard the Second" and "King Richard the Third," are the titles to two handsome little volumes from the press of the Harpers, which we have received from Mr. A. Morris. They belong to the series of juvenile histories which Mr. Jacob Abbott has been engaged for some years in writing, and they will be heartily welcomed by the young folks for whom they are designed.

It gives us very great pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of the first number of the *Alabama Educational Journal*, "a Magazine of Education, Science and General Literature, for School and Home," which must accomplish much good in raising the standard of literary and scientific culture in a sister State. It is published at Montgomery, Alabama, under the management of Noah K. Davis, Esq., the Resident Editor, who is assisted by a corps of gentlemen in various parts of the State, among whom we recognise some of the most learned and valuable citizens of the whole South. This *Educational Journal* deserves a generous encouragement from the friends of learning everywhere, inasmuch as it rises above the claims of a private enterprise in seeking to effect objects of a high public importance. The price of subscription is but One Dollar a year in advance.

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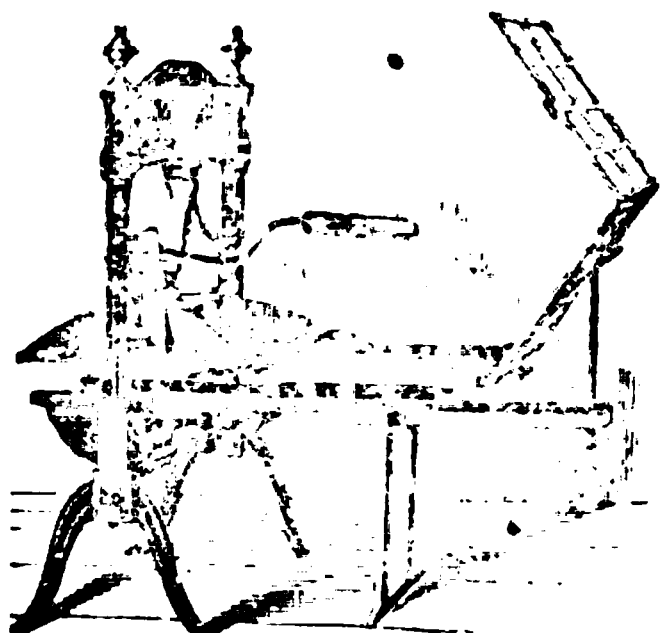
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VI XXVII

No. 5.

NOVEMBER.

# SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER

J. R. THOMPSON, EDITOR



MACFARLANE, FERGUSON & Co.  
PROPRIETORS, 1858. RICHMOND, Va.

## LIST OF CONTENTS.

---

1. THE DESERTED WIFE. BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH,	- 321
2. SELECTIONS AND EXCERPTS FROM THE LEE PAPERS,	- 324
3. THE LILY A CONFIDANTE. BY HENRY TIMROD,	- 333
4. UNPUBLISHED MSS. FROM THE PORTFOLIOS OF THE MOST CELEBRATED AUTHORS. BY MOTLEY WARE, ESQ.	
I.—JEAN PAUL RICHTER.	
II.—THOMAS CARLYLE.	
III.—MR. M. A. TITMARSH.	
IV.—ALEXANDRE DUMAS.	
V.—MOTLEY WARE,	- 334
5. THE THREE GRAVES. BY R. STOCKETT MATHEWS,	- 348
6. GI DEADWOOD; OR PARTIAL,	- 341
7. SONNET. BY PAUL H. HAYNE,	- 356
8. THE BROKEN GERANIUM. A REMINISCENCE OF VIRGINIA,	- 357
9. THE TWO SUMMERS. BY PAUL H. HAYNE,	- 366
10. THE LETTERS OF MOZIS ADDUMS TO BILLY IVVINS,	- 367
11. THE BALLADS OF SCOTLAND,	- 374
12. SUNSHINE AND SHADE. BY J. A. TURNER,	- 380
13. MY THREE PIPES.	
I.—PHILOSOPHICAL.	
II.—MY FIRST PIPE.	
III.—MY SECOND PIPE.	
IV.—MY THIRD PIPE,	- 381
14. THE RICH POOR MAN,	- 388
15. NOTICES OF NEW WORKS:	
The Courtship of Miles Standish—History of Friederich the Second— Vernon Grove; or Hearts as They Are—Sir Walter Raleigh and his Time—Poems by Matilda—A Journey Due North—Self-Made Men— In and Around Stamboul—Day Dawn in Africa—Mizpah, &c., &c.	389—400

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# SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

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RICHMOND, NOVEMBER, 1858.

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## THE DESERTED WIFE.

If this painful recollection,  
If this deep and dark dejection  
Which surrounds me with its shade,—  
If these visions and these trances  
And this mocking fiend, which dances  
Round me and will not be laid,—  
If this gloom which knows no brightening,  
And this weight which feels no lightening,  
Whatsoe'er the effort made,—  
If this woe that fills me wholly,  
And this pang which thrills me solely,  
Evermore without remeed,—  
Be as certain evidences  
To the soul as the senses,  
Look on me as crushed indeed.

What I *had* been had I met thee  
In such mood as to forget thee;  
Had I found thee past my reach;  
Had the feelings which inspired us,  
And the eager love which fired us,  
Found no vent in act nor speech—  
It is useless now to fancy:  
Not that more than necromancy,  
More than Magian e'er could teach,  
In the will which never faltered,  
And the pride before unaltered,  
Can destroy that past of fear,  
Can restore me what is taken,  
Nor the better past awaken,  
Nor dispel the darkness here.

Woe is me! my memory traces  
All the dearly-pleasant places  
Which so well I used to know—  
Blue-topped hills and greenest meadows,—  
Trees that dropped refreshing shadows



On expectant shrubs below,—  
 Ponds into whose tiny billows  
 Drooped the branches of the willows—  
 Willows waving to and fro—  
 Swept the willow branches weary,—  
 Swayed the willow branches dreary,—  
 Brooks, whose waters chafed the rocks,—  
 Rolling plains, where rabbits pattered,  
 Fearlessly, among the scattered,  
 Bell-attending herds and flocks,—

Copses, where the song-birds mating  
 Flung, with voices undulating,  
 Curves of music on the air,—  
 Sand-cliffs, where the skimming swallow  
 Built her habitation hollow,  
 Mining for her callow care,—  
 Southern breezes, kindly blowing,—  
 Rivulets forever flowing,  
 Through a landscape green and fair,  
 Where I mused, at morn and even,  
 On a love which then was heaven,—  
 Shrubby hollows, decked with trees ;  
 These my memory brings before me,  
 But she never may restore me  
 What I lost along with these.

Memory now my fiercest curse is ;  
 Now to joy succeed reverses  
 Darkling, where no daylight beams :  
 Gone, the hopes which one time filled me,—  
 Gone, the joys which one time thrilled me,—  
 Gone, the power of happy dreams,—  
 Gone, the pleasant hills and hollows,—  
 Gone, the skimming of the swallows,—  
 Gone, the willows by the streams.—  
 Gone, the brooks—no darkness dumber,—  
 Gone, the deep-blue skies of summer,—  
 Gone, the singing of the birds,—  
 Gone, the pond, with surface glassy,—  
 Gone, the meadows rolling, grassy,—  
 Gone, the bell-obeying herds,—

Gone, forever !—but remaining,  
 Undeterred by this complaining,  
 Undiminished in its force,  
 Generated by thine error,  
 Clothed with curses, draped with terror,  
 Misery, but not remorse.  
 Thou, the cause, thou wilt not share it ;  
 I, alone and crushed, must bear it,—  
 I, at best, a breathing corse,—  
 I, whose heart so throbbed with pleasure,  
 At thy voice's perfect measure—  
 Thine the falsehood, mine the pain:—

Ah, couldst thou behold mine anguish,  
Though I still might moan and languish,  
Wouldst thou ever smile again?

Vain the thought, than day-dreams vainer!  
Were it thus could I be gainer?

Thou to suffer couldst not aid,  
Though the gloom were on thy spirit,  
Such thy ruthless actions merit,  
Hades-deeper in its shade.  
No more smiles the eye might number  
On this brow so sad and sombre,  
On these features still as stone,  
On this visage wan and faded,  
On this face by sorrow shaded,  
That no smile would light thine own;  
Joy would not return to cheer me,  
Wert thou chained, in torture, near me,  
Vexing me with bitter moan;

These long locks, Medusan, horrid,  
Falling on this pallid forehead,  
Would not soften at thy sighs;  
Nor to see thee bound in sadness,  
Bring once more the light of gladness  
To these dim, cavernous eyes.  
Live! but never let me see thee,  
Now thy bosom's chilly Lethè—  
(Would such waters *here* could rise!)  
Now the Lethè of aversion,  
Flowing from thine own desertion,  
Folds thee in its waters chill;  
Though I suffer past all sorrow,  
Not from thee I choose to borrow  
Strength to bear extreme of ill.

Childless, husbandless and friendless,  
Thus entangled in an endless  
Web of woes I may not tear—  
Web, with warp of crushed emotion,  
Web, with woof of spurned devotion,  
Coloured with the hues of care—  
Woes around and sorrow o'er me,  
Flames behind and clouds before me,  
I await what must become;  
Though I drink in this sad trial,  
All the bitter of the vial,  
Though the outer sense be numb,  
Neither aid nor pity craving,  
Life no longer worth the saving,  
This my voice, henceforth, is dumb.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

## SELECTIONS AND EXCERPTS FROM THE LEE PAPERS.

THOMAS LUDWELL LEE TO R. H. LEE.

*Williamsburg, April 13th, 1776.*

I have to thank you for two letters which have come to hand since I wrote you last. Nothing very important has happened this way lately. The last accounts from Carolina mention that Clinton has landed on an Island in Cape Fear with about 600 men, where he is chiefly employed in teaching his soldiers the street firing. General Moore watches his motions with an army of 300. Gen. Howe, in a letter I received yesterday from Halifax, N. Carolina, speaking of the Convention which now sits there, says "they have raised three new regiments and are contemplating one more. They lose all thought of expense in their ardour to promote the common cause;" and farther, "Independence seems to be *the word*; I know not a dissenting voice." The last certain intelligence of the Continental fleet left them in Charlestown, South Carolina. An express was sent to Hopkins there, from North Carolina, to inform him how sure a prey G. Martin, Clinton, and all the immense naval and military stores at Cape Fear would be to him, if he moved with his fleet to that place. This event has since been constantly expected with great impatience.

Gen. Lee has held up to the Council of Safety at Newbern a noble object of naval enterprise at Norfolk, and has urged them to propose the affair to Hopkins, if he comes that way; with this additional inducement, that should it be imprudent to return to sea on account of the number of British ships of war which may be expected on the American Coast, he can, by a battery erected on an Island, at the mouth of the river leading up to Norfolk, make for himself a safe harbour against the Navy of G. Britain. The Committee have returned the General an answer that they think the matter of great importance, and would inform the Admiral.

Gen. Lee thinks, as I do, that the American cause would be greatly served by your attendance in Convention, which

meets on the 2d May. You will find there a noble spirit, worthy to be cherished, and which if not regulated and directed by a skilful hand, may dissipate in idle fume, or be blasted by the arts of sly timidity. I observe in your letter to our Committee, that the Congress not having appointed a Commissary of stores, you recommend it to *us* to continue Col. Aylett in the employment of purchasing necessities for the troops. But would not this be a circuitous and intricate method of proceeding? If an army cannot be supplied in Virginia without collecting things from all corners of the country; nay further, without ransacking other colonies, all which must necessarily require the constant application of a man skilful and diligent in Business, why may not the Congress appoint an officer, rendered by the circumstances of the country so indispensably requisite? More especially when the soldiers will reimburse the whole expense by a small advance laid on the articles. Is there not some policy too in making all those who are any way concerned with the Continental Army, accountable immediately to the Congress?

—

May 18th, 1776.

Enclosed you have some printed resolves which passed our Convention to the infinite joy of the people here. The preamble is not to be admired in point of composition, nor has the resolve of Independency that peremptory and decided aid which I could wish. Perhaps the proviso, which preserves to this Colony the power of forming its own government, may be questionable as to its fitness.

Would not a uniform plan of Government prepared for America by the Congress, and approved by the Colonies, be a sure foundation of unceasing harmony for the whole? However, such as they are, the exultation here was extreme. The British Flag was immediately struck on the Capitol, and a Continental hoisted in its room. The troops were drawn out,

and we had a discharge of Artillery and small arms. You have also a set of resolves offered by Col. M. Smith, but the first, which were proposed the second day by the President,—for the debate lasted two days,—were preferred. These he had formed from the resolves and preambles of the first day badly put together. Col. Mason came to town yesterday after the arrival of the Post; I showed him your letter, and he thinks with me that your presence here is of the last consequence. He designs I believe to tell you so by letter to-day. All your friends agree in this opinion. Col. Nelson is on his way to Congress, which removes the objection respecting a quorum of Delegates. To form a plan of just and equal government would not perhaps be so very difficult: but to preserve it from being marred with a thousand impertinences; from being in the end a jumble of discordant, unintelligible parts, will demand the protecting hand of a master.

I cannot recollect with precision the quantity of lead which we have received from the mines, though I think it about ten tons. The works are now carried on by the public on a larger scale, and no doubt is entertained here, that a full supply for the Continent may be had from thence, by increasing the number of hands. In my next you shall have a more accurate account.

The fast was observed with all due solemnity yesterday. The Delegates met at the Capitol, and went in procession to hear a sermon preached, by the appointment of Convention. Adieu, my dear brother, give my love to Loudoun, and let us have the satisfaction to see you assisting in the great work of this Convention.

—

June 1st, 1776.

You will find in this a paper containing some resolves, &c., of a Committee of our whole Convention, respecting the base and unworthy proceedings of the Maryland Convention. These were, when reported to the House, to use the old

phrase, agreed to by an almost unanimous consent, notwithstanding the hearty opposition of a certain junto, who never fail to erect themselves against any measure of sense and spirit. The history of this business is already so much known to you, that the paper will need no illustration.

I enclosed you by last post a copy of our declaration of rights nearly as it came through Committee. It has since been reported to the Convention, and we have ever since been stumbling at the threshold. In short, we find such difficulty in laying the foundation stone, that I very much fear for that Temple to Liberty which was proposed to be erected thereon. But laying aside figure, I will tell you plainly that a certain set of Aristocrats,—for we have such monsters here,—finding that their execrable system cannot be reared on such foundations, have to this time kept us at Bay on the first line, which declares all men to be born equally free and independent. A number of absurd or unmeaning alterations have been proposed. The words as they stand are approved by a very great majority, yet by a thousand masterly fetches and stratagems the business has been so delayed that the first clause stands yet unassented to by the Convention. The truth is we are quite overpowered by manoeuvre, and heartily wish the Congress would send us *another* General Lee from the Northward.

A letter from our friend, the General, was read yesterday morning in the Committee of Safety, dated Halifax. He was on the point of setting off for Newbern, the place most central to Virginia, Wilmington and South Carolina, whichever the meteor of Clinton might call him to. He perseveres in the opinion, that Virginia and not Carolina is their immediate object. The intelligence our Generals have received of the Enemy make them 300 strong. Though this seems not quite certain.

You will see by the Virginia Gazette, which I enclose, that Dunmore has procured for himself, a much more comfortable situation on Gwinn's Island than he possessed at Norfolk, whence the

apprehension of some fire rafts which were preparing to be sent down amidst his fleet obliged him to flee.

—  
*Belview, Sept. 9th, 1777.*

I rejoice heartily with you at those many pretty little military events which have contributed in no small degree to give a handsome polish to the American sword. Nothing is wanted now but those 'sixes' the letter writer from Prussia speaks of; and these I hope will soon be thrown by the surrounding of Burgoyne, and the discomfiture of Howe. I really think the Col. of the Queen's own regiment, and Governor of Fort William in North Britain, is in woful plight. If he fights as much like a Mountebank as he writes, we might certainly trust him, in all confidence, to the management of General Stark's Militia.

Mr. Boyd, the Lawyer, was here the other day:—he called at Stratford, and understood there that Mr. Lee and the family at Chantilly were well. Mr. Parker returned from Zane's some time ago; but the salt pans are not yet come down: the man who undertook to contrive them to navigation having hitherto failed in his contract. Mr. Parker, like a bad paymaster, has paid him the consideration beforehand.

—  
WM. AYLETT TO R. H. LEE.

KING WILLIAM, VA., April 20th, 1776.

The information you gave me of the arrival of an additional quantity of powder since my departure, gave great pleasure to all who heard it, for I received your letter at the election. The people of this County almost unanimously cry aloud for Independence. They are now sensible that nothing but arms and munitions are wanted, or can be wanted under providence, to secure them from Tyranny and Oppression. \* \* \* The account of the vessel taken by Barron, with despatches for Governor Eden from the ministry, with their contents, I presume you will meet with in the Publick Papers before this reaches you.

COL. RICHARD PARKER TO R. H. LEE.

RICHMOND, April 27th, 1776.

A tender came last week to Hobbs' Hole and took a New England man, loaded with grain and flour, from the wharf; an alarm was given, and the militia of Essex and Richmond pursued them in vessels; they retook the Prize and brought her back. The tender escaped the pursued within three miles of Urbanna. A negro fellow, belonging to Walker, who was skipper of his boat, was killed, but no other damage done to our men.

—  
Dec. 5th, 1776.—My son Major Parker, will deliver you this, I expect, on his way to New York to join his Regiment. He has till this time, ever since the disbanding the 2d Regiment, been afflicted with a tedious and most dangerous illness. I have no doubt of your shewing him every civility in your power, and I have as little doubt of his evincing every mark of respect for you and regard for his country.

I should not have missed writing to you, by every Post, but the distance I was from the Rider, the close attention I have paid to the salt works, and the villany of the Rider, who refused to set out a day sooner than he used to do before the alteration of the Post day, by which all our letters lose a Post, add to which my not being able to give you full satisfaction with respect to the works, have hitherto kept me from it. I can now with pleasure inform you that I have finished one, as I think in a very complete manner, and a fortnight's work will put the other in the same state. However, this must be deferred until the spring of the year. I have not the least doubt but that they will answer expectations. The whole works occupy more than three acres of ground, and are so secured from the tides, and every other accident, that I am convinced there is nothing to fear on that score. Not being acquainted with work of the kind, I was greatly deceived in my expectation of getting it completed in a short time. However, it would have

been done much sooner could I have got my timber in time. In near five months, during which time I have been engaged about it, I have not been with my family twelve days. So great a desire had I to accomplish so necessary a work, which I conceive will bring great advantages to the State. None of the other works, except one of Hobday's, are in any forwardness. Indeed, I have heard the other directors have done nothing at all, and two of them in Assembly are raising clamors against the measure, declaring it impossible to make salt by evaporation. These are Simpson and Wills. I am inclined to believe 'tis because they are unable to execute these works, either from ignorance or too great attention to their own affairs. I am convinced that had my works been erected where Simpson's ought to be, I could make at least 16.000 bushels of salt annually. In a day or two, I shall set off to Williamsburg, and am in hopes shall be able to prove to the satisfaction of the Assembly, that much may be expected from works well executed.

—

COL. RICHARD PARKER, JR., TO R. H. LEE.

*Bethlehem.* Oct. 18th, 1777.

*Dear Sir,*—I heartily congratulate you, on the success of our arms, to the Northward. The Puissant Burgoyne is now satisfied his power was not so extensive as he at first imagined. Our arms hitherto have not been so fortunate in this quarter, but I make no doubt, the campaign will end fortunately. The loss of the battle at Brandywine, and the unsuccessful attempt at Germantown, have not depressed the spirits of our men in the least; but they are now much more confident of success than ever, and wish for nothing more than to be led to action. I, as was the fate of many others, received a wound at Germantown, though not very dangerous, in the leg. The bone is a little fractured; the ball lodged, but is since extracted. My only anxiety is, that I shall be laid up in the most active part of the campaign and not share the dangers and honour with the rest of my coun-

trymen. From your friendship I have risen to a Post that I am exceedingly happy in. I hope I have not forfeited that good opinion you first appeared to entertain of me. The only return I can make you, is still to deserve well of my country, and hope still to continue your friendship, which I value much.

R. PARKER, Junior.

—

March 12th, 1779. The letter you mentioned to have sent before has never come to hand. I suppose it was sent to Westmoreland since I came from home. I wish I had got it that I might have complied with your request. I find even amongst Deane's greatest admirers there is a falling off, and could I have got those papers you allude to, I doubt not it would have had a good effect, especially as his greatest Patron is in a fair way of coming into disgrace. \* \* \*

I have as you requested, animadverted on the rescinding the 2 articles of the Treaty; it comes out in Dixon's Paper. He could not print this week, the piece signed "Common Sense," and Purdie could only publish that. I have no doubt but you will soon see your enemies brought down very low, or rather totally defeated; they cannot much longer delude the public, I think. I find the Printers have been very attentive to publish every scurrilous paper against your family and congress, and very seldom can be prevailed upon to print any thing on the other side. However, whilst I am in town, I will take care to have it altered. I shall stay till the last of April. We have no interesting news except what you must be informed of, that of the Enemy being possessed of Georgia. The South Carolinians are under great apprehensions and press for assistance.

—

March 26th, 1779. I mentioned to you, in one of my former letters, (for I have written by every Post,) that I had not got yours enclosing the Papers written against Deane, nor have they yet come to hand. However, he is very low in the



opinion of all here. I find it hardly possible to get any paper of consequence published here. The Printers have advertised they will not publish any controversial pieces but for a very high price. \* \* \*

I enclose you the Bill for the general diffusion of knowledge. They are just printed, and very few of our acts of last session are yet printed. \* \* \*

I imagine it will not be unpleasing to you to know that the famous case of *Taff vs. Yerby* is this day determined in favour of my client, and that I am to have £5000 for my trouble. Let Col. Frank know it; I am sure he will be pleased.

—  
*Williamsburg, April 8th, 1779.*

I am greatly afraid the *Convention* troops, being stationed in this Commonwealth, will be of dangerous consequence to the State. Our citizens want virtue; they are constantly inviting the Officers to their houses, a considerable distance from their Barracks, and they are treated with the utmost deference and respect. Nay, they are permitted to go to Petersburg and Richmond to races and Balls, Harvey has even given some of them a passport to go down to Hampton without the knowledge of the Executive, and Officers of the line and in the Artillery are suffered to go through the country making their observations. I was told by a gentleman since I came down last, that some of the officers who had a passport to go down for the Specie sent for the Troops, were very attentive in this town, viewing all the streets and parts of the town. This surely is very imprudent. I wish from my soul they were removed, for our people have full little virtue already, and I am sure keeping company with those officers will make them have less. Their Porter, their cheese, their wine and their Finery, which I understand they have plenty of, will compleatly destroy all the little virtue the James River people have left.\*

—  
Oct. 23d, 1779. I cannot yet procure a paper with Dr. Lee's Letter for you. Mr.

Page promises to bring one on Monday, when it shall be sent. This day, and not before, your appeal came to hand. I shall carry it to-morrow to the Attorney and consult with him about it, and if possible have it tried this Court. You judged right; the Enemies of your family are very fond of spreading the news of Dr. Lee's disgraceful dismissal by Congress. His defence will soon be out, and then I hope their mouths will be effectually stopcd.

—  
FROM SAMUEL WASHINGTON TO R. H. LEE.

*Harewood, Dec. 23d, 1776.*

Mr. Nourse who will deliver you this, is a worthy neighbour of mine, and who you will find worth making an acquaintance with; for, although an Englishman, you may be assured there is not a man in this country more attached to the American cause than himself. He brings a letter to Congress the purport of which is to acquaint your body that hearing of the unhappy situation of our Army, that the Militia (what can be spared of them) are disposed to give their assistance, provided it meets with the approbation of Congress, and they, during the time they stay in service, put on an equal footing with the Regulars as to pay, &c. The people in general are not able to equip themselves at this season of the year, therefore we shall expect some money—to be punctually accounted for—paid for this purpose. The time we think of engaging for is till the last of March. I think if a scheme of this sort was adopted for the Southern Colonies, it might answer two good purposes; the first that they would be infinitely serviceable on any emergency; the second, that they would serve to keep the Tory party in the middle Colonies in order.

—  
FROM COL. JOHN AUG. WASHINGTON TO R. H. LEE.

*Liberty Hall, 15th April, 1776.*

I am now to acknowledge yours by Post

\* Vastly civil, this,—in our brave Colonel.

of the 24th March, which contained a confirmation of what had been before rumoured about, that Boston was in our possession which I am very glad to hear, as at any rate the driving the British Army from a place, that they had been in possession of for nearly two years, and had rendered as strong as the nature of its situation would admit of, must necessarily give the powers of Europe an high opinion of our spirit, strength and military abilities. What these vanquished troops may do next I know not, but am apprehensive that they will throughout the colony, do every injury that they can, to all such towns and houses as are within reach of the cannon of their ships. As to their land forces, even if they are augmented to the full number that administration expect, I do not see, (provided America keeps firmly united) any great thing that they can do. All the injury, however, they can do they will, for instead of any prospect of accommodation such as America could or would consent to, it is plain to me that Great Britain would crush us to atoms if she were able, and if this is the case, I do not see what it is we should hesitate about. I own, I could wish to hear, that it was determined to set them at defiance, and declare for a free trade, which in all probability might engage the Powers of Europe to push for part of our trade; this might be productive of a quarrel, and furnish the British fleet with better employment than blocking up our harbours. I am really afraid that an entire stoppage of trade will be felt more severely than is generally imagined; and whilst there is no trade I apprehend we can sink none of the paper emitted. Query? Whether the credit of the paper may not be affected by it.  
\* \* \*

My house standing within point blank cannon shot of the shipping, I thought it advisable to remove my family and most valuable effects. We are now living in the house where Mr. Ballentine formerly kept store, just below Nourse's Ferry—(Baptized Liberty Hall.)

*Liberty Hall, 22d April, 1776.*

I had the pleasure to receive your letter of the 8th April enclosing a direction for the making of salt. You may rely on it that I will recommend the carrying it into execution as far as I can. That it is an article the want of which will be more severely felt, at least in many parts of this country, before any other, admits of no doubt. \* \* \*

You mention that you have opened the ports to all the world but enemies, but that you are apprehensive this will not do without our promising our aid to any such power as should get involved in a war with Great Britain from attempting to trade with us. I am clearly of opinion that unless we declare openly for Independency there is no chance for foreign aid; but if that and a solemn declaration that we would not trade at any rate with Great Britain for some certain time, would answer the end, in my poor opinion it would be better than engaging our aid in any other way, as that would seem like forming alliances and connections, which we should be better without, for then their trade might make it our interest, unless our circumstances absolutely required it.

All officers under the Crown are certainly uncommissioned, and that we can no longer do without some fixed form of government, is certain. That we have done as well as we have under our present no-form is astonishing I believe to every reflecting mind, and really not be accounted for but by Providence. I am happy in hearing from you, that we may expect a well digested form of Government to be sent to our next Convention; for true it is, that our convention stands in need of advice, at least in matters of such great importance, and I really fear that this will want more than the last.

—  
*Williamsburg, 11th May, 1776.*

The first day the house met, they determined to go into a committee of the whole to take under consideration the state of the Colony on Friday 10th, but the day preceding a matter came on, re-

lating to the removing out of Norfolk and Princess Ann Counties all the male negroes above 13, and also such white persons as were open enemies or neutrals, and all the stocks except a bare present subsistence for our friends in those counties. This business will employ the greater part of this day. I have no doubt but it will be carried for the removal, and it is necessary it should be finished and the proper orders given, before Generals Lee and Howe set off for North Carolina, where the service seems to call for them; having received a letter from the committee there that 8 transports had arrived with troops at Wilmington, supposed about 2000, and that the rest of the transports to the number of 40 in the whole might be expected shortly. The General has ordered one Battalion to Carolina, and the Convention has ordered upwards of 1000 minute men to hold themselves in readiness to receive the General's Orders if he should want them there. I hardly think that the grand question will come on before Tuesday next, as this day will be chiefly taken up with the Norfolk business, and on Monday the house is generally thin. When it does there will be much altercation, but I believe no danger but that we shall determine upon taking up Government, but whether they may be so explicit as I could wish in their Instructions to our Delegates I cannot determine, but hope there is no great danger.

—

*Williamsburg, 18th May, 1776.*

I have the pleasure to enclose you a resolve of our Convention upon the subject of taking up Government, and an instruction to our Delegates in Congress to declare the United Colonies free and independent States. It is not so full as some would have wished it, but I hope may answer the purpose. What gave me pleasure was, that the resolve was made by a very full house and without a dissenting voice. \* \* \*

Generals Lee and Howe left this place on Monday last for Carolina; no news of

them yet, nor have we any certainty what number of troops are arrived there.

A resolve passed some days past, for removing the Inhabitants of Princess Ann and Norfolk, both friends and Enemies, except such as are immediately under the protection of our troops. This has been since altered and now stands, that all Inimical persons, among whom neutrals are considered, and all male slaves of military age whether belonging to friends or Enemies, be removed. A committee is appointed to consider of the best methods, and point out the proper places for making salt, also they are to have under their consideration the proper plan for making Salt Petre and Gun Powder. I hope the great business of forming a well regulated Government will go on well, as *I think there will be no great difference of opinion among our best speakers, Henry, Mason, Mercer, Dandridge, Smith, and I am apt to think the President will concur with them in sentiment.* The Resolve with regard to Government, &c., was entirely his.

—

*Bushfield, 23d April, 1777.*

I am sorry to hear that our numbers are so few. The reports since the date of your letter say, that we are 10,000 strong and the roads lined with raw recruits. I wish I could credit the report, but must own till I see it under the hand of some friend that I know, I shall look on the report to be of a piece with most other common reports. It is also said here, that the Enemy were embarking in pretty large numbers, their destination not certainly known, but supposed for Chesapeake Bay, and that their landing would be on the Eastern Shore. We have five or six French trading vessels in Rappahannock; one of them carries 500 Hhds. Their cargoes so far are Salt, Rum, Sugar, and Molasses, (which indeed was the principal part) and were valuable. Their dry goods I think, are mean in quality and they have the art of selling high. The small pox is so dispersed through the different parts of this country, that it is unsafe for those who have not had it to go

abroad, or to see company at their own house, unless it is their neighbours. For this reason I think of sending my wife and children over to Maryland to be Inoculated;—Our Court not having adopted Inoculation.

—

*Bushfield, 26th May, 1778.*

On my return from Berkeley two days past, I had the pleasure to receive your favor of the 4th inst., for which you have my thanks, and I rejoice with you and all the friends of America in the happy change that must take place in our contest with Great Britain from the Alliance with France. I make no doubt but that it will be followed by Alliances with other Powers in Europe, who will I hope take us by the hand upon the same noble generous principles that France has done, and our Independence finally established. It is happy for us, as our Enemies are wicked, that they are at the same time very foolish. Did you ever meet with so much insolence and folly as is contained in Lord North's motion? Independence—strengthening their army, and conquering or to conciliate. Throughout he is strongly against Independence. It is evident from his own words, that he has no hopes of conquering. To conciliate then must be all that he could propose from his motion, and the step to promote this, was to vest the Commissioners with Powers to pardon, generally or specially, a people who had committed no offence and that he plainly owns he cannot conquer; and to appoint Governors by their authority to Independent States which must always remain so, it being confessed by himself that we are unconquerable. No doubt he proposes to create by the means of these artful and designing commissioners, dissensions amongst us, but surely he might have reflected, that they would not be permitted to land but at the nearest place to Congress, and would be escorted there by such a guard as would not suffer them to converse with any persons even on the road, and if their proposals were rejected by Congress, that they must return immediately on board

their ships, and if they landed after, they would be considered and treated as Enemies. So that I apprehend, they would have very little opportunity of poisoning the minds of the people. \* \* \*

General Lee set out from Mr. Nourse's in Berkeley, last Thursday fortnight for the Camp; but he was then unable to walk from a fit of the gout which he was getting the better of.

I have not heard particularly what our assembly are about; but it is said it will be a short session, unless Col. Mason, who is not yet got down, should carve out more business for them than they have yet thought of. The revision of the Laws, I hear, is to be postponed. I have heard that it is under contemplation, the raising some Cavalry and Infantry, but am uninformed as to the number or scheme.

—

*Mt. Clear, 20th June, 1778.*

Our Assembly has passed an act for raising 2000 Volunteers to serve till the first of January next. They have held out every encouragement, such as high bounty, clothing and an exemption from future drafts for 12 months after their discharge, to induce the people to engage in the service. This county had the appointment of a Captain and Ensign: Captain Chilton is appointed to the first, and Mr. Geo. Garner, Ensign. They are both good men, and as likely to engage Volunteers, as any that could have been appointed, but I do assure you, My Dear Friend, that there is a most uncommon backwardness towards the service among the people. Whether it proceeds from the fear of the Small Pox, and those other dangerous disorders they are told prevail in the Camp, or whether it is from disaffection to the cause, I cannot determine, but in all probability partly to all three. I know the danger of the Small Pox and camp fever is more alarming to many, than any danger they apprehend from the arms of the Enemy; and I fear we have amongst us some designing dangerous characters, who misrepresent to ignorant, uninformed people, the situation of our affairs and the nature of the contest,

making them believe that it was produced by the wantonness of the Gentlemen, and that the poor are very little, if any, interested. Either from advice or from bad principles in themselves, they certainly are conducting themselves in a very licentious manner.

—  
*Bushfield, 28th July, 1778.*

We are in high expectation of some good news from the north. The hurry the French Admiral seemed to be in from your last favor to me, induces a belief that he will attack the English fleet as soon as he comes up with them, and we hope with good effect. There is one circumstance that is a little alarming, the one published by order of Congress, that a British fleet stronger than the French was expected over. If they should arrive, it would be a fatal blow upon our friends the French. However, it will at any rate hurry them to the immediate execution of any enterprise they may think themselves capable of carrying through against the Enemies Fleet. I am apprehensive that the British fleet may be so drawn up as to be considerably aided by Batteries at New York and the Islands adjacent; however this is mere conjecture, for I am not acquainted with the situation, depth of water, &c. It is reported with us that the Continental Ar-

my are ordered to attack New York, and that the militia for fifty miles around are ordered to their aid. It would give me pleasure to hear where our army is, their supposed strength, and that of the Enemy. Now that our affairs seem drawing nigh to a happy conclusion, I am if possible more anxious than I ever was. Formerly I had many serious thoughts about the safety of our Army, now I am all impatience to hear of some decisive stroke, that may at once finish the great and important business we have been engaged in to our honour, and the happiness of a great country.

—  
RALEIGH COLSTON TO R. H. LEE.

*Cape François, Aug. 20th, 1781.*

It affords me real pleasure to be informed a few days ago, by a gentleman from Virginia, that you were again elected a member of Congress from that State. A post which your worst Enemies must acknowledge you most eminently qualified to fill. I rejoice most heartily at this additional proof of the discernment and confidence of your countrymen, not only as being sensible of your consequence, in the great National Council, but as it serves as a triumph over those who are envious of your abilities and unshaken fidelity.



## THE LILY A CONFIDANTE.

BY HENRY TIMROD.

Lily! lady of the garden!  
Let me press my lips to thine!—  
Love *must* tell its story, Lily,  
Listen thou to mine.

Two I choose to know the secret—  
*Thee*, and yonder wordless flute,—  
Dragons watch me, tender Lily,  
And thou must be mute.

There's a maiden, and her name is .....  
Hist! was that a roseleaf fell?—  
Look! the Rose is listening, Lily,  
And the Rose may tell.

Lily-browed, and Lily-hearted,  
She is very dear to me;  
Lovely? yes, if being lovely  
Is resembling thee.

Six to half a score of summers  
Make the sweetest of the "*teens*"—  
Not too young to guess, dear Lily,  
What a lover means.

Laughing girl, and thoughtful woman,  
I am puzzled how to woo;  
Shall I praise, or pique her, Lily?  
Tell me what to do.

"Silly lover, if thy Lily,  
Like her sister Lilies be,  
Thou must woo, if thou would'st wear her,  
With a simple plea.

"Love's the lover's only magic,  
Honest truth, the subtlest art,—  
Lips that feign, and love that flatters,  
Win no modest heart.

"Like the dew-drop in my bosom,  
Be thy guileless language, youth!  
Falsehood buyeth falsehood only,  
Truth must purchase truth.

"As thou talkest at the fireside,  
With the little children by;  
As thou prayest in the darkness,  
When thy God is nigh,



"With a speech as chaste and gentle,  
And such meanings as become  
Ear of child, or ear of angel,  
Speak or be thou dumb.

"Woo her thus, and she shall give thee,  
Of her heart the sinless whole,—  
All the girl within her bosom,  
And her woman's soul."

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## UNPUBLISHED MSS. FROM THE PORTFOLIOS OF THE MOST CELEBRATED AUTHORS.\*

BY MOTLEY WARE, ESQ.

### I.

JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

#### *His Withered Flowers.*

Hilf himmel! how, in gazing on this withered bunch of flowers, is the heart moved within me; as on hearing again the merrily-sounding cattle-bells of my youth, a voice comes to me, surging from the far-distant Alps of childhood! It is not a bunch of flowers alone I hold in my hand, but a whole infinity, a vast loud-echoing sea of thought, immeasurable and tender—not roses and pinks and jessamines only, but a beauteous panorama of fairest memories!

Ah heaven! how well I remember the morning and the scene when they were given into my unworthy hands by the bright-haired maiden who blushed at her own daring in softly presenting, with a gentle reluctance, her cheek to my salute! What Idyllic joys come rushing around me at the memories of that day, and all there met together. The butterflies and gay, circling birds, revelled upon their joyous wings in the All-Temple, which the Father gave to them as to

man: the grass was very green and soft; the echoes of sweet-sounding heart-words played around and filled the soft summer air. The vehicle, which, on fast-turning wheels, was to bear him who now writes away, stood near, and the horses pawed the ground, while flying words and kisses circled and swarmed that happy, sorrowful, parting hour!

These flowers were given then to him; they were so bright and beautiful, all covered with the sparkling dews, and no thorns grew upon them. They were given to him as a memory, he thought; and their fragrance seemed softly to invade and bathe the nostrils, and to penetrate into the heart, and to fill the very high-reaching air which dropped above him, and gently caressed his heart with its entrancing and soft splendour! He loved always young bright flowers so dearly! so dearly that, did not tyrannical custom forbid, he would ever go with such dear infants of the garden at his button-hole, so that his thoughts, in the vast, bellowing ocean of humanity might ever and anon sink like morning larks to their nests in the lowly grass, where the sun-rays of life would not dazzle and

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\* These papers, originally prepared by a constant contributor to this magazine for a publication which has ceased to exist, are now collected and arranged by him in one series as likely to afford some amusement to all who are familiar with the writers imitated.

confound him, while he looked on, and drank in the beauty of, these bright-hued garden and meadow children!

She who gave into his unworthy hands those beautiful, now withered, flowers, was one of those gentle stars which, rising and glimmering in the morning of existence, were ever present with the rest to him, and hanging far up in the azure heaven of memory, went with him, like the waters of his native river, wherever his life-stream flowed!

Thus, they are not dead flowers alone to him; but living, magical flowers, which conjure up, like the sights seen in childhood, now seen again, all the far, long, dead past. They lie there on his book-case next to the statues, among many memorials of the Idyllic hours of his tender boyhood—among drawings, gift-volumes, and book-marks, worked long ago in many-coloured silk, by fingers which now touch his with a sort of wonder at his face and voice, availing to bring back long-past, unmarried, girlish days, so deeply-buried now! The flowers lie there beside these recollections of the Past, and are a part of it. Some leaves have fallen; withered they long ago, and dried up, and fell crumbling down. He will not have them brushed away, however. Ah heaven, no! Although they lie there like dry leaves upon a tomb, burying with the dead the thick-scattered scenes and fancies of the former time, yet also they revive those times in brightness and fair joy! So let them lie—they shall not be removed.

No—no! as that cannot be brushed away which this flower-bunch here brings to me: the beautiful bright day and the faces which, while he flowed away with the merrily-running stream, still rose clear in his heart! For like a westward-moving star, that heart, “lifted above the ground with cheerful thoughts,” still hovered over them and will wherever they go!

*His Castle by the Sea.*

The merest little picture, nothing more!—and yet beloved and good reader, there is no line of the said picture which does not embrace some memory of a gay,

joyous time—ah, long ago!—when Hans Paul, and the heart of him, was moved with many gentle and fair dreams of happiness, which raised themselves from out that dream, then living, being acted all around him, in his heart!

The merest little picture—a pencil-drawing of an old ruin by the waters, and the ivy on it! Ah himmel! how his breast warms at thought of those merry, boyish days, when, winter though it were, Idyllic joys constantly alternated, and made beautiful all the snow-clad forest and the landscape, and the coldness of the frosty winter air!

Many were chased gaily into the soft, white snow, in the times of the happy things which here would fain relate themselves. It was happy to go and gather misletoe and other fruits of the beauteous All-Father, vouchsafed to the laughing winter time! It was happy to listen to the many gay ballads, many times sung, that music might delight the already full hearts of the joy-giving damsels and the youths who then sojourned together. It was very happy to play at the many merry games a-nights—most happy for those little hearts to feel themselves enslaved, for ever, then!

Ah, picture, what a gay-sounding, innocent child-revel hast thou brought back to me!—how echoes all the stillness of my midnight chamber with those Idyllic joys—alas! gone for ever now. Sad, much-loved picture!

—

II.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

*From “Still Later Day Pamphlets.”*

\* \* \* \* \*

We are in a bad way, my friends. The age is sick—well nigh sick unto death: already in mortal throes as of soon-coming dissolution, and inevitable annihilation: what Dryasdust calls extinction! Let us pause here a moment if such power be left us, and institute a few reflections as to what this vast diabolic confusion, as of Pandemonium let loose,

really signifies to the day and generation.

Nothing good. Alas! the days of good things and great earnest souls come no more back for ever. The Cromwells and Francias are dead and buried—gone, my friends—passed long ago to other, we trust better, existence. No hope of such now—else why come they not? In heaven's name, exists there no single abuse to be torn down and trampled upon by such souls? Is all this universe what it should be—or is the Pandemonium spoken of but now let loose upon us for our sins? That we want the *best man*—König called of old time—seems evident. That such König come to us, let us in the midst of despair, still pray and hope!

Sick is this England—named angel-land by sham-hating angels of the former ages—all going to wreck, and knowing nothing of its forlorn decay. Decay, not so much, my brethren, in material strength—what Hesperus Fiddlestring calls “revenues of government”—as in those greater strengths, sound human souls, earnest to do their proper work. Decaying, mark me, in greater things. All human Belief this many a year has gone to pieces in the vast loud-sounding storm-bellow of Inanity and Folly. Belief is dead. Earnestness, the offspring, dead also. Men's minds are full of chimeras—they know not what to hold to. The great Intelligences hide their eyes, sweep far away on sorrowful wings, leave phantom rulers to play out their sham-parts, vouchsafing no word of comfort to the pilot, doubling the cape of storms!

\* \* \* \* \*

Most sick of all is the vast mudpython called America. There can we discern naught but horrible inventions of the Enemy of Souls—called Sathanas—hated of all true souls. Our American cousins have long ceased to believe in aught it behooves all men to believe; given up are they long ago to their own devices—bound hand and foot by the Devil and his satellites. What Earnestness is discernible there? What great human soul has ever shone on that benighted continent? A certain sort of earnestness they

do possess—in digging ditches, building railways, binding the North and South together with their telegraphs: but what great earnest König has yet spoken or written there? Most sick are they—unsettled in brain, doubtful of the very ground beneath them! Of late, too, many things have tended still more to unsettle men's minds there:—they have their “Spiritual Rappings,” their “mediums,” moving of tables—not to mention the thousand other prodigies of children yet of tender years personating the highest-raised characters of the hero in Literature, our Shakespeare—a life-study to the Keans and stately Kembles, strong-headed men: now made a *play* of by miraculous babes!

\* \* \* \* \*

Most of all is the age unsettled there in America by their “Rappings” and “Spiritual philosophy,” and “mediums”—by the thousand inventions of the Soul-Enemy attacking the weak and doubtful on the weak side—certain of victory! “Rappings,” “mediums!”—what confusion, hell-born, redolent of the nether place, is here, my friends! Are we not all mad together, or has the earth gone, half of it, crazy: as the Scotch say, *daft*? Here is what seems to me a worse evil than platform peroration, even though Hesperus Fiddlestring be the orator! He runs them “distracted” on *small* things compared with this new philosophy which spreads insanity wherein life and death are at issue! Moving of tables, intermeddling of disembodied spirits in human matters—the devil incarnate with horns and tail, and welcomed!

My friends, I feel I am going mad:—lived I in the Western world some commodious well-regulated “asylum” would long since have received me!

\* \* \* \* \*

I return for a space to this “Spiritualism.” John Smith dead and gone, we think might be left at rest:—a good well-digesting clothes-horse in his time, not remarkable for earnestness of any sort beyond dinner earnestness, or caring for much beyond his night-cap and slippers: why should he now, when night-cap and

slippers avail him nothing, return to this world? A highly "respectable" man who kept his gig and flitted about for a time between chaos and old night: why should he return in a form debarred for ever from "respectability" and the use of "gigs" of any sort? One would think that incompetent Smith might lie in peace with his friends, the worms. Not so, says the new philosophers. Give us a "medium?"—say the *philosophes*, straightway shall you hear the former being, known here for a space as Smith, discourse of his whereabouts, and all the wonders of the other place!

Thus, my friends, is it plain that among our American cousins the enemy already wanders to and fro in the land—not seeking whom to devour, but devouring the many thousands who seek him to be devoured! Awful is the sight, full of wonderful speculations, is the chaotic madness, folly run crazy, of these men and women there across the water. The fiend has taken them under his protection—in due time will give his account of them.

\* \* \* \* \*

Thus are all minds unsettled—enfeebled. Men in this year of grace, for the most part believe in nothing. Science with her telegraphs and electric guns has aided—prescience has perfected the delusion! Mesmerism and clairvoyance of old had their time—licensed of Satan: to-day the Evil One has attacked defenceless humanity on the weaker side! Already he has destroyed many—those not dead are very sick. The age is sick—very sick, nigh unto death, with little hope of regaining health, my friends. Remote unknown is the great Soul waiting the appointed time!

—  
MR. M. A. TITMARSH.

*From "Jeames's Diary in America."*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY WORLD:

Travelink in the sweet of my onored master, Mr. M. A. Titmarsh, Esquire, I have vued with a kontemplative and fillosophic I, my dere sir, the length and

bredth of the kontinent of Haymerica; and now, when the long meditashun is over, and the tower ended, I have sit down to thro upon paper sum of my travelink impreshuns for your colems.

What struck us fust in Haymerica was the buty of the feemales—which was far more distangy (if I am a juge of such matters) in their General Baring than the most fascinatink and overwheiminkly butiful hangels of the West Hend of London. I must say I felt at fust a very grate kontempt for the assershuns of varus riters on Haymerica, that the feemale sex there wud equal in hellegance and hatractiveness the chauming dauters of our hellevated harystockracy; but travelink himproves a man, and affords an opportunity to correct those mistaken roshuns which are takn up by sta-at-homers. I now konfess, greasefully and hopenly, that the Haymerican women go ahead of us. I see on Broadway a milinery lady who is my umble hopinion was more distangy, more commy fo in manors and costoom and captiveeating hackomplishmense than ever Lady Harabella Haugustine Tufto (dauter of our friend General Tufto, K.C.B.) erself—and this is sayink much (she beink the son of buty in the Brittish metropoliss.)

Enough for the feemales—bless their arts, I ham halways hegstravagint when I tuch on the subjic; this is my agscuse for the length of my parrygraf—my only agscuse; the subjic incenseably dru me fourth.

I was much pleased with Brodway, though, of course, in my long and frequent travelink, I ave scene other prom-mynades more distangy, and hofferink greater hatracktions; for hinstance, the bullyvart Italian, and the Boddy Blone at Parry, and the Rigin street, London. I was dalited, however, with Birnum's mu-seem and the kuriosities there to be seen—the petrefid orse and other wurx of hatraction. I spose Birnum will be Prsidant 1 of these das: as he in fac dis-serves from his patriotic cervices to his kountrymen (and wimmen.) He's a goud man—and has my respectful feel-ink of hencuragement and happlause:—fur his maganimite in givink me a free

tickit to his museem (puffawmance in the evenink, no hadditional charge) he is hereby presented with my thanse, and my cinsere wishes for his futur well-doin, and kontinued success; I shall not soon forgit—or as my onored friend Bulwig igspresses hit “loose from grateful memory,” his onorable and libberal conduc to so umble a member of the British press, as myself.

It would be imposable for me to speke at length of the 1000 objics of virtue and hellegance I was regailed with in Nu Yauk; but must be hallowed to men-shun my visit to the newspapers. I observe the editurs generally are a most jovial set of fellers, and hevery way equal to the London redakters. I was an editur miself for a time, while my onored master Mr. Titmarsh was on his Easter tower—hediting, they sed, with grate hellegance, the Hathaneem:—that ighly respectubul diurnal weakly. I observe the suckilation went up to an henormus height when I rit the heady toryals which was a ighly gratifyink suckumstance to me; I ave not been regular headytur of any papr sense—but have been spoke of hoften as Redakter ong chafe of the *Times* of London (wich konfidentially speking is sadli in want of horiginal talent.) The hoffer has not been pubkly maid me; but in kase such is the hinten-shun of the propriyors, I hereby volingtarily hannounce that under no suckumstances can I assume that posishun; the “*Times*” does not reflek my centimense, and I ave hever dissaproved of its sneerink tone to Haymerica. I kould not kon-sighenshusly hassume the response ability.

To return to my travelink himpressions:—a wurd very much liked by my onored master’s friend, Msieu Dumah, who has rit lately, I perceive, his travelink himpressions in Californya:—a mos deliteful reliable book I have no uthly doubt. My own feelink in travelink is ruther to henjoy than hobserve, owever, and I have injoyed much in this deliteful kountry. In Washington I listened very hattentively to the stupendous busts of helloquence comink from the lipse of the honubble members, and mus sa they

are much superior to the ouse of com-mings. Mr. Drizyly is our honly bor-ator now, and yet a forgitful komunity takes the reign from his ands. The conduc of nashuns is truli wonduffle and filze me with hastonishment and konjec-tur as to what it is komink to finale.

I was much pleased with the coloured popilation, and find my Suthern frends much slandered, and the subjec of unjust oblique and reproche. They is happi, if I .can juge, and in Virginya and elsewher seems to live on the fat and korn cakes of the Land. Havink always konsidered the fust thing necessari to man, to be a shirt, a logink, and a supper—hor more filosophialy speking, material support—and findink this afforded the culured class, I was irresistubble driv to the konclusion that they could not komplain, igspecially as grate nos. of white cityzens havink no property was long kep from votink. In a word, I kon-cur on this subjee with my friends Proodon and Lewy Blank—to oom please turn, and igsamin.

But I ham ritink two much. I can honly sa that my visit to Haymerica has been one of the plezsantes times I ave ad. I ave ad my idears hexpanded, my feelinx changed, and himpressions—those lasting himpressions wich haffect the conduc always—produced on me and my hintellect.

Again pardon my astily ritten parry-graf, and believe me with

Grate regawd, your frend,

JEAMES D’ILLYPLOOSH.

POSCRIP:—I hobserve the spelink in this hepistle is at times deafective, wich plese hattribute to my aste and urry in preparink to leave your hosptable shoars. I do not think you will find many instances of this deafect; for my abit is to youniformly hobserve the rules of grammer and spellink. I do not happrove of those hauthors who, throwed on their genus, and biddink defiance to the cannons of kriterion and good tast, follow their hown idears, and hadopt that moad of hettymology most hagreeable to therself. I ham in my sentimense conservative, not reddikle.

P. POSCRIP:—My onored master, Mr.



Titmarsh, Esquire, is not responsible for the vices here took of Haymerica. They is invarubly hattributable, alone hattributable to your friend and servant,

JEAMES D'ILLYPLOOSH.

IV.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

*"Imaginations de ma vie."*

VILLERS-COTTERET, 21 Octobre.

Here I am at last, my dear friend, and I am determined to keep you advised of my movements, while I am seeking in a temporary rustication, some alleviation of the severe affliction which it has lately been my fortune, or rather ill-fortune, to endure—an alleviation which I feel I require, to support in future the burden of my life.

What was this affliction?

I will tell you.

For you live very much out of the world, and I really fear, are ignorant even of my—yes my—productions.

Thus it was then.

My series of volumes, of which the "Three Mousquetaires" was the first, were lately brought to an untimely end. Above all, I was compelled to kill my good and brave friend, Porthos—that generous and noble heart which had for six years accompanied me everywhere, dwelling as a living man in my memory and heart:—whom I loved, petted, cherished, yes fairly idolized!

For do not imagine that the creations of the intellect are not also creations of the heart!

In Porthos I had lived and breathed—he was my favorite creation!

I, who have written three hundred volumes and twenty-five plays: who have made a greater sensation in my time than many generals and statesmen: been fêted more than many princes: delighted the world with more great realities of the mind than any living or dead writer;—I, surfeited with fiction, with history, with the drama, with travelling impressions, with nursery books:—I lived again in

Porthos, tenderly parading him with his bold broad brow, his honest regard, his martial feather, and his clanging sword and spur, as one walks arm-in-arm with some great man whom one is proud to call his friend.

Porthos was dead, after so many scenes of glory and joy, leaving no equivalent behind him for the future—Porthos, who had so long been the chief of battles, whose name was a host in itself, whose rallying cry assembled around him all that was powerful and mighty: Porthos was dead!—he who had been so long a time my friend, my companion, my pride—I should never see him more!

And this is why the humble individual who now addresses you dates his letter from Villers-Cotterêt—that beautiful little village which lies like a jewel in the depths of its leafy forest, modulating its many murmurs to the bubbling of a crystal streamlet, and reposing quietly afar from the great world which whirls along so near it—at Paris, understand me.

Come hither with me in thought. It was here that I was born and bred.

Born and bred! Do you know what that means? It means that the happiest hours of my youth glided by in these golden vistas:—that youth, so like a frail and careless bark, which proudly dashes from its cutwater the foam of emerald seas. It means that my whole heart turns ever hither, in my misfortunes, in my success. It means that all again receive me with open arms, and that the very trees know me as of old!

Did not they bow towards each other as I passed, murmuring, "You know him then? tis he!"

Thus the trees, the grass, know me. The very flowers that sparkle in these much-loved fields sighed gently, "It is he!"—and the waves of the brooklet, flowing with a subdued murmur over rocks matted with saxifrages, murmured among the gleams of sunlight, "It is he! it is he!"

Thus it is a holiday of the heart for me, to visit Villers-Cotterêt—thus the moments I can steal away from my arduous and incessant labors are so many oases in the desert of my life—that life



which, like a waning forest-tree, is waked into joy no more in the yellowing fall, by the murmuring of imprisoned winds, by the fluttering pinions and gay carolling of birds!

My heart went forward to the place; my memories came flooding backwards from the past as I approached: those thousand memories knocked gently at the door of my poor heart! No, no! I can write no more now—nothing!

\* \* \* \* \*

22 Octobre.

What shall I write on this fair and beautiful day? Shall I dress myself in pompous phrases of poetry, and tell how blue the sky is, how white the floating clouds?

No, that is not, to-day, my task, nor my manner. That manner shall suit the subject on which I am engaged; my thought, different from my ordinary thought, shall have a new and unique setting; my style shall sparkle in a different moulding, as the diamond in its jet:—that diamond, be it pure or but paste, to which Time, the incorruptible lapidary, will affix its genuine value.

No, I will not describe—I will detail. And this is why I am about to narrate the triumph of yesterday week, and the adventures that followed it.

No sooner had I appeared in the streets than every one gathered round me: all who had known me of old, those kind, good friends!—and those younger, but equally true friends, who having dipped into the pages of the “*Mousquetaires*,” were naturally eager to be now introduced to the author.

So that my advance was a triumph: for along the stream with its bubbling waves, its mossy banks, its log bridge overgrown with creepers, they accompanied me:—the concourse, ever swelling like a torrent which gurgles in the hills in quiet, but, seeking the valley and the lowland, sweeps on with gathered waters. Thus was I met; and that torrent of well beloved faces encircled me with its welcomes, its gratulations, and its words of love and friendship, as the brawling wave bears up and supports upon its bosom the

bark of which it is proud—the bark which reflects on the waters the outline of itself, and throws into shadow the tallest and haughtiest waves.

This welcome was most dear to me: and to you, O friends! my heart would open itself, and say, “Come, take your rightful place in me—me whom the hurry and toil and triumph of life have left pure and unsullied—pure, because I throb again with delight at the sight of your much loved faces,—unsullied, because I value as of old the unbought homage of your love!”

But amid this concourse there arose, as the wild briar rises in spring, as the golden rod in the autumn, a form, a face which recalled to me, more vividly than all else, the joys and delights of that Elysian period called youth. The wild briar no more glads the heart, the golden rod no more towers above the fern, than Mocquet rose to me. He was the friend of my boyish days—the companion of my spring existence, the unforgotten instructor who had turned my youthful steps, and directed my youthful eyes towards the happiness and delight of the happiest and most delightful of all arts—the art of revery. Figure to yourself a tall form, scathed by snow and wind, a huge, rugged arm, a sun-browned face, a stooping shoulder: and add to these the long rifle, managed as the city dandy manages his whalebone cane, and Mocquet is before you.

He spoke, and exchanged a friendly grasp of the hand: then the long rows of trees whispered above me, alive with winds and birds—sensations, thoughts, the perfume of youth and pleasure was wrapped around me like a golden cloud, and ere I knew it the crowd, with Mocquet in their midst, had passed away, and all around me in the quiet garden of my youth, the roses murmured, “It is he!—it is he!”

\* \* \* \* \*

24 Octobre.

When I penned the last sentence of my last letter, my dear friend, a thousand feelings overcame me: for the joy, the

bliss, the perfume of boyhood and delight, subdued my thought.

That is why I did not then proceed to relate to you the hunting Idyl, which I alone have invented, inasmuch as Theocritus never spoke of such.

On yesterday week I penned the following letter:

"To MOCQUET —

"Your friend has returned to you—that is to say, to boyhood, to carelessness, to delight. He has brought with him the heart of bygone days—that is to say, the heart which once hung upon your accents, placed implicit faith in all your words, yielded in all things to your golden teachings. What that heart now asks is to return once more to the past: for which reason, look for me to-morrow morning, armed with my gun and fishing rod. *Au revoir.*"

Behold me now, mounted on a beautiful white mule, with a black saddle studded with brass nails, housings of red cloth, and silver stirrups, whose pleasant jingle enlivened the agreeable road along which I took my way. Panurge, as my friend has named his mule, from his great admiration of Master François Rabelais, was a celebrated racer—a racer, you comprehend, though a mule! and these accoutrements were his gala day bravery.

Often had I seen Panurge, with his long, mottled ears, similar to the hare's, his small, slender legs, similar to the deer's, and his sleek, white coat, as soft and glossy as velvet, moving like a fantastic spirit on the crowded course, gambolling like a kitten, leaping like a playful spaniel, and distancing without effort all competitors!

And this was why Panurge, on this occasion, was proud and restive: he knew—that wicked Panurge!—that his friend of old days bestrode him; and this was why he shook, as with internal laughter, at sight of my fowling piece and long fishing rod, and at my exhortations to him to remember who was mounted on his back.

We came thus to the abode of Mocquet—Mocquet the huntsman—Mocquet the

philosopher and *savant*. Let me describe this unique dwelling briefly.

(*Suite proch. num.*)

—

V.

MOTLEY WARE.

*Author of "Pen and Ink Sketches."*

DAY-DREAMS.

Great men, fond of epigram, have often confounded literal philosophers by the assertion that nothing is impossible—to the determined spirit, nothing wholly desperate, unachievable. The maxim is not so extravagant as the mathematical philosophers have declared—that race of mud frogs who, if we can believe the late Mr. Poe, hold as one of their cardinal points of faith that  $x$  plus  $y$  is unequivocally, naturally, and under all circumstances, equal to  $z$ . I do not hold with them that the epigram is merely an epigram where truth is sacrificed to sound; but still there are many exceptions to its universal truth. Thus I am convinced that one cannot day-dream in town; that this is a veritable impossibility—an impossibility of the true blood, the *sangre azula*, the unmistakable breed! There are many pleasures, it is true, in town existence not to be despised. One keeps up with the world more easily there: the great world, which ever flows on, gladdening the eye with its bright ripples and most musical diapason—its mysterious music, discoursing of the past and coming years—its thunder-surges gilded by the sunlight of the noon-tide and the dawn. Then you live *faster* in town—get more out of life, so to speak—feel the heart beat more strongly and rapidly, pressed as it is to the great throbbing, engine-like bosom of humanity. All this is true; but still there are very serious drawbacks to a town existence. You cannot think there as you can in the quiet woods; above all, you cannot dream. There are no day-dreams for the poor city dweller. To enter that fair, smiling domain of the imagination, which the author of the "Reveries" has explored so successfully—or rather, as I should prefer to say, the domain of *memory*—it is abso-

lutely necessary to go deep into the country.

So, leaving behind me every thought of business, I have come here into the bright autumn woods to dream; and, if I write at all, to let my idle pen trace, if it please, the most ridiculous fancies—what the *world* would call ridiculous, be it well understood! To-night, seated idly before the smouldering logs, which simmer and crackle, and send wandering sparks up the broad chimney, I experience a calm pleasure, returning as I do to the fair Past. I dream with blank eyes, and wistful smiles, and fingers on my closed lids, and am scarcely conscious of that which happens round me.

—Dear, dear form! I am like a boy again, for that fair presence comes to bless me! Most fond eyes! you smile so tenderly upon me! small, soft hands, your magical pressure is so real round my neck! I almost feel the bright curls rub against my brow caressingly, and the warm cheek laid on my bosom! She was not a woman—only a girl, as I was but a boy, and we simply loved each other; but very fondly—so fondly that the memory of those happy times now soothes and softens me. Everything connected with them is transformed too, and assumes a value not its own, separate from the association. I cannot hear the little songs she sung—how the child-like voice sings in my memory still! but the very sunlight of the dear smile, and subdued grace of the tender lips, come to me again plainly; and the perfume of locust blossoms, and of a thousand flowers combined with those scenes and her I loved, flood my heart with delicious, tranquil, smiling happiness.

The other day I found in an old pocket—what do you imagine? a kiss-verse! a kiss-verse received from her in the old time; and it made me dream long. I recalled distinctly the occasion on which I had received it, before she had given her heart to me to keep: how she had struggled for it, and pretended not to wish me to have it, and at last abandoned in despair—well acted—the attempt to force it from my grasp. How I dreamed over

that little scrap of paper! for her small hand touched it—dear little hand!

How beautiful she was! bright, bright face! what end to the desire of so dear a head! Her hair was chestnut, eyes brown—but clear as stars! and her whole expression quiet and subdued, if deeply joyful—a joy which displayed itself often in low, unconscious, and, ah, what musical laughter! She was twilight incarnate, or rather, a clear, balmy night. Had I sought for some appropriate music to address to her, I should have chosen that lovely serenade of Donizetti, commencing,

“O summer night,  
So softly bright!”

—words and music well adapted to convey the poor faint idea they avail to, of the dear form. You must have heard more than once that delightful melody floating on the airs of night beneath some fair lady's lattice, flooding the trees, and grassy lawn, and the soft evening, dying in the west, with its wild, syren-isle-like magic. If such be the fact, then you may be able partially to comprehend my meaning when I say that the mere presence of the cherished heart I write of infused into my very soul a calm delight such as a poor mortal might experience if some angel passed by him in his sleep, playing a divine harmony on a heavenly harp, and fanning him with the blessed airs from his long snowy wings.

Dear, dear memory! not all the ills that flesh is heir to shall ever tear you from my heart; your mission is to soften me, and fill my mind, tossed feverishly on the world-ocean, with mild pleasure. Like something pure and soft and quiet—but very merry and light-hearted—that little laughing moonbeam, dearer to me than all glittering sunbeams which have sought to dazzle me, shines on me now!

Here in the quiet autumn night, with the cheerful light of the gay wood fire upon me, all the hidden crypts of memory are illuminated, and the little figure shines so brightly! Dear eyes, bright cheeks, sweet lips!—how can I see them in the fettering town? I cannot. But

here in the quiet country the dream is almost a reality; I almost feel the head upon my shoulder!

ON AN AUTUMN EVENING.

Pinewood fronts towards the south, and those who know it well, as I do, say that all is southern there and full of sunny warmth—hearts, faces, eyes! Year after year the great breezes go over it musically, telling rhythmic tales of distant lands, and all the passing years delight to dower it, and its happy faces, with a gorgeous wealth of golden sunsets—fading in the west, and dying sorrowfully. you would say, at being thus obliged to shine no more upon the bright domain, the dulcet fields, and shadowy forest nooks, and velvet lawn of Pinewood, loved so long, dwelt on with so much unalloyed delight in other years. That I love it and its faces is scarcely strange: the very idea of it floods my heart with pleasure; because the days passed there, most happy days, with no shadow anywhere upon them! come back to me, and all the beautiful Past, like a delicious perfume of youth and innocence and love, embraces me, and leads me, looking kindly in my face, to those other long-gone days—the happy days of childhood!

Observe how my poor style breaks into awkward metaphor, but half-expressed, and anything but *illustrative*, as all metaphors should be, of the meaning. But thought which is genuine ever thus leaves itself half expressed; and

“If the sense is hard  
To alien ears, I did not speak to these.”

Those alien ears are dreadful critics! I meant to say that here at Pinewood, the past time rises incarnate for me like one of those bright stars which lit my youth—like a fair maiden with long, glossy curls, and sparkling, laughing eyes, and rose-red parted lips, most soft and tender; and little hands that clasp my own, and lead me back from the bright present to the brighter days of old. The little hand has a giant's power over me; the tender, laughing eyes, and small face turned up to my own, are irresistible. The lips

utter words which sink into my heart. Those lips say clearly, in low, childlike tones, “Come back with us where we were so happy, leaving for a time your struggling with the world! Don't be *busy* all the time! Indeed, it is not good for you! Be idle some, and live with us again as you used to! We were so happy here in the old homestead; and you know this was only one of the places where we were very happy—me and you—in the dear old times. You were in love then, you know! You needn't laugh, and say ‘pshaw!’ and turn away. I do believe you are blushing! Poor Pen! But don't blush: don't be ashamed of it, or of her! You will not be ashamed of *me*, now, will you? It is not disagreeable for you to feel my hand in yours, is it? or to feel my eyes fixed on yours, and to know I am at your side? Tender Pen! I didn't think you would be ashamed of me, or her, or anything that happened at old Pinewood, or in other places where we two, Pen—you and me—were very happy in the nice old times!”

“Ashamed?” Could you dream it? “Disagreeable!” How imagine such a thing! Your voice is far too tender, your little hand too soft, your parted lips too lovely, beautiful, long-cherished spirit of the Past, for me to turn from you. Turn from you! Rather to you—rather run to you, with open arms, and eager eyes, and happy, laughing lips, to clasp once more in the fond arms, to the true breast, the little, laughing maiden who thus—taking to herself the semblance of my buried love—beguiles me so completely from the present time to leap with me, joined in one close embrace, into the sunlit waters, clear and fresh, which never more, I feared, would cool my fevered life. Never, no never! while this poor “machine is to him” what it is!

This is what the past time says to me at Pinewood. And not alone it comes! Alone never, but surrounded with a thousand country sounds, and lights, and objects, which by deathless association are a part of it. Last night I heard the negroes singing at their gay “corn-shucking;” and as the rude African refrain came floating from the distant barn, my

whole country boyhood came to me again; and, like a magical harmony, that rough strain raised up again all that long-buried youth, the memory of which is now so dear to me. Nothing, it is true, could be ruder.

“John came down the hollow!”

was the chorus, I believe; but what was unmistakable was the well known intonation, which the negroes never change from generation to generation. In fact, nothing could be more like what it was in my childhood: no stage tradition of the manner in which King Richard started from his dream in Shakspeare’s time, and so still rigidly preserved, could be more perfectly despotic than the African habitudes of singing. There it was, as in the old days, as full of weird, uncouth harmony as ever—never to be blotted out, as that cannot be which it brought to me so plainly while I listened. Another sound came to me but a moment since—the tinkle of the bells of cattle; the cattle slowly wending homewards, just as they did when Gray, stretched in the churchyard, listened to their lowings, here in the golden autumn sunset. Beautiful, uncouth songs! rich music of the simple and monotonous bells! magical autumn sunset! All to me bring back the past time, now so dimly seen, but rising ever and anon like a great sunlight mountain in the rear—a glory and a joy!

Well, well! let the great sunset flood the trees for me, and slowly waning surge away in crimson waves across the forests! What cannot merge away are all those happy days at Pinewood here, at dear old Sunnyslope, and farther still at Redbud, where my boyhood, like a roseate dream, went onward, and waned slowly, swallowed in the sea of years. Bright Past! O gracious and serene image, blessing me with tender looks, you, you, are all my own! The midnight twilight lies now on the world, and the chirp of birds mingles with the rustling leaves that shade the sunset from these idle lines. You cannot, Past time, leave like the rich light—for you are all my own, my own for ever!

#### TEMPORIS ACTI VOCES.

In my last idle letter written in the red beautiful autumn evening, I told you what the spirit of the Past said to me—that tender and fair “maiden with long glossy curls; and sparkling, laughing eyes; and rose-red, parting lips, most soft and tender; and little hands that clasp my own, and lead me back from the bright present to the brighter days of old.” To-night by the good log fire, while stillness holds her throne in the dim-lighted room, methinks, like Hamlet, I see “in my mind’s eye” that little spirit once again! even that I feel the tender arms around my neck, and the low child-voice whisper in my ear—words of remonstrance, but also of deep love and comfort. Listen:

“Come, come, old Pen!” the still lips whisper, and a musical low laughter, like a magical undertone, accompanies the words, “come, come! let us talk a little, please, as we were wont before you grew to be a ‘business man,’ and began to feel some scorn for me—poor little me! It was not well to feel that scorn towards me, Pen; for you know I am small and weak and very quiet, covered with the leaves fallen on me, like another babe in the woods, and borne down with the great weight of years. But on reflection I acquit you of that charge, and do not believe you ever scorned me, only forgot me, worried by so many things to think of. Then my two enemies,—for even I have enemies,—the Present and the Future, were powerful attractions; and what wonder you should listen to them? Well, listen still; but do not let them win your heart from me—your little friend, who tried her best to make you happy in her humble way, and even now, I see plainly by your smiling, does not sue in vain for a few tender thoughts. Love me, Pen—you will not regret it: for I love you very much, indeed I do, and weep and laugh with you in all your sorrows and delights. Come! let me rest my hand upon your brow and talk to you. We’ve known each other long, and friends may speak without reserve. I have watched you, dear Pen, and seen



you when you little thought of me, in all the days of your worldly pilgrimage. I have been with you in court, when those cruel men seemed to take pleasure in worrying and annoying you, until you learned to oppose them with their own weapons; and when your bow and spear had been triumphant and made captives, I have looked on your flushed brow unseen by you. But ah! poor Pen, in that loud hurly-burly of so many 'learned friends,' your opponents always the 'learned' ones! I have felt inexpressible pain to find you had forgotten me. True, I am not worthy, many persons would say, to hold your heart, in preference to those stern delights of conflict and glad triumph; but no! *you* would not say so, nor indeed think it. Look at me, Pen: am I not fairer than those stern companions, Battle and Victory? Do you find the same love light in their eyes? Do they not give to you hard, mailed hands, because you force them to extend those hands, and do I not in place of such give you soft, loving hands that clasp your own joyfully, with deepest fondness and affection? Have you found in those angry brows and hostile eyes anything quite as soft as mine? Never, poor Pen! and I have found you turn to me ever for relief, as a rude soldier rests his head on some fond loving bosom, there to slumber peacefully, forgetting all the alarms of war, the shouting, the 'eloquent bursts,' and triumphs! Never have you quite forgotten me; a blessing on you for it!

"And I have peeped over your shoulder, Pen, when you have traced those sketches which filled up pleasantly so many idle hours, in which you placed your heart so often on the page. I like those sketches very much, especially where, abandoning all thought of 'shining,' you allowed your pen to interpret in its own way, without any art or premeditation, the vagaries of thought. For you are not 'strong,' poor Pen, or 'brilliant.' I never felt it necessary to flatter you by saying that to you. No word of yours will ever shape the destinies of the world, or any part in it, I fear. Still there was another kind of merit in your

idle lines, the merit of sincerity, and earnestness, and true expression—all trick thrown to the winds—of real feelings! You remember when you wrote about the poor poet in his garret;—very idle pages, full of 'childishness,' and unworthy of the attention of stern men for a single moment! Still those pages pleased me, and I now value them far more than those other doings of your pen, which kind friends of yours have praised and thought so well of. And do you know why I value them? Because they are the pure offspring of your brighter hours, when the garish world, with all its bustle and turmoil, and hard reality, passed from you, and putting aside with gentle hands the messengers of profit and ambition, and success in life, you came with glad feet to see me in my bright domain of sun and shadow-land! You came! and with you airy forms of little children with bright eyes and tender lips, in whose soft smiles you found such solace for your weary spirit and heart. Always love children, Pen! and strive to be like them. It is only shallow souls who do not see in them the primal light of heaven,—something of its great purity, and joy, and beauty. Grow like them, Pen! a greater than myself has told you it will be well for you—best of all for you!

And not alone in your bright days have I been near you, cheering you, and holding up your drooping head—in those dark days, too, now a quiet recollection for you, shrined in your heart of hearts, to make you purer, and give power to you, to keep yourself unspotted from the trials and temptations of the world. Let me not now remind you of those days that wore away like dreadful dreams, leaving the sweat of agony, the dews of delirium almost on your brow. They came and went, the visitation of beneficent Providence, which does all things for the best. Do not pass often into that dark land of shadows, for the heart bears only a certain weight: but still do not lose from memory the lesson!

"Ah! tender Pen! how many happy days full of the great sunlight, and of hope and joy, have we two seen together,



to balance those hours of agony. Dwell rather on those days with quiet joy; days when with all your faults you were very dearly loved, grand consolation in the great surging tempests of this life! and cherished by noble hearts, full of true greatness and sincerity and eminent truth. Be thankful for those days and the love of those fond hearts, which I your little friend gave to you, as a never-fading joy to you, a treasure which all the world cannot wrest from your heart! Shakspeare—one of my greatest friends, for see this beautiful diamond circlet on my brow! he bound it there for ever!—Shakspeare has told you how the bloody boar of Gloucester exclaimed on that last night when I tormented him with dreams:

‘I shall despair.—There is no creature loves me,  
And if I die no soul will pity me!’

So live that when you come to die, there may be many hearts to love you, many to pity you. Be a true gentleman in all things, Pen, if your poor heart will not permit you to be what is grander still, a Christian, a gentleman in all things! not a thing made up of shreds, and patches, talking always of its ‘blood,’ and ‘family,’ and what its ancestors have done for it, as if that blood, and ancestry, and family gave it the right to rest in supine sloth, and turn to vice by a prescriptive right. No! rather be simply true and honest, with a gentle spirit in your bosom, ‘Tis not to scorn the noble-hearted men and women of your lineage, to strive to rise up to their level, and to honour them, and show their ghosts that hover over you in the viewless realms of space, that you are not unworthy of them.

“And now, Pen,” the low cheerful voice goes on with clear silvery laughter full of hope and joy, “now that I rise to leave you, taking away from your brow the hand laid on it, and my own from your shoulder, and my hair that has fallen about them, from your cheeks and eyes; now that I go to give comfort to so many other hearts, whose friend I am

as I am yours, a last word about the Present and the Future—serfs of mine who labour for me still, like gay streams that, passing through so many summer landscapes, fall into the waiting sea. Do not let the bright billows of the Present sing for you a mere idle song; but strive to catch the mysterious meaning of their undertone, and wresting from them their rich secret, shrine it in your heart. The golden year is ever with you. Do not sigh:

‘But we grow old, ah! when shall all men’s good  
Be each man’s rule, and universal Peace  
Lie like a shaft of light across the land,  
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea  
Through all the circle of the golden year:’

but rather in place of spending fruitless hours in sighing thus, believe

‘That unto him who works, and feels he works,  
This same grand year is ever at the door!’

So shape the bright Present, that the Future digging it up may find a priceless image to take pattern by; and then when I in turn inherit that Future and this Present, I shall take them to my bosom, without fear of thorns, as you may!

“Farewell: the autumn dies for you and all, carrying another year away to winter-land, where the North winds will blow the dry leaves together for his bed, wherein he’ll die! Do not regret him; do not sigh wearily because all those bright forms and faces faded for you into heavy mist; because those tender words and looks have flown away like birds whose brilliant plumage wanes as they take the sky with outstretched wings, and perish, swallowed up by the far-reaching azure. Those looks and words were very dear to you, and shall not wholly die; the birds so flying off, and ‘fluting their wild carol,’ shall return, or at least I will bring them back to you, and you shall gaze into their eyes and smoothe their plumes, and so caressing them, find a new beauty in them, not seen there before. The long taper wings of angels, ruffling their brilliant plumage,

shall scarce be more fair ! And so with blessings, Pen, I go from you—but your friend always to the end of time !”

It faded out, the little tender music, and silence held her throne again in the dim-lighted room.

A FAREWELL.

Well, so these happy days at Pinewood have passed onward ; fair faces, graceful forms—but not more graceful than the forms of old!—have given their bright attraction to the time ; and all those scenes, the pleasant walks, the autumn trees, the sunny mornings, now belong to the little laughing one who last night whispered in my ear such hopeful words—the little laughing spirit of the Past ! I do not complain that to-morrow I again sail forth into the sea of active life, where all is struggling ; where we must strike such good honest blows upon each other’s crests ; where the strongest takes the prize. It is but just ; and happy is that man who in his life-battle meets only with such open foes. What true man would complain of having such, or of the necessity of joining in that battle ? Friend, do not repine, or shrink from your plain duty. Life is not an idle, sweet do-nothing—a *dolce far niente*, as in fairy-land—but a real, earnest thing, which you must take your part in, and fall, or go on triumphant in your course in ! The *segreto par esser felice*, is not to be on banks of violets and dream away the hours given you to be improved by the all-wise Providence which watches over all. No ! were this world a fairy-land of roses, and gay sunlight and perfume, instead of the “ God’s fact,” which it is, that might be so : but it is far other, friend ! It is a place to struggle in, a theatre for duty, an arena upon which the true earnest man enters, armed and ready for the conflict, that hand-to-hand, mortal conflict, which no one need flatter himself he can or should avoid : the conflict against inimical forces, stubborn breasts, against falsehood and all the doers of injustice, against

“ The oppressor’s wrong, the proud man’s contumely,

The insolence of office, and the spurns

That patient merit of the unworthy takes !”

Those unworthy are the dominant numbers ; the true men are not in the majority ; rather do the untrue, false, and foul, well in the world. Against them, let us go forth in arms, and without mercy put the poniard underneath their gorgéts, till the red blood spouts forth, and the obscene carcass lies a jest for men and gods ; let us battle with them *à l’outrance*, and so overcome them, or fall before them ! This is our duty, brother, not to dream in the calm autumn always, however proper it may be to come and gather new strength here in the quiet sunsets.

“ I hold it good, good things should pass,” and I do not complain that I am now about to go from the pleasant faces and dear scenes which have so often made me happy—those of Pinewood. Let the rich sunset stream away, heaving aloft its golden-canvassed ships and flocks of birds to the bright, undiscovered land beyond ; let the fair mornings strew their frost jewels on the grass, and gild the laughing streams ; let the far-echoing gun and baying hound and merry huntsman’s bugle, fill the crimson woods with jubilant sound ; I do not repine at that. I have drunk the delicious draught of autumn to the bottom, and now can gaze without regret upon the red clusters of bright grapes carved in the goblet’s side without regret : without wishing that the cup were once more filled for me with the rich wine of pleasure. The sweet song of *Violet* is very lovely, but very bad philosophy. Why should the soul be filled with

“ Tears from the depth of some divine despair,

In gazing on the happy autumn fields,

And thinking of the days that are no more !”

Those days are gone : they shall come back no more for ever, and though I do not quarrel with day-dreaming over them—how could I consistently ?—still I deny that any one has the right, unless indeed those days were very sorrowful, to weep over them. No friend ! this is not true philosophy. Forget your days of anguish, but dwell as long and as serenely as you may upon the joyous days. Each in its place : business and pleasure : active life

and dreaming:—that is the last word which the unworthy writer, over whose vagaries you, no doubt, have laughed, says to you!

The day dies slowly, and the whole fair Virginia landscape slowly veils itself. The sunsets of my Blue-Ridge-dominated land have made me love them all, and never one comes to me, but is a pure pleasure. I have seen them bounding like a red-striped tiger over the blue mountains, or slowly sink like a great monarch's blood-dyed banner through the upright spears of ta-

pering pine trees, in the mountain and the lowland; both are beautiful to me. They speak to me of happy days passed long ago, of evening sounds, the cattle-bells, and cries of wild geese flying South, and boys and maidens coming home with laughter: this is what sunset talks to me about everywhere. Beautiful colours, magical sounds!

The reality and the memory are enough: I can go back now happy and content. And so, dear Pinewood, I am gone from you!

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## THE THREE GRAVES.

BY R. STOCKETT MATHEWS.

There's a little, green grave on the churchyard's far slope—

A sad little grave, on the side of the hill—

Where an exquisite form, of beatified HOPE,

Seems instinct with life that is holy and still—

The morn's blushing quiet—and eventide's close,

With sunshine, and shadow, and dewy repose,

Bathe the consecrate turf with a beauty serene—

As though angels were waiting there—sleeping unseen.

There's a grave close at hand, but no symbol of woe

On its flower-crowned bosom appealingly lies—

Where TRUTH—mute in prayer—gleameth warm with the glow

Of the light that is shut from the earth by the skies—

And fresh IMMORTELLS, in their saints' robes of white—

And low-trailing LILIES—sweet “plants of the light—”

Seem prophecies Spring's showery pity hath given,

Of love that blooms pure and perennial in Heaven.

Another! ah! weep where the broken shaft tells—

Of manhood gone down in its chivalrous pride—

Did his fate miss the music of tender FAREWELLS?

Did he fall with no ministering help by his side?

How genial the thought that has wrought on the base

Of the vine-enwreathed column sweet CHARITY'S face.

As she ponders the record of deeds nobly done,

While her hands weave the laurels those actions have won.

Three graves lie abreast—in the eve's golden haze,

And groups of pale flowers watch over their rest—

No legends lament the brief flow of their days—

They sleep in the city whose silence is blest!

Lo! CHARITY'S veil lies unfurled at her feet,

FAITH points where the BRIDE and the BRIDEGROOM shall meet—

While HOPE—on the little green grave seems to say

That the child's dream of life has grown luminous day.

BALTIMORE, Sept., 1858.

## GI DEADWOOD; OR PARTIAL.

*An Original, Muscular, Pedantic Novel.*

[THE RIGHT OF TRANSLATION IS RESERVED.]

## PREFACE.

Let's be honest for once. The writer of this work can afford to tell the truth. It is this: One writes novels now-a-days as one orders his gloves—by the dozen, and as a matter of course. The mental labour is trifling. One must not fail; therefore one must be odd, and that's easy enough. You have before you all the elements of fact and fiction; combine them in some new way—the thing is done; you are a successful author, and all the more so for being slightly *incog*. *Par exemple*, a compound of algebra and love, with a little Sanscrit, would be sure to take. In a treatise which my amanuensis is now engaged upon, entitled “Novels, and the Polite Art of Novel-ing,” this idea is elaborated.

The forthcoming work was constructed thus: *Imprimis*—I collected a couple of dozen of unusual anecdotes, chiefly French. My purpose was to have intermixed these with the plot, and so much of classical knowledge as I could remember or obtain out of some two or three classical lexicons and dictionaries of quotations.

A word about plot. Plot is a humbug, or if not, it is well for you to contend that it is, because the reverse has for some decades past been universally believed. My plot is a mere tray of wicker-work, the interstices of which are not large enough to see through; but the tray serves to display the fancy ware of my various learning.

Another word about language. Language in a novel should be a little peculiar. All foreign languages inserted here and there do very well; but even your English had best be a little *outrè*. A moment's reflection will show you that a horse can be called a quadruped, and Bukephalus (you see I spell it with a “k”) will be suggested to you. Extend this moment of reflection to two moments,

and you will be enabled to express the most ordinary fact in very striking language indeed.

In conclusion, let me say that I lost the paper containing my couple of dozen of anecdotes, and have been dining too freely of late to express myself very unusually. My novel is therefore defective and partial. Otherwise it is very fine.

*Numero 45 bis, Rue de la Chaussée  
D'Antin, 10th October, 1858.*

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## CHAPTER I.

The Heroic Age was built exclusively upon muscle; so also the Age of Chivalry; and muscle will continue to tell through all coming time. Anatomists have not dissected the brain as carefully as have the poets, and more particularly the novelists. Every hero has a muscular mind as well as a muscular body, but still regards his body as peculiarly himself. He is not conceited because he can solve the most abstract problems of science of whatsoever sort, but if he can knock a bull down with his naked fist, he feels proud. Napoleon, in the presence of Murat, lifted 2,400 kilogrammes of snuff with the muscles of his ear, and thought more of the feat than he did of the bridge at Lodi.

At boarding-school we learn the Greek alphabet and how to play shinny; we also obtain vague notions about horse-flesh; a boarding-school is therefore a good point of departure for a novel. Neither Homer nor Hafiz ever went to boarding-school; hence they were not prepared to write popular novels, suitable for Misses and largish boys.

Dotheboys Hall, in Yorkshire, was the most celebrated boarding-school in all Connecticut. But, apart from the interest that attaches to it in consequence of this novel, it was not remarkable, except as the temporary residence of a fellow of the name of Dickens—a milksop, who

knew nothing about boxing. I am told he has written many books, but as none of them contain a Greek quotation, I have cut them.

I arrived at Dotheboys in an afternoon of the tawny Autumn. Feeling very badly about the stomach, I went out to see the boys play shinny, and there I found Gi Deadwood. A sublimer mass of youthful muscle mine eyes never beheld. Imagine the head of Antinous affixed to the body of Tom Hyer—you have a vigorous, beautiful and exact conception of my hero.

He was just turned of sixteen, stood six feet two in his socks, (they were of the finest quality,) measured forty-nine inches in the clear around the chest, and weighed one hundred and ninety-two pounds nett. His genius was no less terrible than his strength; indeed his brain, particularly the cerebellum and the cortical portion of the left lobe of the cerebrum, was all muscle. The Admirable Crichton and Abelard, both combined, were the merest circumstance to him. He took all the prizes in the school with weary reluctance, and fourteen of the best boys in the establishment were considered scarcely a match for him in any game. His wind was remarkably superior, as was his fondness for Greek, and his aptitude for the great game of Ten-Pins. Julius Cæsar and Alkibiades (mark the "k") ought to have known him. He was every inch a gentleman, else I should never have mentioned him.

Profoundly sick at the stomach I gazed at the game of shinny. Presently some of the boys gathered around me, as the Argive priests were wont to gather round a new sacrifice. Amongst the number was a stout brute, whose nick-name was Fatty Clack. He made fun of me. Up comes Gi Deadwood, and, learning my name, asked if I were related to the C'Astors of Pollux Place. Being answered in the affirmative, he said to Fatty Clack, in tone that Pericles would have envied, "let him alone."

The undaunted brute persisted in jeering me. Gi said not a word, but his manly and mighty jaw protruded in wrath as he caught Fatty Clack by the seat of

his breeches and threw him over a fence, breaking both of his legs. Deadwood regarded the writhing wretch a moment with a Jove-like sneer, and, muttering the single word *κωω*, walked away as if nothing had happened. So Sathan strode athwart the burning marl of Hell. From that hour I was safe in school, and became Gi's devoted boot-lick, Boswell and historian.

*En passant*, I must not forget to say something about myself. My name is already before you—C'Astor. My business in this world has been obsequiously to follow Deadwood; to worship him, and to chronicle his life, much of the more Hellenic and Equestrian portions of which I am sadly compelled to omit. For Gi was a consummate jockey, and ran horses from Long Island to Metairie. Also, he played Ten-Pins, as I have stated; but of this more hereafter.

## CHAPTER II.

Gi and myself went to Princeton to college. Here he became more muscular and more thoughtful, reading Euripides continually, and abstaining from society, lest his great strength should excite the envy of some Southern student, and compel him to kill him with a flip of the forefinger to keep from being shot or stabbed.

"*La jeunesse est le temps des illusions*," but Deadwood avoided the sex as the Spartans avoided honesty. He kept a pair of \$500 trotters, and a saddle horse, named Thersites, because of his viciousness. We shall hear of this *ιτρος* again. He also perfected himself in Ten-Pins. Here I may as well tell his prowess in this respect.

From the age of eighteen to the day of his death he never failed to make a Ten-Strike, except when he played for a certain number, no more and no less. By Hephaestus! he was a supreme artist in Ten-Pins. How divine this game is! Was it known to the Athenians? I have not time to consult Anthon or Lempriere.

His great strength compelled him to use the largest balls, even when playing



"Cocked-Hat." "Ponies" he disdained. "Twisters" he rarely indulged in; but sent his ball with the force of a catapult, and the certainty of an arrow from R. Hood's bow, straight to the left quarter of the Centre-Pin, and *never* left any dead wood on the alley. This was the beauty and glory of his game; had he left even a Pin, I verily believe his mighty heart would have burst with shame. There is perhaps a line in Iphigenia, in Tauris, which would fit in here as a conclusion to these remarks about Ten-Pins, but I cannot recall it.

Towards the close of his senior year, Gi, by way of amusement, threw a fair share of the muscular force of his intellect into the subject of politics. The conclusion was such as might have been expected of one who intuitively knew more than Machiavelli, Grotius, Puffendorf, Azuni, and De Rayneval combined. He pursued the study during an entire week, and on the Saturday night embodied his conclusions in an article which shook the Republic, precipitated the Mexican war, and gave rise to the Republican party. It is not generally known, but it is susceptible of indisputable proof, that Mr. Seward's policy has been guided exclusively by the tenets laid down in this remarkable article. Deadwood washed his hands of politics, and never alluded to what he had done. He cared for horses, not for the tinkling cymbals of popular applause.

By a singular coincidence, we were graduated at the same time. The night after commencement, the students got into a terrible shindy with the rowdies of Jugtown. I unfortunately happened to be there, and was on the point of being beaten to death, when suddenly a giant's hand caught me by the nap of the neck and tossed me ten feet high upon top of a neighbouring wagon of hay. Deadwood did it; who else, but the slave of Delilah, could have done it? Immediately a ring was formed. Gi and the flower of the rowdy flock—a fellow I think of the name of Poole—were to decide the battle. As from my eminence I gazed upon the combatants, I thought of the *αναξάνδρον* Agamemnon and some

beefy Trojan whose name is not important.

I have said that Deadwood was a gentleman. Coeur de Lion did not disdain to give the miller blow for blow with the fist, but Gi would not soil his hands. Taught by a Gaul, named Mons. Charles, to box with his feet, he kicked Poole senseless in two seconds. A roar of exultation, like the *πολυφλοισβοιο θαλασσης*, ascended to the star-bossed concave of the great shield of Night from the mouths of the students, and the next day we left college.

### CHAPTER III.

Deadwood lived not far from Northampton, in Massachusetts, upon a magnificent estate of 216 acres, 6 rods, and 4 perches. The place was known as Pelides Tower—was enriched with a stately mansion, a copy in miniature of the Temple of Wingless Victory, and contained in its ample park a small fallow deer, an ancient eagle, and a hyena. Mrs. Deadwood, Gi's mother, inhabited the mansion. She was a middle-aged lady, rather Juno-like in aspect, and must have been beautifully muscular in youth. She passed her time in reading Sôphocles and the Greek Testament, with Bornemann's annotations, and in knitting socks of coarse green yarn for the poor.

Speaking of knitting, I have often thought what a treat it would be to the Hellenic women, of the time of Solon and Lycurgus, to witness some of our modern Yankee improvements in this regard. I would cheerfully give \$87,000 if I could take Penelope through the establishment of Lawrence, Stone & Co. *Mehercle!* how the old lady would open her fine ancient classic optics, and exclaim in the best Greek, with perhaps a somewhat nasal twang, "*προσφιλής μου!* I wish Mr. Ulysses this could see." But alas! this ideal Investigating Committee is as impracticable as that of the late Congress was useless.

Gi inhabited a wing of Pelides Tower, the rooms of which were filled with



ancient arms and armor, a few weapons of the Turks, Moors, Javanese, and Sikhs, and an enormous duck-gun he had made for himself at Birmingham, a gun of such weight that few men could lift it. During the first week after our arrival, Gi amused himself by capping verses out of Homer with his mother, and by smoking the strongest possible tobacco out of a pipe but little smaller than the principal crater of Popocatepetl. By the way, did it ever strike you, *ma chère* reader, that the towering intellectual eminence of the citizens of Athens was mainly attributable to the fact that they never used tobacco in any form? I have not consulted Aristotle on this point, but I am convinced that he would confirm the opinion which I am happy to share with that considerable physician, Dr. Dixon, of the "*Scalpel*."

During the second week, Gi commenced, and did not stop until he had finished a Ten-Pin Alley, 800 feet long. It was modelled after the Cecropian edifice of Erechtheus, and the alley proper was made of planished steel, furnished by Messrs. Bogardus & Hoppin, of N. Y. The balls, those for his own use weighing 196 lbs. 6 oz. each, were cast in the renowned foundry of the Emperor of Russia, at Tobolsk—were of solid Siberian malachite, and encased with fac-similes of the awful friezes of the Parthenon. Gi had some fine bowling, and would have remained happy but for the arrival of certain guests. The gates of the Temple of Janus were thrown open, never to be closed again.

#### CHAPTER IV.

These guests were Gi's uncle, Mr. Draymanne and his daughter Isbille, an old college friend of the name of Woodsterre, and a young lady, Miss Ceilinga Bolybub. A word just here, to the youthful scribbler, about names. There is great danger in names. A writer is but too apt to betray his origin by the selection of vulgar names, as for example: Tom Jones, Dombey, Twist, *et id omne genus*. Bul-

wer is a good guide in this matter. All his decent people have fancy names. To avoid mistakes, therefore, consult him and the books of the Peerage. Never make use of the City Directories.

Draymanne was a remarkable man. What Staunton, Morphy, Loewenthal, Paulsen and Harwitz are to Chess; what Draco was to Laws; Louis Quatorze to Etiquette; Brummel and D'Orsay to Dress, and Milo to the lifting and carrying of Bulls, Draymanne was to Twenty-deck Poker. He was, beyond all comparison, the best player in the world. The muscles of his mouth, and indeed of his whole face, like those of the arms of the fanatical Fakeers of Travancore, were dead, or rather they were trained to die at his command and to resume life after the game was over. In addition to the terrible advantage which this singular faculty gave him, he had learned to detect, with unerring precision, his opponent's hand, by the manner in which his (the opponent's) eye-lashes arranged themselves under the excitement of concealed emotion. Hence he could not be beaten by anybody. I could tell a startling anecdote of his performance one night on a Mississippi steamboat, while playing his favorite game with the notorious Andrew Jackson. But I haven't the time.

His daughter, Isbille, was a pretty little thing—one of those gentle women who remind one of quail early in the season. I leave it to the physiologists to explain how such a daughter could be the progeny of such a father. Genteel novelists cannot stoop so low.

Woodsterre was beautifully French—a Parisian soul lodged in a Connecticut body, but *blasé* up to the very hub. It was easy to see that he fancied Isbille; it was not hard to see that, *cæteris paribus*, she *must* prefer such a man as Woodsterre to any other specimen of the *genus homo*. But more anon.

Miss Ceilinga Bolybub was a superb bit of woman flesh as ever wore a bonnet or mounted a side-saddle. Such eyes! like the rolling *Ægean* on a star-lit night. Such hair, such skin, such points everywhere! blooded to the fetlock! She had

muscle and mettle worthy of Gi himself. She alone could roll with him the Parthenonic balls of malachite adown the gleaming surface of the Erechthean Ten-Pin Alley.

Readers whose mental vision needs the assistance of the Brazilian Pebble Spectacles, will anticipate my story by imagining a *grand passion* as immediately following the introduction of Deadwood to the Bolybub. *Pas de tout*. Gi certainly was struck with her splendid parts. But he regarded her from the Equine point of view, as a worthy match to his fierce steed, Thersites, and would, no doubt, have gloried in driving them tandem "on a shell." And he was too familiar with the Theogonics of Hesiod and the Blind Bard not to remember that *les grandes dames* of Olympus were too Xantippean for serious mortal uses. Not Hera, not Parthene, but Hebe, the gentle; and Dia, the chaste, were to his taste—except for flirtation.

So Pelides Tower was full and gay. Gi hired a horse-racer and faro-banker of the name of Ten Broeck, to superintend the stables and play Draw Bluff with his uncle. Woodsterre and Isbille whiled away the passion-flowered hours in the orangery or on the lawn, toying with the spotted doe. The Bolybub he took to himself, rode with her, played Ten-Pins with her, shot tom-tits and worried the hyena with her, leaving me to the tender mercies of old Mrs. Deadwood, who (I must do her the justice to say it) proved so attractive a woman that I should inevitably have become Gi's father-in-law, if it had not been for an unfortunate difference of opinion between the venerable dame and myself about Greek Particles, and the proper method of narrowing the heels of stockings.

Thus the Summer hours flew away like smoke from a 20 cent cigar, or like the ships that bore Hannibal and Hanno from Carthage. All was *pax nobiscum*. But Hell opened its ponderous and infernal jaws one evening about 16 minutes past 5 o'clock, according to my repeater, (a present from old Mrs. D.,) and the Devil came riding up, on horseback, in

the shape of a Scotchman of the name of Puce.

Puce was engaged to Isbille Draymanne! Puce was one of those groveling creatures called merchants, and I candidly believe did not know Alpha from Omega. But he had been a merchant to good purpose. From infancy he intuitively understood "*los mandamientos de los Teatinos*," and by devoting himself to the sale of his national herring and the bleaching of linen, never for a moment forgetting the sum and substance of the Theatine Decalogue, viz: "*Todo para mi, y nada para vos*," he had at the age of fifty amassed some \$100,000 or so. Yet he was an ill-favoured beast.

In youth, we like fast and fiery horses. In middle age, we prefer a serviceable animal, one, nevertheless, that requires the curb. In the decline of life, we are content with snaffles, and a gentle, easy-going thing. So with respect to matrimony: and hence the desire of Puce for the ambling, tender-mouthed, little Isbille. Draymanne *pere* overlooked the discrepancy of age. I suspect the true secret of the affiancing was this: Puce was the best Twenty-Deck Poker player Draymanne had ever met. What an invaluable son-in-law!

Woodsterre gave way to the successful one; he even treated him politely. His words were as the honey of Hymettus, but under all their sweetness lurked venom—the asp in Cleopatra's flower-basket. Isbille, indeed, looked wild, but had not will enough of her own to fly the track. The Bolybub raged. She planned a way to break Puce's neck in a steeple chace. But the plot failed. Thersites stumbled with Gi and came near hurting him. Then, it is believed, the Bolybub, who was a promising Acolyte of the Free Love Church, took Puce out of his bed one midnight and tried to drown him in a fish-barrel which was set under a spout at an angle of Pelides Tower to catch the rain-water. The facts were never known. Puce was certainly found near the barrel in a state of asphyxia and very wet. He said he was a somnambulist. But this was coming it too strong. There were nods among the

servants. Pruce's man, McFriday, looked solemn. Everybody else kept dark, particularly the maternal Deadwood. Gi said nothing, smoked horribly, gave Thersites *bhang* to drink, and when he (the horse) was thoroughly intoxicated, mounted him, and, taking the Bolybub, nothing loath, behind him, rode like a whirlwind straight to the top of Mt. Holyoke, and stayed there till dark.

## CHAPTER V.

Matters were progressing so hand-gallop, and even faster, with Gi and the luscious Bolybub, that I, at last, began to fear *scan mag*. Hate, not like Jonah's Gourd, but like some more sluggish vegetable, the Ground-nut for example, or the Baobab, was slowly growing up between Woodsterre and Pruce. Other things and folks were pretty much *in statu quo*. I packed my sole-leather trunk, with the bolting-cloth cover, and made my *congé*.

Deadwood's Fate, it seemed, was but waiting for me to leave. Forty-eight hours after my departure, Woodsterre eloped with Isbille. The truants wrote back to *pater familias* Draymanne, and he forgave them. Not so Pruce. He opened not his lips, but went his way with the cold poison of revenge coiling fast around his rocky heart. Even so a malarious fog from the Campagne entwines itself about the Seven-hilled City of the Wolf-Suckling. He and his man, McFriday, disappeared from Bridgeport, Conn., and it was supposed they had gone to Frazer's river.

Several months afterwards, being low in funds, I returned to Pelides Tower. There I found the Fate mentioned above. It was in the shape which all mundane wielders of the scissors wear, that of a young woman. Ficklea Whiskundone was a lovely *puella*, some score of years in age, intensely pious and haughty. The Bolybub was at Saratoga; the Whiskundone was the *affiancé* of Deadwood. But the Whiskundone, lovely as she was, lacked muscles. Those of her body were flaccid, those of her mind, though high-

strung, were attenuated, something like the E string of a Stradivarius. In a tilt with so well-developed a specimen as the Bolybub, especially for such a prize as the Deadwood, I saw at once which way the thumbs of the audience would go. Certainly not for the Whiskundone.

Events soon proved that I had not consulted the prophetic entrails of those little birds of conjecture, which will obtrude themselves into the minds of everybody who sees an engaged couple.

Gi and his Ficklea went to New York. About the same time, the Bolybub returned from Saratoga. Woe! Woe! But the horses of the Chariot of the Sun cannot be stopped; neither can the evil coursers which drag the victim of self-indulgence to his Doom be stayed. Gi, whose iron and enormous gastric apparatus had always demanded and sustained torrents of all sorts of Fire-water, happened to dine at Delmonico's with a Member of Congress from Arkansas. Gi got tight. Not ungenteelly tight; that was impossible. The M. C., from Arkansas, went whistling up Broadway, cool as the ramrod of his own revolver, (Colt's).

Smitten with judicial madness, Gi took his Ficklea that night to a Fancy Ball at Mrs. Potiphar McFlimsey's, on, of course, the Fifth Avenue. The Bolybub was there in all the maddening exuberance of her super-Aphroditean charms. The Lamia met her prey. I saw Gi's powerful eye rise under the swift wings of Lust and Wine, as the Prince of Darkness rose out of the Pit when Sin had unlatched the Jarring Door! He made some excuse to Ficklea, left her in my charge, and was gone.

Ficklea was pious, and I had a corn on my toe. We did not dance. An hour passed—to me a weary hour, for I wanted some Truffles and a little Rhenish.

Heated, we went into the garden, where that ancient Nun, the Moon, smiled down piteous rebukes upon human frivolity, and where the Night-Wind blew a cooling tune into our aching ears. We had reached a green tub in which was planted a tree sacred to Apollo, and one worthy of the grove at Daphne, when, suddenly,

Ficklea gave a low but heart-rending scream.

She had detected Gi in the act of kissing the Bolybub! The poor thing, too weak of muscle to withstand the shock, sank under it. The next day she met Gi. The engagement was broken off; she forgave him and took to the regular *phthisis pulmonalis*, or consumption. And Gi, great and muscular as he was, sank too. He fled to foreign parts, and I after him, and abandoning himself to drink, became a Devil Incarnate. Adamantine as his constitution was, it could not withstand that Hercules of stimulants, Holland Gin.

In the mountains not far from Timbuctoo, we met Woodsterre and his lovely bride. The presence of his fair cousin and his college mate seemed to soothe Gi, who was evidently sinking under Gin and a most cancerous Remorse. But, one evening, we missed Woodsterre. Midnight came, and he returned not. In the morning we found him lying on his back at the foot of a cliff, and his entire brains lying on one side of his head. No fall could have produced such a result. Foul murder had been done. Clue to the murderer there was none. Why paint the agony of his stricken and youthful wife?

## CHAPTER VI.

I doubt if the Swift-Footed One, when he sat sullen and dumb in his tent, mourned the loss of his Briseis half so much as Gi sympathized with his bereaved kinswoman. Like Vidocq, he sought out the clue; like a sleuth-hound, he followed up the scent. It led him to New York. In a mock-auction store in Chatham street he caught sight of McFriday, and stealing behind him, left him not until in a den of the Five Points he found the murderer, Puce.

Puce acknowledged the crime. He had tracked his rival, step by step, as he went on his bridal tour. Not until he reached the mountains near Timbuctoo, did a suitable opportunity for consummating

his revenge occur. Meeting Woodsterre out at night, he at once grappled with him. In their deadly wrestle, both fell over the cliff, and reached the ground unharmed, Puce on top. Desirous of killing the young man without leaving the mark of knife or pistol, or the print of fingers on his throat, he felt about until he found a blow-pipe which a German geological student had accidentally left at the foot of the cliff, and inserting this into the left ear, he blew his entire brains out of the right ear.

Gi's purpose was to have delivered the murderer into the hands of justice, but excited beyond all self-control by the recital of the horrid particulars of the deed, he burst forth with so thundering an oath of execration that Puce died instantly of the concussion. McFriday went raving mad. And Gi took to harder drink than ever.

Ficklea Whiskundone was not yet dead of consumption. Like a withered *fleur de lys* she lay in bed. She sent for Gi, and they had a most affecting and protracted interview in her bed-chamber. Poor fellow! it but served to fix the Undying Worm in his Conscience. He returned to the desolate Tower of Pelides. His learned, good, stocking-knitting mother, had for some time ceased to wander on the banks of the Styx, had paid her *obolus* of ferry money, and had been safely landed by Charon in the Elysian Fields, (not those of Hoboken). Utterly wretched, he took to hard riding as well as hard drinking. One day, in attempting to jump the cars as they came down from Brattleboro', (Thersites had frequently performed the feat, taking the train in his stride,) the horse stumbled, was knocked down with a broken neck, and, falling on his rider, dislocated his backbone, thereby paralyzing the lower part of his body forever!

Gi was borne to his chamber in time to hear of the release from pain of her whom he had so cruelly wronged. Many weeks he lay upon his back, enduring the tortures of the damned, without a murmur. A change came over his fierce spirit. He repented of the deeds done in the body, sought peace and found it.

Knowing that Death was at hand, he sent for Howlril, the brother of the ill-starred Ficklea, and sought his forgiveness. Howlril was of the Castilian hue and temper. He came, cursed Deadwood, and spat in his face!

That mighty hollow muscle, the heart of the Paralytic, collapsed with a passion of such awful force that each turgid blood-vessel stood out like the gnarled roots of a century-old oak. But he turned the other cheek. With one hand he caught the wretch who had spat upon him; with the other he wrenched in twain the iron post of his bed. Then he spoke calmly, entreatingly:

"You see how easily I could slay you. But I only ask, once more, your forgiveness. Will you not give it me?"

And he released him. The little fiend sneered at him, and went forth the room without opening his lips.

Gi closed his eyes.

"God be merciful to him and to me."

They were his last words.

He lies buried not far from the Alley he loved so well. His vast Balls of Enchased Malachite lie with him there. Thither, when the bleak Autumn is in its bitterest mood, repairs, at midnight, the proudest Beauty of the Republic, the

wife of the wealthiest merchant in the *lignum-vitæ* trade in the City of Business Palaces, frantically to weep and violently to hurl down the costliest exotics on his grave.

That Beauty is the wretched Bolybub!

### L'ENVOY.

In the body of this work I have neglected to deliver many oracular opinions, Sibylline leaves, as it were, on the topics of the day. I forgot to detail my Hero's exploits in the Montezuman Land and in the Crimea. I particularly regret not having given his ideas regarding Fortification and Military Strategy, and my own views of Religion and Turnips. But, having inaugurated the Hippo-Hellenic, Graeco-Tenpinnic, Muscular-Pedantic style of Novel, and having an engagement to dine this evening at sharp 8, at the *Trois Freres Provençaux*, with my friend Malakoff, formerly Pellissier, I suppose I may as well lay down the pen, (Bagley's gold, with platinum point.)  
*Vale omnes! sed non semper.*

THE END.

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### SONNET.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

Between the sunken Sun, and the new Moon,  
I stood in fields through which a clear brook ran  
With scarce perceptible motion, not a span  
Of its smooth surface trembled to the tune  
Of sunset zephyrs; "O! delicious boon!"  
I cried, "of quiet!—wise is Nature's plan,  
Who, in her realm as in the soul of man  
Alternates storm with calm, and the loud Noon  
With dewy Evening's soft and sacred lull:  
Happy the Heart that keeps its twilight hour,  
Which—in the depths of perfect peace reclined,  
Loves to commune with thoughts of tender power,  
Thoughts that ascend—like Angels beautiful—  
A shining Jacob's ladder of the mind."



## THE BROKEN GERANIUM.

A REMINISCENCE OF VIRGINIA.

We had a flower-garden—my friend Leonora and myself, and it was very beautiful; I cannot tell you how beautiful. We had the loveliest roses, the sweetest geraniums, the most captivating verbenas—heart's-ease, cape jessamine, fuschias, heliotropes—in short, whatever was lovely, sweet and pure; in such a glorious profusion that their luxuriant blooms were woven together with all the cunning of Arachne's fabled web. Leonora's mother had assigned us the plot on account of its peculiarly favourable position for the growth and highest development of plants, sloping northward and westward, cut off, perhaps, too much from the morning sun by the rear wall of the old mansion, but yet when watered by silver dews and gentle rains, and kindled into fecundity by the warm breath of the air and the golden sunlight, a garden of whose blooms a king might have been proud; yea, and a queen also, if, at the hazard of shaming her jewels, she had dared venture there.

This garden was, in verity, our Paradise. We visited it in the morning, at noon, and in the pale twilight, cherishing the frail, restraining the too luxurious, and in dry seasons carrying fresh water from the wells to moisten the parched lips of the sweet sufferers. Leonora had a peculiarly happy gift with flowers: I believe it was born with her, for surely no instruction could give that felicitous touch and intuitive sense of what each flower needed, which were characteristic of her ministries. She made her leaf-cups wherein she bore away the noxious insects that annoyed the flowers—bore them away in love, too kind in heart ruthlessly to kill any creature that God has made—with delicate fingers she trailed the festooning vines up the lattice or upon the wall, and, as an angel-warder over holy children, kept watch and ward, as far as possible, against any adverse contingencies, or melancholy casualties.

Oh! sweet to my mind is the memory

of that garden. Sweet are the recollections of the delightful talks we had over it, discussions of its state, misfortunes, (for it had such now and then, as we shall see) and prospects; wondering much if the roses would ever bloom; if the verbenas would spread too much and overshadow the more modest flowers; if the seeds sown in names would come up properly, and forming a hundred other like conjectures. What splendid bouquets Leonora gathered from those circular beds! And oh! with what adroitness she used to weave them of flowers and leaves, until they stood completed a perfect realization of her own bright, beautiful fancies: artistic creations of her own soul!

Among all our flowers there was one which deserved to be called, "our favourite." It was a rose-geranium, which a sweet, invalid girl had given me, to be kept as a memorial of her when the flowers of her youth should know her beauty and excellence no longer. When her white fingers placed it in my hands one beautiful morning, it was small; but under Leonora's kind care it soon flourished apace, and cheered us with its beauty and sweetness. Ere the first frost fell on the leaves and meadows, she took it from its bed and transferred it to a sheltered niche in the large library, where all winter long ministered to and guarded by her watchful love, it spread its leaves wider and higher, until they rested their soft cheeks against the smooth window-panes. When spring came again and the crocus unfolded its sweetness and the snow-drop and the violet gleamed in the woods and gardens, she planted it again in its summer clime where the heart's ease might comfort and the regal rose encourage, all through the hours of dejection that come alike upon flowers and mortals in the circles of life.

Ah! an hour was coming when none of its kindred could comfort—when neither wind, nor sun, nor dew, nor even



Leonora's love could avail anything for the life of our pet rose-geranium.

Early in the morning we discovered it, but alas! too late, lying upon the bed where so long it had flourished in beauty, a broken fragment, dissevered at the ground. There were no traces of the ravager visible—no foot-prints, nor finger-marks—the other flowers were all inviolate—but our pet was forever destroyed.

It was a gift from Alice Gray, and she was daily drawing nearer to the unseen world. It was a bitter disappointment to us both—a disappointment which no one can appreciate in its fulness unless they, too, have received a gift from a dear friend just on the grave's verge, and watched it with a long year's care and love, only to hold it in their hands—dead.

It was dead. Dead! there is something terrible in that word even when applied to a flower. Dead! Ask the bleeding heart by the grave of that word! Ask the gay child with its hoop and song; the Preacher in his surplice, the bride at the altar! Dead! the sound is the most terrible of all knells.

The word was ringing in my heart and brain when a messenger came bearing a note, snowy-white, but sealed with black, from the mother of her who gave me the geranium. *Sweet Alice was dead.*

"At what hour did she die?" I asked of the messenger. "Last night, just before morning," was his reply.

"Is it not strange," I said afterward to Leonora, "that in the same night, perhaps in the same hour, the geranium was broken?"

"Who can tell," she answered me, "the connection between her spirit and that flower? The Soul is a mystery, and all beauty is one." We cannot conjecture how our flower was destroyed, whether gently or violently. It may be its unknown principle of life departed as sweetly as the soul of Alice Gray."

"How did she die?" I asked.

In the quiet night, just before dawn, they say, she was lying white as marble on her couch, not asleep, but with closed lids as though dreaming or wrapped in pleasant reverie. They thought her bet-

ter, and the physician held out hopes of a temporary recovery. The lamp burned low in a distant corner of the room, and the nurse sat alone, shading her eyes with her hands, half-tempted to sleep. Without all was still: the holy calmness of a mid-summer night when the moon is full. Suddenly the pale dreamer arose upright on her couch.

"Did you not hear it, Jane?"

The half-slumbering nurse sprang up in alarm. "Hear what, darling?"

"A church-bell tolling. I heard it plainly. Listen! I hear it again!"

The terrified woman peered in the direction indicated by the girl.

"Do you not hear it now?" And she caught her by the arm and drew her close to herself.

"There it sounds, slowly, solemnly, I can count each stroke. It is tolling for a funeral."

Then she said in a subdued voice, as though addressing her own inner spirit, "Can it be for me?"

She sank down upon her couch. Her head drooped low between her white, sculpturesque arms, now emaciated by disease; her golden hair covered them with a cloud of glory. She spoke calmly in a sweet, low voice:

"You can sit down now, Jane. If I need you again, I will call."

Alas! she never did call. In the sweet morning, when the robin came to her window to sing his song, came her friends to ask how she passed the night. She had indeed passed the night, and passed the glory of ineffable day, and bathed her pure soul in the radiance of another world. They found her placid in death—a sweet, calm smile upon her lovely face—the lids closed gently over her eyes, and her head still encircled by her white arms, covered with the glory of her golden hair.

Two days after, when the warm earth held in her bosom the beautiful tabernacle wherein dwelt the far more beautiful soul of Alice Gray, I, being comparatively a stranger in the lovely green valley of Old Virginia, asked of Leonora a simple narrative of the history of the young girl whose death we still deplored;

not suspecting for one moment the humble, yet painful drama in which she, in her physical weakness and woman's mightiness, bore the prominent part.

This is the unobtrusive history of that true heart as I received it from the eloquent lips of Leonora. And I would for your sake, oh, my reader, that those same lips might send it glowing to your heart, that you might know how the humble life of a wronged girl is revenged in the full soul, and thrilling words of one of her own sex.

Alice Gray was an only child. From childhood, having no playmates at home, her constant companion was a Henry Browne, whose father, a man of wealth and influence, dwelt in the large old house, whose tall chimneys are visible from the front windows of Mr. Gray's mansion. There are no other houses to be seen for miles; and from the line where their lands meet, far away in every direction, run their large, fertile fields. "A fine stroke of policy it would be," said Mr. Browne to himself one day, "if my only child, Henry, could win Alice Gray; for then you perceive"—with a hearty rub of the hands—"all these far-stretching acres would belong to the house of Browne."

Truly, circumstances favoured greatly Mr. Browne's darling plan. Alice without a playmate, found one suited to her age and taste in the boy, Henry, and besides, both, according to a wise plan of his father's, studied under the same teachers. Uniformity of pursuit, and their segregated state, alone were sufficient to bind them closely in friendship, and moreover, there was in the two that contrast of taste and disposition which always in children, especially where there is an opposition of sex, acts as an attraction to make hearts cohere. Together in the spring they hunted the earliest wild flowers in the woods: in summer wove garlands under the trees, or watched the little fledglings fluttering in the nests, or essaying flight from the boughs: in autumn strolled over the hills or through the woods to gather the large chesnuts whose burrs the yesternight frost opened, or stood hand in

hand, gazing at the mist-veiled mountains or listening to the merry songs of the huskers at work in the fields. And in winter they sat by the blazing log-fire and told each other fairy tales and tasked their weak imaginations in a cheerful rivalry.

Thus their childhoods passed, and unconsciously they loved each other. By no words had it been said, but each took it for granted; just as the little brother may not say a word concerning his love to his little toddling sister, and yet all the time love her with a love deeper than death. There was need of a revelation to show them that they loved, and moreover that their love surpassed the simple affection which often passes under that name; and that revelation came.

One cold morning in early winter, when a slight crust of ice was on the ground, word was brought to Alice that Henry Browne, by the fall of his horse on the ice, had shattered his arm, and received other injuries of a deeply serious nature. Mr. and Mrs. Gray had just before driven to the neighbouring town on business, and there was no one to prevent Alice from executing her resolution to walk over to Mr. Browne's and ascertain for herself the nature and extent of her friend's injuries. The servants were unanimously of the opinion that "Miss Alice must hab hur own way," and offered but a trifling resistance. Wrapping herself in a cloak, forth she went, delicate girl as she was, along the slippery road, buffeted and chilled by the rude, cold winds that ever and anon drifted masses of snow in her face. Yet she was undaunted. On she went until she reached the house, and saw for herself the shattered arm and the cuts over the forehead, that left no room for doubt concerning the truth of the reports she had heard. At the sight her childish nature lost its control, and as she stooped to kiss Henry's pale forehead, a flood of tears broke from her eyes and ran down upon his face.

The revelation was made. The children (for they were such) knew for the first time that they loved more deeply than children generally do, and the

knowledge sent smiles over Henry's fine face. Mr. Browne and his wife saw not in vain; and beneath these idle tears of children, discerned afar the realization of their oft-discussed project.

The winter passed slowly away. And when the spring came with her birds and flowers, Henry was strong enough to walk out with Alice to these old nooks in the woods, where they knew the earliest wild flowers grew. And there, on the first of their spring-day excursions, he told his love, and encircling each other with their arms, upon a mossy throne of rocks, they vowed eternal constancy and fidelity then and forever.

We ought not to despise the loves of children. "The child is father of the man," and the loves of childhood swell and expand in after years with the mature fruit of the vine, whose pure juice is the most glorious intoxication which the human heart feels upon earth. And I hope to show here that, on one side, this love, pledged by two children in the shade of the woods, was more enduring than life.

Years passed on, and Henry's disposition, always adventurous, began to inflame with a desire for daring exploits for something to break up the old monotony of his country life. His blood boiled with a passion for heroic achievement, and every wild, thrilling story that could be found in newspapers or history, was read again and again with morbid avidity. His old passion for horsemanship and hunting grew effete, became almost distasteful, and home with its endearments, nay, even Alice's love, weighed little in the balance against this dominant passion.

Finally, wearied out by a fruitless resistance, his father and mother consented to his project to join a party of gentlemen about to embark for California. Sorrowfully they bade him adieu—their only son and hope—but they consoled their hearts with his oft-repeated promise, that after he had distinguished himself and satisfied his desire for honour, he would return, marry his dear Alice, and settle down to live upon the ancestral acres.

It was in the sweet spring-time that he rode over to say, "Farewell" to the girl whose life was bound up in his—whose faithful heart beat only for his happiness. Day, like a sweet, majestic song played to the lyre of angels, had died in "long, sequacious notes" over delicious, sunset-piled scenery, and tender twilight, as if a tear wrought by the melancholy of the strain in Nature's eyes, glimmered over the long stretches of the greening landscape. He lingered in the parlour long, as if loth to start on an errand that woke the slumberous energies of passion, though his horse pawed restively under the large locust; he mounted at last, but yet curbed his horse's ardour, and compelled him to walk along the smooth road where erst he struck fire from his noisy feet. What aileth him? Who can tell? But can it be that along the face of night move the solemn shadows of the Future—the long procession of coming days of sin and nights of disquiet, terminated with a sable hearse and a small, fresh grave? I know not. But if the Future be fixed, an occult Alp-land—and man alone be progressive, why may not glimpses of her awful front be disclosed through a cloud-rift, or a long shadow at times smite the face of him "who farther from the East must travel," attended by visions of Heaven and phantoms of terror from Hades?

Alice sat in the long porch, watching the gathering shades upon the distant mountain. The book, with which she had beguiled her fancy, lay by her side; her head rested on her hand, as in statues I have seen, and the delicately lashed lids shut in the yearning sweetness of her meek eyes. She was dreaming, but sleep folded no pinion over her senses. Oh! Poets, tell me what it is when a maiden dreams, for I turn with eagerness from the painful memories of the night-dreams of my fancy to the conception of a sweet maiden's dream, painless, blessed? I know she felt no pain, for her face was as placid as a seraph's in that dim twilight.

But she started. The gate was swung open and swift as a bird's flight Henry

Browne spurred his horse along the broad avenue, under the drooping boughs of the old trees. She sprang to meet him.

"You are late," she said, "very late—my heart was sick waiting for you."

"But it is better late than never, darling. I was delayed by the innumerable preparations for my departure in the morning."

"Must you go, indeed. I have been hoping so fondly that you would yet stay. Why, to-night as I sat looking at the sunset, I dreamed that you would stay, and live at your old home, and we would be so happy. But what am I saying! You long to be a distinguished man, whose name shall shine as a star in the chronicles of your race, and I would die to make you so. Come, sit down and let us have a good talk this last night."

"That's sensible, Alice. I will not stay in California long—only a few years, and when I return we will always live together. And after Fame, that will fill up the complement of heaven or earth."

His tone was gay, but artificial, and it wrung secret tears from her eyes. Could it be that he would be false—that his heart was as hollow as his words seemed to indicate! But she cast the thought from her. Her love was too steadfast and pure to harbour a doubt.

The night deepened, and taking his arm they walked down the avenue towards the gate. The hour of parting was come, and her woman's heart was taxed to its utmost tension. They arrived at the small gate through which they had so often passed in the glorious child-days that were no more. She paused and pointed her white finger toward a gleaming star in the west. Her tone was like one inspired to rule.

"Promise me that every night you will look at that star and think of me and the memories of our love!"

He stooped to her brow and spoke his answer by a kiss. Just then a brilliant meteor flashed athwart the sky.

"See," she said, breaking away from his clasp, "there is Fame, oh! Henry—better be that star that is hidden to all save the philosopher's glass than such

a winged splendour across the eyes of the world, ending in black night."

The appeal was in vain. He drew her to his heart—his voice softened, and she saw large tears glisten in the moonlight.

"You wrong me, darling. In the presence of all these glorious hosts of worlds, I vow eternal love to you."

She clung to him, her face drenched with tears of joy. He pressed a burning kiss to her lips, and in a moment was in the saddle, and spurring like the wind along the homeward road. She watched him until he disappeared from sight in the dusk of the night and the shades of the trees, and then returned to her home.

What was it she heard as she closed the gate? Was it an illusion of fancy? To the last day of her death she affirmed that she heard the village bell toll a long, sad knell for a departed soul.

The year passed away, and another May night, the anniversary of that of which I have spoken, and its exact counterpart, hung like a holy prayer of angels over our old world. The stars that looked upon the earth that night saw no longer a beautiful being, reverie-wrapt, sitting in the shade of the old porch. Alice was indeed there, but she was not the Alice Gray of a year ago. Deeper sadness was upon her face, and a mute melancholy in her eyes, as she gazed long and ardently upon a blushing star that hung in the west.

"He will not see it any more," she said, "it shines sweetly over his grave in a distant land."

Yet there was no sorrow nor repining in her words or tones. She kissed the rod of divine chastisement, and loved on.

Does love ever die? This is my answer. Does the soul ever find a grave?

One year before he had sworn eternal love to her, and now he was dead—that was her tender wail. They wrote his father that he had made one of a party who, upon deeply important business, had undertaken to pass through the territory of a hostile Indian tribe—and death to all save one or two, was the consequence. He fell bravely fighting against an overwhelming host of savages, and his pocket-book, containing some

letters from Alice, and a lock of her hair, was transmitted as the last relic of Henry Browne.

After the first burst of grief was spent, she became very calm—no murmur escaped her—but it was plain to all that her health was fast failing. When she walked up the aisle of the church on Sundays, all the people looked with pity on her pale face, and feeble form; all loved her with a deep love, for none could help it, but love never yet restrained a soul from leaving earth. She joined with her sweet voice in the psalm and responses, and many a voice in the congregation was silent, that her pathetic, penitential words might be heard.

Death is a great Artist. In his workshop Mortality is touched into glory like unto that which shines in the face of a saint. How can we doubt that that which is corruptible shall be made incorruptible and meet to stand in Heaven, when we see a lovely girl wrought into the perfect beauty of Death?

Oh! radiantly beautiful was Alice Gray when I first saw her, two years ago, riding out with her father to catch the fresh breeze of morning on the upland. I had heard of her loveliness, but was unprepared for that morning's vision. Her golden hair was brushed in bandeaux over her temples, disclosing the fulness of her white brow; her hat with its dark plumes was as a back-ground to her clear features, white as pearl, save on each cheek a glow of rose, reminding me of the gray sky of dawn blushing with tints of purple. All day my brain was haunted by her image, as a sweet poem haunts one, or as the deep eyes and mournful face of an Evangeline I saw last summer, have ever haunted me since.

It was through Leonora that I made her acquaintance some days after. One glorious autumn night I walked through the woods to carry her a promised book: it was just when the leaves, fully changed upon the boughs, were falling before the melancholy winds with such soft rustle and soothing music. It beguiled my fancy to gather the most gorgeous and weave them into a fantastic garland, just

as when a boy I used to gather the dry, gorgeous leaves from books and weave them into bouquets of fancy in my brain. The shades of evening approached, and the chilly air fell down from the sky as I entered the large parlour, rich with the crimson light of a grand Virginia fire, before which Alice was sitting.

She welcomed me with a sweet smile, and rising, extended her white hand.

"It grew so late I scarcely expected you would keep your promise. But I am so glad you are come."

I gave her the garland of leaves. "Autumn presents them as her tribute to the queen of her domain," I said silently.

"Autumn is both wise and kind," she replied. "Let me read you her moral. Youth flourishes in green beauty—sorrow comes like frost, and as life, shaken by the chill winds of affliction—warm winds in truth they are, they only seem cold—casts its foliage of hopes, the colours grew brilliant and varied, and cover a poor, cold heart with a shroud dipped in rainbows."

"She has sent many oak leaves, I see. The oak is the brave heart that defies the tempest; though its leaves fall, it lives on hale and strong; the lightning may smite its cheek, and the snows pile against its trunk, yet when Spring comes it will bud and put forth leaves again."

The book I bore her was Tennyson's Poems, which she had never seen. She desired me to read some of the poems aloud.

"Shall they be gay or mournful?" I asked.

"Both," she answered; "but mournful songs befit my spirit and the season."

I selected what to me appears the most wildly mournful poem in the language, "Mariana in the Moated Grange." It touched her to tears—sweet tears from a pure heart, tears such as Tennyson sings of as coming from memory of happy days that are no more. Was there nothing in the situation of Mariana akin to hers? Ah! yes, but she knew it not, else might she have made that terrible wail:



"Then she said, 'I am very dreary,  
He will not come,' she said;  
She wept, 'I am aweary, aweary,  
O God! that I were dead!'"

Why must a glorious belief be torn from the heart of a maiden just setting her feet on the dreary death-land? Alice had found consolation in the death of him she fondly loved, by an assurance that he died faithful to his first love. We shall see!

A gentleman, one of the number with whom Henry Brown went out, returned to his friends in Virginia. He had parted from Henry immediately upon their arrival in San Francisco and thenceforward lost sight of him for a long season. He knew nothing of his location or business, in fact had almost forgotten his existence in the whirl of a new and active life, until the day previous to his departure from San Francisco.

He met him in the street, and although but little more than one year had elapsed since they parted, found him so altered as almost to elude recognition. The merry, companionable friend—the life of the party on shipboard, the bravest, lightest-hearted of them all, was now transformed into a dashing, reckless man of the world, on whom the last night's revelry showed itself painfully. Twelve months had completely wrecked him; but he was not *dead*.

He gave yet other information; *he was married*. "To whom?" it was eagerly inquired. A splendid, haughty city belle, whose wit and recklessness, wealth and beauty drove from his mind all thoughts of his first love, and brought him in a few months a *dying* suitor and adorer at her feet. She was pleased with the fine, open chivalry of his character, —fascinated with his noble face and intelligent expression, and determined in her love by his stories of his father's large estate in far away Virginia, which by inheritance would soon be his. The nuptials followed before the year was out, and with his splendid, hollow-hearted bride he wedded a perpetual misery that craved oblivion in sin.

Ah! that letter and that lock of hair.

It was all plain then. False love led to falsehood in all respects, and a lying letter was easily written to cloak perjury.

The intelligence spread, like wild fire, through the valley, and was discussed in every family circle. In such circumstances, it was impossible to keep Alice in doubt save for a time. Notwithstanding the care of her parents and the silence of her friends, she discovered it just as the first air of Spring came to her window, and her familiar robins sang to her from the trees.

Her friends thought the knowledge would kill her. It did no such thing. They err who think a woman a mere straw, tossed about in the gales of uncontrollable feeling: indeed they do. She has a strength as immutable as the hills, and especially when her heart is wronged does this strength bear her soul up on the wings of eagles. To Alice the knowledge was as water poured out: she made no murmur, uttered no words of reproach; her health did not even show its effect; she was as calm and lovely and fragile as before. She talked to her mother of Henry's perfidy with a clear, tearless eye, and an unfaltering voice; none would have suspected her to be so complete an heroine. She hoped he might be happy; she forgave him that he had wronged her—that was all.

Still her strength failed in the same ratio as before. Summer came, but she grew daily weaker. One sweet day in June, Leonora and I went to see her. The air was clear and fresh, and her health seemed for the time much improved; she was buoyant in spirits even to gayety. Her lily cheeks were interspersed with roses, as in Northern regions Kane saw poppies growing by the banks of rivers of ice, encircled by bergs and plains of eternal snow; and her eyes had a brightness that was painful as the harbinger of a sure and speedy death. We walked out in the garden, where in childhood she had spent so many happy hours, to the spot where was growing a beautiful geranium—her pet all through the last winter and the previous summer, and to her a memento of Henry. She



needed no memorial of him then, and he deserved none. She turned to me :

"I know certainly that I cannot live long, and I wish you to have this geranium. It may be you will prize the gift for my sake."

Her tones were so sad that I could scarce restrain the tears that rushed to my eyes. I thanked her for the gift, and promised to treasure it as my life.

To Leonora she said :

"You will help him watch it for my sake. And if Henry should ever return after I am gone, give him a cluster of leaves, and say they were my dying gift—a memorial of past love, a sign of forgiveness."

Then turning to me with a sweet smile :

"How can spirits better minister to the living than through beauty. You taught me to know with poor Keats that 'a thing of beauty is a joy forever.' If I can, I will talk to my friends in the swells of grasses stranded on the Summer air, in the odour of flowers, or the light whispers of the leaves when their edges meet. Our Saviour loved the lilies of the field and the birds of the air. You have helped me to find a wondrous beauty in them; and hereafter, when you hear the zephyr kissing the leaves of my geranium, or this robin, whose music we love, greets you in the morn, think that I am near you, enjoying the infinite beauty of our God's creation, which you can never fully feel until you, too, have put off mortality."

Death to her mind had no terrors. Long time she would sit and tell me in glowing language her visions of Heaven, and her anticipations of its glories. A living faith supported her as her feet approached the tomb. All her life was a beautiful tapestry, woven upon "Love to Christ," and through the whole, like a delicate, all-enduring thread of gold, ran her pure, holy love for Henry Browne.

Why linger longer on this sad theme? Glorious is woman's love! Oh! richer he than all the monarchs of India who can worthily win and wear it! Henry Browne was unworthy of such supernal devotion as filled the heart of her to whom he had plighted a holy troth be-

fore God and His angels. Falsely in his case rings the old song :

"'Tis said that absence conquers love,  
But oh! believe it not."

Better had he died, slain by the tomahawk of the savage, than to live perjured before God, men, and his own soul. Did he ever truly love the sweet Alice? Who can tell? She thought so, and lavished on him all the stores of her rich virtue; lived with his image in her heart, cherished more holily than ever was that of large-eyed Madonna, and died, no doubt, thinking of him, and blending his name in prayer with that of her Saviour.

"And now," said Leonora, "you know the rest. Henry Browne and his wife will soon be here. So, at least, he has written. Before he comes, if you are willing, we will smooth her grave, and plant sweet flowers over it; through whose fresh lips her words of love and memory may cut his false heart like swords in battle. You must take him there with you some morning, and while he stands by her grave, tell him Alice Gray's last words; give him a cluster of geranium leaves and say for me, 'Woman's love is love forevermore.'"

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One pleasant morning in August Henry Browne and myself were riding through the smiling valley towards the church and graveyard on the hill, consecrated forevermore to me by the grave of Alice Gray. I said nothing to him of my errand, and he suspected nothing. He was that day the most miserable man that has ever rode a horse by my side,—his old friends regarded him with aversion; his father, without hope in his own son, was cold and formal, and he could not find in his haughty, irascible wife any consolation for the pains of conscience or the neglect of friends.

The road wound around the graveyard wall, and when we reached the gate of entrance, I checked my horse.

"Would you like to walk through the graveyard, Mr. Browne?"

"Not this morning," he replied quick-

ly, "it is getting warm and we had better get home."

"We will have time enough. Doubtless there are some graves of old friends here, which you would like to see again. There is one grave that I wish to see, maybe for the last time, and you had better come."

By this time I had tied my horse, and was at his side. He had no excuse for refusing longer, and submitted with a gloomy grace.

There was the grave right before us—green and garnitured with the flowers of Leonora's planting. At the head of the sleeper a marble lamb crouched on a sward of snowy lilies, and below were cut the few words:

*Our Daughter Alice.*

We paused a little, and neither spoke. Oh! that grave was eloquent; though dead, the sweet girl spoke to us that morning—to me in the flowers, to him in fearful memories. I dared not raise my eyes to his face for some time, and my heart failed me as I thought of my errand. "He is wretched enough," I said to myself, "let him alone." But I thought of the pale beauty that I saw fade in patience—and all for him—of Leonora's charge, and courage came back to my heart.

"She was a lovely girl. Oh! her life was a glorious poem, drawn out in a mournful cadence with a long, swelling note of beauty, sinking, rising, dying in an echo over the hills of the spirit-land, for an end. One day, awhile before she died, she was in the garden and gave me a geranium, bidding me keep it holily for her sake, and charging me to gather a

cluster of leaves and present them—a memorial of past love, a sign of forgiveness—unto you when you should come. Here"—I put my hand in my breast and drew from thence the sweet green leaves—"is her dying gift to Henry Browne."

He took them and pressed them to his lips.

"God knows," he said in a tone of despair, "I have sinned deeply against you, my first, my only love, Alice Gray. And now my punishment is greater than I can bear. May Heaven forgive me!"

"She has forgiven you, and God may," I said, "for she loves you still. Be assured, though we may neglect and deride it, a woman's love is love forevermore."

He strode from the graveyard, mounted his horse, and in silence we rode away.

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Ah! I am far away from the grave of Alice Gray. The howling winds of Winter chase the Summer to her death over the blue hills. The flowers I planted over that grave have faded; the leaves of the maples pile in dun splendour upon the rose that covers her: the snow—no less white than her own soul—will lie there in the cold days of Winter. But I ween, where the white-ephoded angels have harps and sweet songs that sound like many waters, ascend around the Mount Zion where the Lamb dwells, she, a pure lily of the valley, resting on the bosom of her Saviour, turneth her sweet eyes, not where snows pile and winds sweep over a quiet country grave, but where a great white throne is reared, and an ineffable glory dwells.

## THE TWO SUMMERS.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

## I.

There is a golden season in our year  
Between October's hale, and lusty cheer,  
And the hoar frosts of Winter's empire drear,

## II.

Which like a fairy flood of mystic tides  
Whereon divine Tranquillity abides,  
The Kingdom of the sovereign Months divides :

## III.

Then, Autumn's wailing winds their requiems cease,  
'Ere Winter's sturdier storms have gained release,  
And earth, and heaven alike are bright with peace.

## IV.

O! Heart! thou hast thy golden season too!  
A blissful interlude of birds, and dew,  
Of balmy gates, and skies of deepest blue!

## V.

That *second Summer* when life's work is done,  
The harvest hoarded, and the autumn sun  
Gleams on the fruitful fields our toil hath won,

## VI.

Which, also, like a fair mysterious tide  
Whereon calm Thoughts like ships at anchor ride,  
Doth the wide Kingdom of our years divide.

## VII.

This passed, what more of life's rude path remains  
Winds through unlighted vales, and dismal plains,  
The home of chilling Blights, or fevered Pains.

## VIII.

Pray then, ye favoured few along whose ways  
*Life's Indian Summer pours its mellow rays,*  
That ye may die 'ere dawn the Evil Days;

## IX.

Sink on that Season's kind, and genial breast,  
While still your sun shines cloudless in the West,  
The elect of God whom Life, and Death have blessed!

## THE LETTERS OF MOZIS ADDUMS TO BILLY IVVINS.

## SEVENTH LETTER.

*Mozis and Mayan. A revelashun. A fight. Mozis Arrested. Horrid times. Things clear off. Second vissit to the Pressydint.*

DEAR BILLY:

I cum hoam fum a vissitin uv the Pressydint in high sperrits. The squirtin wine had got into my hed, which it felt like a hous-raisin wus a goin on somewhere, or ruther like the publick mind ware roustid apun a impawtunt subjick of genrul intris. Thar apeared to be a good eel uv ixsiteumt, and I had a enlarged vue, as it twuz fum sum mounting eminents. Oans he poked off to one plais or anuther, levin me to entur my bodin hous aloan but puffickly cuntentid and rezined. The fust thing I heard it were little ole Melloo a skratshin on his fiddil and a makin uv prehaps the sicknest and horrowblis souns in the wirl. He can't play no fiddil. The neckst thing I dun, I run against Mayan in the dark—snatcht her rite up, carrid her in my room, shet the dough, and lockt it, detummined to diskooover the reesin she spoke Inglish sumtiems and then agin Iritch sumtiems, or dy in the atemp. She ware sollid, Billy, is a wannut stump, wayin, I jedged, a hundud and fotty poun neet, but she warnt nuthin but a shuck boalstur to me, feelin is I did. Mo rover, it ar a noan fac that a man, mo ptickly ef he ar yung, kin toat mo gal, mo ptickly ef she ar yung and pritty, then uv enny uther substunts uv nater, whether uv the anemil, vedjetubble, or minrul kingdum; and I candlely bleeve that eavin a pur uv miels kin haul fo to one, by wate, uv gearls to enny uther kine uv truck.

I hadin sean Mayan to speak to her fer I dunno when. So I set her down on a cheer, lit my lamp, set down myself, and lookt at her and sed nuthin. I diddent knew what too say. I had dun dun the thing almost befo I knowd it, thout knowin how I cum to do it, and had nearly forgot what I dun it fer, igzackly. She lookt at me mad is fier.

"Is it outin yo centsis ye ar?" she sais.

I shet my mouth hard.

"I do be thinkin its murther ye ar arfther."

I sais not a sillybul.

She jumpt at the dough like litenin, but I ketcht her, took the key out and pnt it in my pocket. She fit desprit, but I hilt her, and finely set her back in the cheer agin, while she set thar pail is flour pantin fer breth, and lookin at me with her black eyes like sheed burn me cleen up. I set puffickly still and diddent bat my eye wunst. Then she give up. She took to cryin like I don't warnt to sea noboddy cry agin. I drord my cheer up and took her han; she thode me off like I'd been a mockersin snaik and cryd mo then uvver. I tried it agin; she thode me off agin feerser then the fust time, and kep on a cryin. I getherd a pipe, filled it with that good Linchbug tobarker, and petendid to smoak. But I ware skeerd. I ware feard sheed kill herself, she cryd so. I begged her, I sais:

"Mayan, fer the Lord's saik don't cry so. I don't mean you no harm. I'd die ten thousin deths befo I'd hert a har uv yo hed."

But that maid her wuss. So thar we set,—she a cryin and I a trimblin. You may depen I wrepentid what I had dun. I got up and opined the dough, onlockt it, and spred it wide opin. She stopt in a minnit. She got up to go out, still a sobbin, but makin no noise. I put my han on her shoalder verry gently, and sais:

"Pleas don't go, Mayan."

She didin pull mighty hard, so I jes led her back eesy, and set her down agin, and she commenst a cryin but not like befo—peard like it come mo softer to her. I hitched up my cheer clost to her,

tryin to taik her han, but she pulld it away, slowly tho'. Arfter while, she lookt up at me, her buteful black eyes full uv teers, and sais mighty sorrerful and wreprorchful, she sais :

"Mistur Addums, you ortint to do me soe."

"Thar now, thar now !" I sais, jumpin spang outin my cheer ; "thar now ! I ketched you. By gravy !" I sais, "that's no Irish talk, and you aint no Irish nuther. Now you got to up and tell me evvry single bit about yoself. Yu've bin a possumin long anuf, and you shant go a step tel you tell me. You sertny shell not."

She lookt at me like sheed look me throo. Then she smiled a littil bit uv a smile, but her eyes still full of teers, and sais sollum is possybil :

"Then shet the dough."

I shet it, quick.

"Lock it," she sais.

I lockt it. I ware comin back to taik my seat, when she sais in the saim sorrerful vois :

"Hadint you better blow out the lite ? Some uv the gentlemen might wanter cum into sea you."

"Well !" thinks I, "this beets the beet." But I blode out the lite and sais nuthin.

When she made me to go with her to the back winder, whar the moon was a shinin over the houstops, and thar we set down, and she tole me everything. I shill tell you awl about it sum these dais. Shees a wrispectable girl, Billy, hily eju-katid, and uv good parrintedge—a reel lady, in fac. Her father is a kine uv preecher, which they calls in Iland a Q-rate ; gittin monsus po pay, sumthin like a sirkit rider, which he's a gentilman nuvertheless. She ware a high-sperritid gearl, which rund away becos her father marrid her step-muther and she coodint git along with her. When she cum to this kuntry, she took to talkin like the rest uv the charnber makes, and took to doin uv hous wurk, becos she sed it ware the ferst thing that come to hand, and, arfter tryin it, she liked it becos it kep her helthy and in good sperrits. Her farther have sent her munny to come

hoam wrepeetidly, but she wont come, on a count uv her step-muther. She staid in Knew Yawk a ear, then come heer, whar she's bin goin on 2 ears. This ar a meer outlyin uv the fax uv the case, Billy, but it's the plane truth, and nuthin elts. What a pictcher uv the sersiety uv the grate sitty uv Washington. A white gearl, a pritty gearl, a reel lady, with fotty times the cents uv the women that hize her, watin on evvry Tom, Dick, and Harry ! It's two bad, two bad intily ! and ortent to be so no longer. I ixpec thars menny another po gearl jis like Mayan is, and she sais so two.

We had a long, long. hapy talk thar by the winder. I declar, Billy, I nuvver felt so sosherbil and sattisfide in my life. She seamed to plais so much confidents in me, like I wus her bruther, or kussen, or sumthin. It tetched me to the co. A cloc strikd 2 befo we partid, and then I didn want her to go, but she sed she must. I giv her my lamp, she lit it, tole me not to say nuthin to noboddy bout what she had tole me, tole me good nite, and when she got part way up the steps, stopt, and smilin down at me tole me goo'l nite agin. Oh Billy, Billy, hunny ar wirmwood cumpard to the speach uv wimmin sumtimes. Gudness nose ! it doo apear to make a feller's hart melt in his bress.

I didn sleep nun that nite ; I didn eavin ondress. I jis laid on the bed thinkin, thinkin, in a sort uv trants, and shood uv hav laid thar fur uvver, ef, a bout the braker day, Mr. Argruff, he had-inter cum in. His face ware gassly and evil beyond amost ennything. He dropt intoo a cheer and bowd his hed upon the tabil and giv a grone—sich a grone ! it friz the blud in my verry vanes. Then he looks up, like he diddent no whar he ware, and begins to cuss hissself orful, orful, and call hissself fool, fool, fool, lik he wisht he cood tar his hart out and distroy hissself with his own langwidge. I jumpt offin the bed and run to him and begd him to tell me what the motter wus. He give a start saim is ef heed bin shot. Billy, he ware drunk. His breth had that ar green, pizenus odor uv a man

which drinks a heap and constunt. He thought he ware in his oan room, and when he foun whar he wuz, and seen me good, he new me, he begins a cryin, and *sich* cryin—Mayan's warnt nuthin to it. It ar a turrabil thing fer to sea a man cry is he dun. It mighty nigh killed me, cos I has a high apinyun uv Mr. Argruff.

When he got over his fit, at least the wust uv it, he let me know all bout it. Betwixt his intrusion uv his wremarks with fust a cryin and then a cussin uv himself, I cood barly make out whut he sed, ixcept it twuz this: That he were in love with a yung lady, which I shant call her name, and had coted her, and she had kickt him, and he goes and gits drunk, and the fust thing he node he had dun gone and seed her farther, and tole him how he loved his dawter and awl about it. Did you uvver heer uv *sich* a thing, Billy? It ware enuf to make him cuss hissself, and mo too. When he cum to tell about it, I thought heed a gone distracktid with shaim he ware so mad with hissself.

I cumfuted him the bess I cood, which it ware rather po cumfut, tride to maik him lay down in my bed, but he wooden let me, so I tuk him two his oan room, ondrest him, put him to bed, and left him.

My hart ware hevvy is led, thinkin how the bess pepil in Washingtun seamd to be a flicktid with sum dredful habbet or anuther, and how retchid a life the happist uv um leeds, when I come away frum the hous whar Mr. Argruff bodid. I felt like I wantid to git away frum thar and git hoam whar thar wuz sum quiet and pees, and whar pepil, ef they aint smart, is sertny natchrul and contentid.

When I cum to the Mintzpi Hous, and had eet my breckfuss, Miss Saluda Trungil and her little sister got arfter me, pleggin me most to deth. Fust they tole me my sweetart, Miz Hanscum, (which she nuver wuz no sweetart uv mine a tall,) had dun rund away with a feller, and gone posably to the devvel. And I diddent keer ef she had. Then they kept a makin me tell bout my vissit to the Pressydint, and the mo I tole how

kinely the Pressydint treatid me and how much I wus pleesed and all, the mo they lafft and lafft, untel I thought nar one uv um had good sense. No wonder they lafft; for ef you bleeve me, Billy, I hadint sean no Pressydint a tall, and the hous which I thought it ware the privit resedints uv the Minnistur uv Bengall wuz, what they call a Forrer Banc. Forrer is sumtimes called Farrow and sumtimes Fareo, and it ar a gaim uv cards, playd out uv a kind uv Scedlitt's Pouder box, and a hole passel uv roun pieces uv ivry; but Forrer as the rightist way to per-nounts it. I has sence sean the gaim plaid a sevril number uv times, but kin-not understand it igzackly.

It ware a long tiem befo I cood fairly bleeve that Oans he wood fool me so about the Pressydint, and I don't think now he wood uv hav dun it ef that ar little yaller fiddlin tacky uv a Melloo hadint a put him up to it. I wisht I may be consoun! ef when I foun out he had a prinserpul hand in it, ef I didin hav a good mine to war him out against the groun. But, in pint uv size, he aint no mo to me then a huckilberry in a wagon, and I nuver yit fit a runt and nuver intents to.

Well, I lef the Mintzpi Hous mad is the verry devvel and distrest in the bargain. It taint so mighty plesint to find peepil keep constunt makin fun uv you and deseevin uv you, which shows the meenniss uv sittly folks, which has sense anuf to tend too thar oan bizniss ef they got enny.

I had dun waitid and waited about that ar skeam uv mine, and spent munny untel it warnt no use in waitin no longer, and I coodin bar to wait a minnit mo. So I goes to my trunc, gits it out, wraps it up keerfully, and goes and shows it to a man apintid to atend to them things. He tole me it warnt wuth a dam. But I sean throo that. He jis wantid to git me to sell it to him fer nuthin, then he cood maik a everlastin forchin out'n it. So I goes to anuther—thar's hunduds uv um in Washingtun, Billy. He sais the saim the fust man sed. So I goes to anuther, and anuther, and anuther, untel I wus broke down with fateeg and dissypint-



mint at the meanniss and jellersy uv mankine. One feller did offer to taik and put it thro, ef I'd giv him thurty dollers. I'd a giv ennything, but when I come to igsamine my munny puss I foun I didn hav five dollers in the wirl. This shockt me, cos I knewd I owde fer bode and a good menmy uther things. The feller offud to taik whut munny I had, but I tole him no, I ware blees to keep that, and a gread to giv him a writment, a bond, sined with my oan naim. He lafft at me and tole me I wuz a fool. I jis took that thing, wrapt it up agin in my hankerchif, went hoam, put it keerfully back in my trunc, and cum back and giv that feller the prittiest top-dressin a man uvver had. I masht his pleggid nose flat to his roscully fais, and bungd his eyes that bad that I boun he doant sea fer six munths. He hollerd murder and the patrollers cum and collard me and car-rid me befo a majestrant, and I shoed uv hav bin ritin to you in jail, ef Oans and Melloo hadint cum and giv bond and scurety I'd behave myself for a year. They let me go, but I didn keer whut becum uv me. I sean the hole wirl ware turned aginst me, and when I cum to ask sum cluks which I had lent munny to, I coodin git a sent, and what to do I didn kno. In the eavnin Oans and Melloo tole me Mr. Argruff ware ded, havin blode his brains out with a pistul, and that that ar fello which I had beet fer callin uv me a fool had challindged me to fite him a dewil, intendin to hav my blud. But it warnt so. Mr. Argruff, disgustid at hissself, had packt his trunc and gone hoam wharuvver that wuz, leavin uv a note advisin uv evvryboddy in Washing-tun to do the saim, cos he sais the devvil had done took persesshun uv the sitty, havin uv a bill uv sale fer it in his britchis pockit. And as fer that ar feller, I nuvver heerd no mo frum him, sertin.

But my sperrits wuz cleen gone, and whotuvver wood a becum uv me that nite, the Lord only knows, ef it hadinter bin for Mayan, which her reeul naim ain't Mayan a bit, but Noahrer Glennan, a verry pritty naim I'm sho, and a better or mo likely and smarter

gearl nuvver drord the breth uv life. I coodin stay in the poller uv the Mintzpi Hous, cos all the ladies had got mad with one anuther bout a feller, which I shant call his naime, which wuz a cuttin uv his rusties with all the married ladies, and cos anuther man, a membr uv Kongiss, which ware a bodin thar, had bin ketched a kissin anuther man's wife in the passige. Then agin, I ware feerd the man whut keep the tavvun (the Mintzpi) wood ass me for the munny I ode him. And in the hous whar I had my room, things wuz orful bad also, cos I ode munny thar too, and ole Swom-plans wuz drunk and rarrin around like thunder and wus, cos he and anuther Kongissmun had had a quarl. And the Dutchmun and his wife, which had them babis in the wroom abuv me, had gonod away; likewise the wrailrode man; and Melloo and Oans, they'd gone off; and things wuz dark and desertid tel I farly thought the nex thing Gabrill wood blo his hon and tiem shoqd be no mo. And I wure feered to go on the streat, becos the rowdis and Plug-Uglis, which hed bin behavin bad all the time sense I set foot in the sitty, had dun broke loose and wuz a shootin and a stabbin and a murd-rin and a knockin doun and a draggin out evvrybody that cum along, white or blac, rich or po, or ennything.

But Noahrer she cum to my room and we had anuther nice, long, confedenshul talk, like we had the nite befo. She ar sich a good gearl, Billy, and torks sich good English, and, altho she knows I aint so mighty smart, pears to rispeckt and look up to me so. A man kin no mo help trustin his seakrits to a gearl like that than a man kin keep frum warmin hissself by a fier when hees colde. I tole her about my skeam, who I wuz, whar I cum frum, my parrunts, my little planta-shun, niggers, hosses, craps, and all. She gimme a heep uv good advies bout trustin too much to peepil, and we all in-joyed one nuther's cumpany tel it wuz mighty nigh 2 o'clock in the mornin agin. Nuver shill I forgit them two nites to the longist day I live, and shill alwais be thankful on acount uv wimmin kind in this worl for the saik of Noahrer,

fer ef it hadinter bin fer her, I dunno whethur I shood a bin liftin uv a pen now, Billy. Tell Delawar Sinker to sell evvry bit uv the corn and wheet I kin posbly spar and send me the munny directly, becos jest is soon is I kin pay off whut I owe, I'm a gointer to maik that gearl a fust rate present, ef sheel taik it, which I'm afeerd she wont, seein how high-sperrited she ar.

Nex day things took a turn. Things peered to clear off, like arfter a long spell uv wrain, when Cat Tail ar a risin tremendous, thretnin to sweep evvrything off'n the lo grounds. Noboddy didnt dun me fer no munny, and over at the Mintzpi peepil peared to hav maid frens, mighty quick I thought, and afars seamed to be workin well all around. Miss Saludy Trungil and her littil sister didn't giv themself no grate greef about a losin uv Mr. Argruff, but went strait ahed, ketchin mo bows, printsply ole men goin to the yung one, and a ball-hedid gentilmun, with gole spectickles, goin for Miss Saludy. They didnt plegg me no mo about going to sea the Pressydint at the Forrer Banc, but peared to be pritty mutch wropt up in thar oan afars. The bewtiful littil gearl frum Indanner, she torkt to me sum, and so did them two pritty marid ladis I tole you uv. I felt heap better. Oans, he cum up and apollygized fer foolin uv me at the Forrer Banc. I tole him that senst he had delivered me out'n the strong arms uv the Lor and the Jestis uv the Pees, I had dun forgiv him long ago. Then he sais:

"To maik up fer my bad conduck, I'll taik you to-night to sea the Pressydint in fac."

I tole him he coodin fool me no mo; but he sais:

"Thar's a Levvee to night, and I'll taik you thar, and you can sea not only the Pressydint and Miss Lain, but all most distinguished folks in the kuntry."

It ware a long time befo he and young ladis helpin uv him could perswade me he warnt a joakin, but finely I kunloodid to go, and my hoaps uv my skeam wrevived imeditly. As fer seein uv the Pressydint and Miss Lain, whar evvry boddy wuz, I didnt keer so

mighty much about it, but I detummined in my oan mine too evale myself uv the okashin to git my projick farly befo the oanly man in the Yuneyun which wuz likely to doo it jestis—vizz: the Pressydint. This heer Miss Lain, Billy, her naim are Miss Haryit Lain, and she ar the gneiss (that's the properist way to spell it, Oans says. In fac, Billy, yuve notist a gradjul impuvemint in my spellin, which are owin to the fack that Oans and Melloo has been kine enuf to devoat a good eel uv atenshun to me on this pint,) she ar the gniess uv the Pressydint.

Well, cum nite, we-all, that is all the ladies at the Mintzpi, Oans and Melloo and me, got reddy. I wantid to taik Mayan, or ruther Noahrer, along, but she said no. Miss Saludy she wantid I and Oans to go long with her and her par in a hac, but Oans sed weed better wolk. Melloo he went with his sweet-arts, which is both the littil Trungil and the pritty littil gal frum Indanner, noboddy noes which.

Me and Oans wolked on and wolked on, way up the Avnew, and hax and carridgis rattlin by us and carryin peepil to the Levvee, untel we past Willud's tavun and the Trezry bildin, a powful manshun, fenst in with pillars in the frunt, whar all the munny uv the Guvnurmint ar put in the seller, which I wisht to goodniss I had about a hundud and fo dollus uv it jest about this tiem, and then we wuz clost to the Igzeckutiv Manshin, as the Pressydint's hous ar calld.

Goin along Oans he sais to me, sais he,

"Mozis, a feller goin to the Levvee fer the ferst tiem are genrully cunsidderubly imbarist. I faintid the ferst tiem I went thar, and Melloo, bein uv a timmid man, took to his bed for 3 weeks arfterwuds."

S'I, "Dont ef you plees talk that ar way; you skeer me to deth."

S'e, "Not a tall. I wantid pepar your mine. The way fer a feller to doo, ar jest to act igzactly at his ees, maik himself puffickly at hoam, cos the hous dont blong to the Pressydint, but to the peepil of the Yunitid Staits, which givs it to him, chargin uv him no wrent, and you bein one uv the peepil uv the Yunitid

Staits, uv coas it blongs to you much as to ennyboddy elts. You ar jest is good is ennyboddy, end you must act a kordin."

I tole him I ware much ableeged to him fer tellin uv me, ptickly that part about the hous blongin to me, and which tharfo I shood feel intily and puffickly at hoam.

We went on, passin by a heap uv hax and things, goin thoo a iun gate, long a kervd pavemint whar thar wuz mo hax strung out in a lien and mo a comin constant, untel we got to the White Hous, which ar another naim for the Igzeckutiv Manshin. It have a imments big poche in frunt uv it, like the poche uv a Kote Hous, with verry tall pillows, and, kuyus enuf, the hax and carridgis drives right spang into this poche, and one half uv it havin no flo at all but a gravly rode runnin rite thoo it, and the uther half bein paved with rock, and hisetid abuv the groun that you has to go up a few steps to git to it.

Uv the glowry and the splendor, the menny peepil and the bar-armd and bar-neckt ladies I seen inside, wurd, Billy, kin giv you no idee, not the leest. I rather think it beets the Forrer Banc and the Ixchain both put together. A white sarvunt, look to me like a Presbyteyun preechur, took our hats and big coats soon's we got in, giv us a brass check fer um like they givs fer your trunc on the wrailrode, and jobbed them in a hole, which they had about a thousun holes made thar for the puppus.

Me and Oans then smoothed our hars and pepard to git interjuist to the Pressydint. I nuvver felt mo nachrul in my life, and wuz rezolootly rezolvid to hav my skeam atentid to that verry nite. In order to git to the Pressydint you has to go throo about twenty diffrent rooms, all openin into one another, all uv a diffrint culler, blue and red and green and white, and full uv the most magniffysent fernicher, gilt mostly with gold, and shinin under the gas light tel it farly addles your brane. The peepil thats goin to be interjuist to the Pressydint forms in a line, two and two, like mustrin, and, arm in arm, goes on frum one room to another untel at last they git to the one whar the

ole man stands up and shakes hands with evvry boddy. Oans ketcht me by the arm, and we went on and on and on mighty slow, peepil, bar-neckt ladis printsply, befo us, and peepil behind us, and the ferst thing I know, thar wuz the Pressydint—a powful, hevvy-bilt, tall, ole, grey-hedid man, with a white cuvat, his hed twistid one side, and his eye rather cockt. Oans ware interjuist ferst, and then a man what stood thar fer the ixpress purpus, grabbed me by the elbow, assed me my naim, I tole him Mozis Addums, and he sais "Mister Mozis Addums, Mister Pressydint; Mister Pressydint, Mister Mozis Addums," and the Pressydintshook me, rather keerlessly I thought, by the hand, and moved it, kinder pushin me off frum him. But I ware bent apun seein uv him about that thing, so I sais in a verry klectid and oddibul vois, so is to show peepil like I ware used to bein thar, and felt at hoam in my oan hous—I sais, "Kin I sea you a minnit, Mr. Cannun? Jes step this way, ef you pleas."

He jukt his hand away, and begins a shakin hands with sumboddy behine me, pretendin like he diddint heer me, which I knowd he did, cos thar wuz a genral movemint all around, like sumthin had hapind. I muss say I cunsidud this as bein desididly bad mannurs. He may be a verry grate man, but I and uther peepil hires him by the ear to tend to our bizness, and twuz is littil as he cood do to treet a boddy wrispecktfully.

Enny way I had to leeve him. Lookin roun fer Oans, I coodin sea him, and I sais, "Whar's Oans?" and noboddy ansered, and another man ketcht me by the elbo agin, and interjuistsis me to Miss Lain, the gneiss uv the ole Pressydint. She ware a splendid lookin lady, drest in black (Oans tole me, arfterwuds, she wuz in monin fer Mr. Lecompting) and havin uv her arms and shoalders bar, and havin, I swar, uv the finist skin I uvver see, white is sattin. I warnt discumbobberated nun, but wremembrin I wuz in my oan hous, sais:

"Good eavin, Miss Haryit, I'm glad to see you lookin so well this eavnin. Tollibul nise campny you got heer this eavnin. Rather warm fer the timer yeer."

She made me a low curchy, and she sais to me:

"I thanky, Sir," she sais, "I'm only tollibul this eavnin," and then she wuz goin to say sumthin mo but wuz took with a fit uv coffin behine her fan, and stopt.

S'I, "You got mighty pritty har, Miss Haryit. You remines me a good eel uv my cussin Betsy Flatback, only she's a dark-skinned gearl, and you aint got no bumps on your forrud, nar a one, is fer is I kin see."

I thought I heern a kine uv tittrin and gigglin a goin on all aroun me, which I reckon I did heer it, and which I has no doubt wuz on acount uv po Oans, which jest at that minnit kectht me and hauled me away, rite throo the crowd, which apeard to be a cunsiderbul disturbd, is well is myself, fer his saik. I nuvver did sea sich a fais as po Oans had. Lookt like it ware goin to bust plum opin, it ware so red and so full uv blood. He cum is nigh havin uv a apperplecksy and cunvulshins is enny man I uvver see to miss it. He coodin speak a wurd, but hauled me along arfter him, way out uv the crowd. I a thinkin he wuz goin hoam, cos he wuz turribly sick at his stummuck. But he carrid me to the eend uv a long passige, whar thar wuz a big glass hous, full uv trees, and the minnit he got thar, he laid down among the tubbs whar the trees wuz plantid in, and rolld over and over like he wuz a gointer die evry secund. I war goin fer a doctur, but he woodin let me. And he made the kuyusist soun, like laffin, and when I sea his fais, it lookt like he ware laffin, but fit to kill hissself with it.

S'I "Mr. Oans, you laffin, aint you?"

But his jaw ware lockt, and he rolld over and shuffild aroun the tubbs wuss then ever. I knowd he ware in agny, but it sounded so much like laffin I ware bleest to ask him agin:

"But *aint* you laffin, Mr. Oans?"

It ware a long tiem befo he cood wreply, and when he did, he fetcht breth so hard it ware misry to heer him. He sais:

"Oh! Lord. no. I'm not a laffin. I've

got a apperplectic fitt. My famly is subjeck to um, and when they has um, no-boddy skeersly kin bleeve they aint laffin."

And he laid thar pantin, like a houn arfter a long chaise. I reckon it wuz nigh onto a nour befo he sufshintly rekuverd to git up and go back whar the cumpny wuz. I bresht his clothes, which they wuz full uv dirt whar he had rolld on the flo uv the glass hous, and we went back. But, po feller! he hickupt and gobbled fer breth and his eyes run water so, that evvrybody kep a lookin at me and him saim like we wuz a cupple uv wild anemils, makin it verry onplesant to be thar. So when we cum acrost Miss Saludy Trungil and sum uther folks frum the Mintzpi Hous, which they seamed to hav heerd how bad off Oans he wuz, and he tole Miss Saludy he ware so week he cood barly stand, she offerd him a seet in her carridge, and we giv our chex and got our hats and coats, put um on, and cum back, most uv the uther Mintzpi folks folrin behine us in thar hax. I warnt sorry to leav the seen uv so mutch splendur, becos the cheef objick uv my vissit, that is, seein uv the Pressydint about my skeam, ware knockt on the hed. Comin back Oans ware took so bad agin with his cunvulshins, he ware foast to leen his hed on Miss Saludy's shoalder, and cried and lafft and gobbled thar like a chile. She ware mighty good to him, and took him rite into the poller uv the Mintzpi; and thar I left him and her and Melloo, and neerly all the rest uv um, bein ankshus myself to git over to my wroom, becos I felt ruther badly.

I hadin hardly got down the steps uv the Mintzpi, befo I heerd the most orful laffin in the wirl in the poller. And thar wuz po Oans, neerly ded with a fitt uv apperplecksy. I doo think sitty folks is the most unfeelin uv humin beans.

Tell um to fix up evrything at hoam, fer I'm a cummin the minnit I pay my dets. I aint goin to stay in this durn plais no longer.

Yose truly,

MOZIS ADDUMS.

## THE BALLADS OF SCOTLAND.\*

FROM THE LONDON TIMES.

No country can boast of a richer collection of ballads than Scotland, and no editor for these ballads could be found more accomplished than Professor Aytoun. He has sent forth two beautiful volumes, which range with *Percy's Reliques*, which for completeness and accuracy leave little to be desired, which must henceforth be regarded as the standard edition of the Scottish Ballads, and which we commend as a model to any among ourselves who may think of doing like service to the English Ballads. A good editor of poetry is indeed one of the rarest of birds, as those who have paid any attention to certain recent issues must know to their cost. Sometimes the editor is an enthusiastic admirer of his author, and in this case he is generally void of sense as well as of any pretension to industry; he edits in the style of a showman. Sometimes he is wonderfully erudite, and in this case he is generally incapable of getting beyond verbal criticism; he edits on the principle of the miser, that a pin a day is a groat a year, and that if he takes care of the half-pence the pounds will take care of themselves. Sometimes he is but a laborious blockhead, and this is the most insufferable of all; he does not understand the difference between jest and earnest, fact and fiction. Almost all the editors we allude to mean well and do their best to serve their authors, but the appearance of one edition after another of the same poets and the same dramatists proves how unsatisfactory is each previous one, and how exceedingly rare is that assemblage of qualities required in a poetical editor—ample knowledge combined with depth of thought, imagination restrained by common sense, and the power of being far more than the editor of other men's work united with the will to forget oneself and to remain entirely in the background. Perhaps this last is the rarest of all combinations. Why should a

man who is capable of producing a book of his own, content himself with the more humble labour of furbishing up other men's productions? The result is nearly worthless, unless there is some sort of equality, some appearance of companionship and brotherhood between the poet and his editor; but the chances are that only those will undertake the responsibility of editing poetry who are fit for nothing else, who could not write two passable couplets of their own, who could not assume to be the poet's friend, but who, perchance, might lay claim to the dignity of being the poet's lacquey, the poet's parasite, or the poet's flea.

Here we are reminded of one great merit in Professor Aytoun's labour. He has both in *Bon Gaultier* and in *Firmilian*, shown how cleverly he can seize the peculiarities of any style, and imitate them so that the parody shall pass for a genuine work. He has also proved in a more serious vein that he has a special aptitude for ballad writing, and that the style comes to him as naturally as whisky to a Highlander. It might, therefore, have been expected that he would be tempted to exercise his skill upon these ballads—where a verse is wanting to supply one, where it is feeble to strengthen it, where it is coarse to refine it away. On the contrary, these are sins which may be laid to the charge of almost every editor but Professor Aytoun, and if he errs at all it is in the opposite direction. In an introduction which, if somewhat rambling, is full of good sense and interesting matter, he has stated the principle on which alone the restoration of works of art is possible. There are architects who restore cathedrals by replacing the mouldering pillars and arches with new ones, in which they attempt to work out what they imagine must have been the original design of the builder. There are artists who restore pictures by painting over the faded colours in

\* *The Ballads of Scotland*: Edited by William Edmonstoune Aytoun, D. C. L. 2 vols. Edinburgh, W. Blackwood & Sons.



the vain hope of reproducing the vivid tones of the original master. There are editors—and, by the way, old Bishop Percy was among the number, the most respectable of the fraternity—who restore poems by corrupting them, by adding here and altering there. Against such restorations an editor ought to set his face; the only allowable restoration is the removal of modern additions; and if Professor Aytoun is chargeable with a fault, it is in being too much of a purist, too anxious to get at the original version in all its rudeness, too intolerant of later and improved editions. Here, for example, in his edition of “Annie Laurie:”—

“Maxwelton banks are bonnie,  
Where early fa’s the dew,  
Where me and Annie Laurie  
Made up the promise true;  
Made up the promise true,  
And ne’er forget will I,  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
I’d lay down my head and die.

“She’s backit like a peacock,  
She’s breastet like a swan,  
She’s jimp about the middle,  
Her waist ye weel may span;  
Her waist ye weel may span,  
She has a rolling eye,  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
I’d lay down my head and die.”

Now, we do not think that we are affected by modern partialities when we say that the later version, which will be found in every song-book, is superior to the above both in word and thought. There is something surely very prosaic in the expressions of the first of these stanzas, and the images suggested by the second are nothing less than ludicrous. If it was necessary to preserve the original words, the common version might have been appended. One cannot point, however, to many instances of the same kind. In nine cases out of ten, Aytoun’s purism is thoroughly justifiable; and a good example of it will be found in the ballad of “Child Morrice,” which, as given by Bishop Percy, is full of modern interpolations. If we quote a few verses the reader will very soon perceive the difference between the ring of the old ballad and the modern addition to it:—

“Gil Morice was an Erlic’s son,  
His name it waxed wide;  
It was na for his parentage,  
Or for his meikle pride;  
But it was for a lady gay  
That lived on Carron side.

“Gil Morice sate in the gay green wood;  
He whistled, and he sang,—  
Oh! what means a’ thir folk coming?  
My mother tarries lang!

“His hair was like the threads of gold  
Drawn frae Minerva’s loom;  
His lips like roses drapping dew,  
His breath was a perfume.

“His brow was like the mountain snaw  
Gilt by the morning beam;  
His cheeks like living roses glow,  
His e’en like azure stream.

“This boy was clad in robes of green,  
Sweet as the infant spring;  
And like the mavis on the bush  
He gart the valleys ring.”

The last three stanzas must be at once felt to have no affinity with the preceding ones. There is nothing of the reality of ballad poetry about them; they remind one more of the fictitious sentiment and false imagery of the poets who belong to the end of the 17th and beginning of 18th centuries. Here the knife is necessary, and Professor Aytoun has used it without mercy.

Here we have a great number of ballads; in the volumes of Professor Aytoun there are about 130. Overlooking fragments, these are all the valuable remains of Scottish ballad poetry that have been saved from oblivion. They are the work of many authors, and yet they are so much alike in style and treatment that to all appearance they might have been the work of one. Just as one Act of Parliament is like another, and ordinary observers cannot detect any individuality in the style of each, so the differences between one ballad and another are apparent only after minute study, and most careful students if asked to describe these differences might not unnaturally give an answer like that of St. Augustin to the question, what is time? If you ask me, I cannot tell you; but if you do not ask me, I know very well what it is. It is not the differences between one



ballad and another that strike a reader now-a-days; it is the similarities. We meet with the same phrases, the same metre, the same refrains the same sentiments, the same art. And this similarity exists not merely between ballad and ballad in the same language, but also between the ballads of one language and those of another. Perhaps English readers are better acquainted through the medium of translation with the ballads of Spain than with those of any other country; and the affinity of the Spanish to the English and the Scottish ballads must be very evident. A broad survey of this species of composition proves that it was a craft of common origin among almost all the European nations. From such a fact it is that those larger deductions are derived which interest the literary historian; but the student of any particular collection of ballads is more interested in detecting those differences which indicate individual authorship. Unfortunately, there is nothing but internal evidences to go upon, and nothing can be more deceptive. In one instance, at least, Professor Aytoun fancies that in two different ballads he can detect the same authorship, but the similarity is not appreciable by the ordinary reader. We look in vain for the egotism of the composer. In ballads of the most opposite character we meet with the self-same touches. If the hero receives a letter he laughs a loud laugh when he reads the first line; his eye fills with tears when he reads the second; and he is utterly unable to read the third. If the hero dies his lady-love is certain to kiss his mouth with kisses three, and then to lie dead by his side; the one is buried in the chancel, the other is buried in the choir; out of her grave grows a bonnie red rose, out of his a sweet brier (rhyming with choir,) and the two plants intertwine their branches. When the page boy is sent on an errand he swims as he comes to the broken bridge, he runs when he comes to the grass, and when he comes to the castle he leaps the wall with the greatest ease. When the lover comes to the bower of his lady "he tirls at the pin." When the old

father hears of their love-making, "an angry man was he." When the lady is disappointed in her love, she says in all bitterness,—

"There sall nae wash come on my face;  
There sall nae kame come in my hair;  
There sall neither coal nor candle light  
Be seen within my bower mair."

In this squalid state she always lives for seven years, at the end of which time she beholds the ghost of her lover, who has been very restless in his grave, and who comes to her shivering with the rain upon his hair and the dew upon his face to redeem his pledge. These are conventional phrases, like those of our modern poets, who always begin with a description of the setting sun, which is not exactly setting, but is dying bathed in his blood, or is being drowned like the Duke of Clarence in the blushing wine, or is retiring from view like a king wrapt in purple robes, or is yawning so that we see into his great red mouth; and most readers never got beyond this mannerism, which gives to all the ballads a similarity of tint.

In spite of this similarity, which to some may appear monotonous, if not ludicrous, there is not one ballad which does not rise above its mannerism and does not exhibit the truest feeling and the keenest insight. The strange thing is that, notwithstanding all the tricks which belong to the style, there is scarcely a superfluous line in any one of the ballads. It would be almost impossible to abridge one without robbing it of some important member. The fault of the ballads is in rather the opposite direction; they appear to be too curt, too elliptical, and it is supposed that the chasms which are left in the narrative, and must now be supplied by the imagination of the reader, must in the days of the minstrels have been more or less filled up with interpolations of extemporized prose narrative, and it is in these interpolations, which are now lost, that the egotism of the minstrel must have been chiefly manifested. Recitation must of necessity be redundant. All audiences are more or less stupid, and

require a certain time for the facts which are placed before them to be distinctly apprehended. A statement which might occupy a single line must be expanded into a stanza when the composer has to do not with readers but with hearers. In the Scottish ballads, on the contrary, there is very little of such expansion, although there is a good deal of repetition. This characteristic will best be seen in an example, and we select "Helen of Kirkconnell," partly as showing how perfectly the ballad-maker attaining his object in a single line, refused to expand it into a couplet, but contented himself with a simple repetition which makes it all the more pathetic; and partly as showing with peculiar vividness the difference between the old style and our modern poetry. The story is, that a lady of the name of Helen Irving, daughter of the Laird of Kirkconnell, was beloved by two gentlemen, one of whom was regarded with favour; that the despised lover, seeing his more fortunate rival with the lady near the church-yard of Kirkconnell, levelled his carabine at him; that Helen threw herself before her lover, received the bullet in her bosom, and died on the spot; and that a desperate combat ensued between the two men, in which the murderer was cut to pieces. The ballad is as follows:—

"I wish I were where Helen lies,  
Night and day on me she cries;  
Oh, that I were where Helen lies,  
On fair Kirkconnell lee.

"Curst be the heart that thought the thought,  
And curst the hand that fired the shot,  
When in my arms burd Helen dropt  
And died to succour me!

"Oh, think ye na my heart was sair,  
When my love dropt down and spake nae mair!  
There did she swoon wi' meikle care,  
On fair Kirkconnell lee.

"As I went down the water side,  
None but my foe to be my guide,  
None but my foe to be my guide  
On fair Kirkconnell lee—

"I lighted down, my sword did draw,  
I hacked him in pieces sma'

I hacked him in pieces sma'  
For her sake that died for me.

"Oh, Helen fair beyond compare!  
I'll weave a garland of thy hair  
Shall bind my heart for evermair,  
Until the day I dee.

"Oh, that I were where Helen lies!  
Night and day on me she cries;  
Out of my bed she bids me rise,  
Says, 'Haste and come to me!'

"Oh, Helen fair! oh, Helen chaste!  
Were I with thee I would be blest,  
Where thou lies low and takes thy rest  
On fair Kirkconnell lee.

"I wish my grave were growing green;  
A winding-sheet drawn o'er my e'en,  
And I in Helen's arms lying  
On fair Kirkconnell lee.

"I wish I were where Helen lies!  
Night and day on me she cries,  
And I am weary of the skies,  
For her sake that died for me."

This is one of the most touching of the Scottish ballads. For genuine pathos it is entitled to take rank after "Oh waly, waly, up the bank," the most affecting of them all. Now, it so happens that it is perhaps of all the ballads the one that has been most often imitated, and Professor Aytoun, in his lectures on poetry, which he delivered in London some five years ago, suggested that, in order fully to appreciate it, we should compare it with the attempts of the more modern poets. The poet who comes nearest to the spirit of the original is Tennyson, in that ballad of "Oriana" which must be familiar to every reader. The attempt of a more ambitious poet—namely, Wordsworth, is less known, and the unapproachable simplicity of the old ballad will, perhaps, be evident if we quote a few verses from the modern rendering:—

"Proud Gordon, maddened by the thoughts  
That through his brain are travelling,  
Rushed forth and at the heart of Bruce  
He launched a deadly javelin!  
Fair Ellen saw it as it came,  
And starting up to meet the same,  
Did with her body cover  
The youth, her chosen lover.

"And falling into Bruce's arms,  
Thus died the beauteous Ellen,  
Thus from the heart of her true-love  
The mortal spear repelling.  
And Bruce as soon as he had slain  
The Gordon sailed away to Spain;  
And fought with rage incessant  
Against the Moorish crescent.

"But many days and many months  
And many years ensuing,  
The wretched knight did vainly seek  
The death that he was wooing.  
So coming his last help to crave,  
Heart-broken, upon Ellen's grave  
His body he extended,  
And there his sorrow ended."

This last couplet is surely a fine specimen of the art of sinking; and throughout the three stanzas it will be observed that there is not a spark of true feeling. In the ballad poetry of Scotland there are three prominent ideas—state, love, and death. There is a good deal of bravery and hard fighting, but any one who is pretty well acquainted with *Percy's Reliques*, and will pass from these to the ballads here collected by Professor Aytoun, must feel that he passes from duels without end and all kinds of butchery—giant killing, dragon killing, and fire eating, into a region where the battle of life—and it is a very hard battle—is by no means so sanguinary, for it resolves itself more into a war with circumstances, into the diplomacy of contending interests, and into the struggle of sentiment. The first of all ideas in the Scottish minstrel's mind was an admiration of earthly grandeur. All these ballads relate to lords and ladies, knights and squires. Wandering from castle to castle, the minstrel was especially bound to please the baron and his retainers, and for them he sung. It was their doings that he noted, it was their loves which interested him, it was their appearance that he admired. He had an honest respect for material splendour. If the lords or ladies whom he celebrated were in poverty and rags, he was never satisfied until he provided them with wealth and glory; but then always the lords must be brave and the ladies must be beautiful. The brave lord will prove to be the son of a king, and must

be clad in velvet, presented with a jewelled sword, and set on a splendid charger. The lovely lady, known as the beggar's daughter, will turn out to be the lost child of an earl, must sit on a golden chair, must have gold combs in her hair, a fan of Royal bone or ivory, and silk dresses beyond reckoning. Thomas of Ercildoune's description of the Fairy Queen is but a slightly exaggerated instance of this tendency to dwell on images of material splendour:—

"Her palfrey was a dapple gray;  
Such one I saw ne never none;  
As does the sun on summer's day,  
That fair ladye herself she shone.

"Her selle it was of Royal bone,  
Full seemely was that sight to see!  
Stiffly set with precious stone,  
And compassed all with cramoisie.

"Stones of orience, great plentie;  
Her hair about her head it hung;  
She rode over that lonely lea,  
And whiles she blew and whiles she sung.

"Her girths of noble silk they were,  
The buckles were of beryl stone,  
Her stirrups were of crystal clear,  
And all with pearl o'er begone.

"Her paytrell was of irale fine,  
Her crupper was of orfarie;  
And as clear gold her bridle shone;  
On either side hung belles three."

After this admiration of earthly pomp and show, the two most prominent ideas of the ballad-makers are love and death. As love is most apparent in overcoming obstacles, it is generally exhibited as prevailing sometimes in opposition to a parent's or a brother's wish, and sometimes in defiance of Divine law. Illicit love is, indeed, so frequently the subject of these ballads that if we might accept them as a fair representation of the period to which they belong, we might imagine a state of society in which chastity was unknown. This love, whether illicit or not, is described as the universal motive to action, the source of all pleasure, the cause of all discord, the greatest good and the greatest evil. When by means

of it the strife is at its height, and everything is going wrong, there is but one mode of escape; there is but one solution of every difficulty, and that is in the grave. The grave is surrounded with very solemn images, but, on the whole, to these minstrels death was by no means the king of terrors. Death was to be desired more frequently than shunned. If there was bitterness in it there was also consolation, and the grave was esteemed infinitely preferable to a world in which love was lost and faith betrayed. Nor was the world of death separated by an impassable chasm from the world of life. There was a union of feeling between the living and the dead. The dead man knew when his lover came to visit his grave. The lady in her bower saw the ghost of her dead knight as she looked from the casement. Death was the great leveller, the great reconciler, the explanation of every mystery, and the crown of every event. All the pomp and splendour of the world was nothing without love, and it was nothing in the grasp of death. Wealth was grand, but love was grander, and death was grandest of all. There is a homely ballad called "The Wife of Usher's Well," in which the relation of the living to the dead is described with wonderful force, and what is most wonderful is the art with which a description that is suggestive of the horrible is softened with human feeling, so that when we come to the last verse, and especially to the last two lines, all the horror is gone, there is sadness only left, and we feel our own identity with the departed spirits. The Wife of Usher's Well had lost three sons, and, wretched for them, she cursed the winds and the waters by which they were drowned. In the midst of her sorrow her sons come to her one dark night from the other world, and she is once more a happy woman. She feasted them, and after the feast sent them to bed while she herself sat by their bedside, unable to leave them all night:—

"Up then crew the red red cock,  
And up and crew the gray;  
The eldest to the youngest said,  
'Tis time we were away.

"The cock doth crow, the day doth daw,  
The channerin' worm doth chide;  
Gin we be missed out o' our place  
A sair pain we maun bide.

"Lie still, lie still, but a little wee while,  
Lie still, but if we may;  
Gin my mother should miss us when she  
wakes  
She'll go mad ere it be day.'

"Oh, it's they've ta'en up their mother's  
mantle,  
And they've hung it on a pin;  
'Oh, lang may ye hing, my mother's mantle,  
Ere ye hap us again!

"Fare ye weel, my mother dear!  
Fareweel to barn and byre!  
And fare ye weel, the bonny lass  
That kindles my mother's fire.'"

There is a touch of humour mixed with the pathos of these last two lines, which seem as if spoken by the youngest of the ghosts. In such a ballad as this we have a good example of the tenderness with which the awful mystery of death, and especially the relation of the living to the dead, is regarded in this primitive poesy. In another ballad, which goes by the name of "True Thomas," we find in a more fanciful form an expression of that aversion to bloodshed which is one of the characteristics of the Scottish ballads. Thomas rides through elfin land with the Fairy Queen:—

"Oh they rade on and further on,  
And they waded through rivers abaune  
the knee;  
And they saw neither the sun nor the moon,  
But they heard the roaring of a sea.

"It was mirk, mirk night, there was nae  
sternlight,  
And they waded through red blude to  
the knee;  
For a' the blude that's shed on the earth,  
Rins thro' the springs o' that countrie."

It seems as if the minstrel meant to say, "There is not a drop of that blood lost; if you men spill it recklessly, it is treasured up elsewhere." There is something horrible in the idea, but the horror

which it excites is wholesome. And in the Scottish ballads there is, perhaps, more of this human feeling than in the ballads of any other nation. They are by no means bloodthirsty ballads. They are of all ballads the most advanced in feeling, the most modern in tone; and it is because they represent a higher morality and a view of life that is more in accordance with our present notions that they are cherished by our Scottish

friends with an interest more intense than the old ballads of other countries are capable of exciting. Professor Aytoun says that quotations from these ancient lays more readily occur to him than lines from Horace or any of the classic authors. There are not many out of the circle of professed antiquaries who could, in other countries, speak in similar terms of the ballads which belong to their respective languages.

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## SUNSHINE AND SHADE.

BY J. A. TURNER.

Sunshine on the mountain-top,  
Sunshine on the trees,  
Sunshine o'er the meadow bright,  
Sunshine o'er the seas.

Sunshine o'er the pearly brook,  
Sunshine with the birds,  
Sunshine on the cotton blooms,  
Sunshine with the herds.

Sunshine in the children's hearts,  
Sunshine with the slaves,  
Sunshine where the lambkins play,  
Sunshine o'er the waves.

Why not sunshine in my heart,  
Why for me but shade,  
Why this shadow o'er my brow,  
Why so, silly maid?

But my lover comes again:—  
Truant lover, fie!  
Sunshine now has made my heart  
Bright as Summer sky.

## MY THREE PIPES.

"Sooty retainer to the vine,  
Bacchus' black servant, negro fine,

\* \* \* \* \*

The old world was sure forlorn  
Wanting thee, . . . . "

Charles Lamb.

## I.

## PHILOSOPHICAL.

I am a great smoker. I am fond of dreaming. But, good my reader, do not misconceive me. It is not the weird and strange imaginations of the sleeper that I enjoy—those vagaries of the unchained fancy revelling in the unexplored, unreal fields of slumber—the domain of Drowsy-land. These have their charm, and often gild the real world to which we awake with bright light. But I refer to *day dreams*. It is to this amusement that I am so partial:—and a powerful *open sesame* to the enchanted world of reverie, is found in what methinks the philosopher should dub, "the poor man's friend"—my pipe.

If you doubt the virtues of the pipe read Elia—Elia still charming, always fascinating; whether his quaint pen discourses of *roast-pig* or *Hester*; on the *inconvenience of being hanged*, or of the *old familiar faces*—Elia, ever "bright and young" whatever years roll on, or seas divide the reader from the India House and him who has made it immortal. See the fond lingering regret which he expresses when he finds that he must leave the brave "tobacco boys," sharing no longer in the "joys" of the mild weed. Lamb's testimony goes far to show that all poetic and imaginative natures take to "Virginia," as our ancestors were accustomed to call the magical plant—but other witnesses are not wanting. The good Robert Hall, the prince of divines, could be convinced by the arguments against tobacco, but "could not give up his pipe"—the brave Sir Walter Raleigh, to go farther back, perceived at once the virtues of the weed, and stole many hours from the lordly game of statesmanship, to smoke his pipe in private:—to

day, the brilliant author of "*What will he do with it?*" dedicates a page to the high praises of the occupation of the smoker. But why should I take the trouble to establish the position, that everywhere, amid all classes of humanity—above all, with the higher class of minds—the pipe is the prime friend and consolation of mankind? Give me your voices, O my brother smokers from a thousand hills and valleys—speak from the mountain top, and from the lowland—in the country and the town—from shady porticoes beneath the trellised vine, and from the garret of the student, dreaming of posterity amid the rush and roar of cities!—your gentle voices, friends and brethren of the mystery! Then shall the outside world be told that there is something better than to wear one's self away with schemes and toils to win the "bright rewards" of the world's worldlings;—something more philosophical than passing idle hours in the foolish chatter of "our best society"—something which wealth cannot purchase, or fame excel—the mild pleasure of the smoker. Friend, has the world passed you by indifferently? Smoke! Has your sweetheart jilted you, and married your rival? Smoke! Has your speculation failed, or your book been transferred to the trunk-maker—does the present look black, and the future squally? Smoke! Smoke! It will console you in the dark days, as on bright mornings like the present, it will give you dreams!

I have said above that smoking is essentially the favourite enjoyment of "the higher class of minds." It is pleasing to think so—I am fond of smoking. But then it is a pleasure to the lower class of minds—that is displeasing: for a similar reason. Let us say, however, worthy brethren of the weed, that the finer influences of the plant are known only to



the connoisseur—we are the great body of the connoisseurs, of course. Therefore, where the tyro in the art, or he of the depraved taste for rank excitement, only burns his palate—as the inebriate swallows fiery gin—we the more thoughtful devotees, serenely yield ourselves to the influence of the slow-rising cloud of snowy smoke;—even as the amateur of wines sips tranquilly the purple vintage of the Rhine. The fairy spell steals imperceptibly through every vein—the world disappears—we enter, calm and happy, the great universe of fanciful imaginings—the past revives in all its tender sadness, or the future dawns, all light and joy, and peace:—we are dreaming!

As smokers differ, one from another, so also do pipes. There is a philosophy of pipes. It is not trivial. The shape and style which you employ has often much to do with the character of your reveries. Not seldom, your true lover of the weed makes lengthy journeys by the aid of his silent companion. Without moving from his elbow chair, he voyages to distant lands—he is, may it please your worship, “your picked man of countries,” who has never stirred from home.

Pipes are many. A great authority has said that they may be generally divided into two classes—good pipes and bad pipes. But this classification is not sufficiently definite. Let me add, in a foot-note as it were, and by way of humble commentary to my author, that there exist or have existed:

- I. The Corn-cob pipe, (Virginian.)
- II. Powhatan pipe, (Southside.)
- III. Meerschaum, (German.)
- IV. Narghilè, (Persian.)
- V. Hookah, (Hindoo.)
- VI. Chibouque, (Turkish.)
- VII. Calumet, (N. A. Indian.)
- VIII. Yard of Clay, (English.)
- IX. Stone pipe, (Aborigines.)
- X. Dhudeen, (Irish.)
- XI. China, figured, (Dutch.)
- XII. Common Clay, (Cosmopolite.)

So many, and so different one from another, are the tribes of the pipe! Each has its votaries. The Persian sits with crossed legs on his mat, and smooths se-

renely his long snowy beard with a jewelled hand; and sucking the white smoke of his Shiraz through the perfumed water of the Narghilè, dreams silently of Paradise, the prophet, and the houris. The German wraps his ruddy countenance in a great cloud of “government” tobacco, wreathing upward from a bowl of “Sea Foam” of the Baltic shore. The Irish labourer tugs hard at his short black dhudeen, clutched between the teeth. The Indian lies beneath the shadow of some mighty tree, and smokes his calumet. The Virginian puts his feet upon the mantle-piece, or the railing of the portico, and draws his inspiration from the red bowl of the Powhatan, or better still, the grimy recess of the corn-cob.

As for myself—the writer of this learned disquisition on a subject of such serious importance and deep interest—I have three pipes. They come under none of the above heads, and I reserve a description of them that I may surprise the reader, and induce him not to lay down the page containing these my lucubrations, until he has discovered my secret—that is to say, given me his attention to the end.

I travel a good deal with my pipes. They are never absent when I want them—I have only to select the quarter of the world I wish to visit—the carpet of the Arabian Nights unrolls itself, and the Genius whispers, “Come, my Lord, I await.”

I light the one lying nearest to my hand. It is of an anomalous oriental appearance:—the bowl is dark—the stem of some Eastern wood—the mouth-piece of ebony.

The smoke rises slowly—this present, America disappears—we are on the way!

—

## II.

### MY FIRST PIPE.

Ah! that is well. So this is the bazaar of Alexandria. We are thus in Egypt and that is the sunlight of the Nile! Most worshipful Mufti, with the long

white beard, and voluminous head-covering, be pleased to inform a barbarian from the West if that tower is the Pharos? Yes? And Pompey's Pillar—is that interesting object visible?—and the Pyramids? I have frequently heard of the Pyramids—you will remember the remark of Napoleon, that forty centuries were looking down, at the time he passed, from the summits of these pleasing pieces of architecture.

The Mufti passes on, evidently unacquainted with the tongue in which I address his sacred priesthood. I turn to the bazaar. Excellent! This is the Arabian Nights “in little” as Lord Hamlet says. Silks and pearls from Samarcand doubtless—gold from Ophir, supposed to be California by irreverent Western barbarians! The very sight of tamarinds puts one in mind of Tamerlane:—and the scimeter there recalls Ghengis Khan. They must have been an imposing set, those gentlemen of the “extreme East” when they came with silken banners flouting the bright burning skies, to take possession of their neighbours' property. But, my dear sir!—you there, sitting cross-legged, with such dignified gravity, on your counter, and smiling so benignly, do you really enjoy this sort of thing? You are doubtless employed often in dreaming of the fine lands from which your goods are brought—you, like myself, travel much, on the wings of your pipe smoke—but, after all, is it not a bore to sit there thus forever, never speaking, dozing and smoking? You should see our shopmen in America. They are much more lively—they seldom sit on their counters. And then Broadway, my dear sir! Let me take you, in a friendly way, by the button of your turban, and argue the question with you! The Alexandrian owl is actually dreaming! He is not aware of my presence. I'll waste no more words upon him, but stroll on through the bazaar. What an oriental grandeur and glory! What stuffs! what jewels! what splendid fabrics! And here we are at the slave market. A number of young ladies are exhibited—but, I find two strange circumstances in their appearance, differ-

ing considerably from what I had been led to expect, and somewhat interesting. They are not in that piteous state, outraging modesty and nature, which the Greek girl exhibits; and they do not seem sad. They are gaily dressed, and appear to enjoy themselves. Why not? They will perhaps exchange a life of obscurity, toil, and want, for a position of elegance and luxury. By so doing, according to the social views of the orient, they incur no stain. Many wives are permitted—it is customary. So, I find my pity for the young ladies thus offered for sale decrease considerably. They follow me with their eyes. They think from my flowered dressing gown, and smoking cap of figured silk, which I have accidentally omitted to take off in coming, that I am a grand seigneur. They smile and beckon, and their ruby lips ask me to become their purchaser. The little Georgian there, particularly—the one with the deep, dark melting eyes, and pouting cherry lips—this little dame, especially, makes strong advances. “’Tis only a pinch of piasters, my Lord,” she seems to say; “am I not worth it?” You are, my dear madam, or mademoiselle!—you are upon my honour! But then consider the serious objection! Consider what a flutter my beloved Mary Ann, to whom I shall be married soon, would be in! Think of the expression of that dear creature's countenance when I presented you to her, smiling, as my oriental acquisition—calling on my Mary Ann to admire your beauty, and congratulate me on my good fortune in securing you, to wait upon her. I very much fear, my dear young lady, that your large, tender, dove-like eyes would make my Mary Ann jealous, and would some day suffer from the nails of your mistress. She would be jealous—she would complain to her papa—her brother, who is a dreadfully ferocious looking officer in the Tallapoosa volunteers, would suggest to my mind the alternative of your dismissal, or a dish of coffee, garnished *à la pistolet*—there would, I fear, be a serious row in the family. It would create scandal—and if you, my dear, were acquainted with the awful nature of that

terrible infliction called gossip, you would appreciate my objection. After all, perhaps I had better keep my piasters in my purse:—farewell. So I stroll on.

The sunlight is magical. Alexandria is it? I think it is Cairo or Damascus! What a world of fountains—of shady courts, surrounded with palms, and “eastern flowers large:” how languid are the moments, treading lightly, as if on a path of flowers! My senses lapse away into a dreamy reverie—visions of Paradise and houri angels visit my imagination: I am walking with the Princess Paribanou, and yonder the vizier of good Haroun Alraschid comes, to summon me, for high and responsible consultation, into the perfumed and gorgeous depths of the great palace of the King—the splendid pavilion of the Caliphat.

— Rat! tat!

I start, and almost let my pipe fall from my hand.

“Does Mr. Jobson live here sir?”

A small boy plunges a shaggy head into my apartment and grins at me in triumph. I am possessed with sudden ferocity—I grasp, I look around for some object to hurl at the individual in question. I see close at hand a volume of “Sunny Memories,” by Mrs. H. B. Stowe. I seize it: but suddenly relent. It is too heavy. My passion cools. I gaze at the shag of hair with mild patience, and assuming an expression of dignity and injured feeling reply:

“My young friend, Mr. Jobson inhabits the opposite apartment.”

My door closes, and I re-light my extinguished pipe, whose fairy spirit—you will admire the poetical paraphrase—has fled, during this colloquy. But the attempt to revive my dream is vain. The East refuses to embrace me any more to-day. The palms no longer wave—the fountains are merely painted water—the mufti has gone to his parsonage—the shopman of the bazaar, is hidden by a cloud of smoke. Even the Georgian girl has gone to dinner—the East refuses itself to the neophyte again—it has fled. So I lay down my pipe brought to me, so so many leagues—from Alexandria in Egypt—brought by the most delightful

and pleasant of all friends and travellers—I lay down the talisman of the East; and light:—

## II.

### MY SECOND PIPE.

It is somewhat curious. I received it from a friend who carried a pair of American eyes to the galleries and celebrated spots of Europe, and wrote down his experiences. But the immortal gods were adverse—the omens were most inauspicious. In a single hour the envious “tongue of flame” swept off the record of those pleasant things which he had seen “Across the Atlantic.” My pipe remains, no less, to prove to him that once he tarried near the Bernese Oberland, and gazed upon the snowy peaks, flushed with red sunset, of the towering Mont Blanc.

So I light my pipe, and winding along the tortuous descent, enter the “land of lands.” I go smoking through all the smiling fields of Piedmont into Italy.

I have always liked Italy. I know many agreeable persons who have resided there from time to time. Some of these persons have inscribed their names upon the long and lasting scroll of history and live forever. There was Beatrice. She is dead now. I do not mean the Beatrice of the Cenci stock who carved her name, in never-mouldering letters on the chilly heights of piteous, terrible romance, which is yet history: who looks over her shoulder at you there to-day, from beneath the white head-covering, with the awful yearning eyes, as on the night before her execution when the brush of Guido placed her features upon canvass. *My* Beatrice—the one I knew and loved—was Dante’s. You know her too,—is it not so, my reader? You have seen her smile upon the worn and pallid face of him, the Florentine, who went down into hell, and came back with blanched locks, never to smile again. O tragedy too deep for tears! O mighty life, swept by a wrack of thunder-cloud! O spirit, burning with the scorn which

spoke in County Ugolino's horrible curses—O tender heart, that murmured in the ears of the world the sweet and touching story—the *romanza*, full of passionate anguish and regret, of Francesca da Rimini and her lover! My Beatrice watched this life of a great, a sublime genius:—she smiled upon him, as only women smile:—linked to his fame, her name has triumphed over oblivion—conquered death!

So we pass through the sweet and pleasant fields; and a hundred objects greet us. A hundred personages whom we know are smiling upon us. We pass beneath the balconies where ladies fair are gathered in a hundred dazzling groups—or where a single maiden looks forth on the yellow moon of Italy. Hush! her lips open! What does she murmur in that musical undertone? "Ah Romeo! Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?" And there upon the garden wall!—stealthily listening, blushing with the secret of his love! Take care, *mon prince*! You will fall if you trust to that slender bough!—to say nothing of the danger you must run in entering the garden of your enemy, which is doubtless "posted" against you, my lord Romeo, especially! The boy does not heed me! He is actually jumping down into the forbidden ground! Ah! but the balcony is high—you can't approach your sweetheart! Love laughs at me, from behind an orange tree where he is shooting with a double shaft at youth and maiden. The boy takes from his pocket a slight silken ladder. In an instant it is clinging to the wall—he ascends—and soon two happy hearts are beating with one pulse, pressed closely to each other—trembling lips have met in the long lingering lovers' kiss! So, let the tender kiss be unespied. Fate tramps toward them:—it is

"Love and beauty walking hand in hand  
The downward road to death."

The tomb will open soon—the lovers will again rest side by side. So we pass.

We pass through the length and breadth of Italy: we see the Hanging

Tower, the Campanile, the Duomo—all the splendid sights of Rome, and Carnival! The Borgias rule again, full of lust and blood—the sire Boiardo rings the village bells at finding what he sought, the name of his hero. The hosts of Pisa and of Florence marshal on the plains, and Luria is smiling as he listens to the warning of his faithful Husain. All the gloom and glory of a beautiful land is plain before us as we pass: as dreamily we pass through the bright southern fields—

"By unfamiliar Arno, and the dome  
Of Brunelleschi:—"

The hearts of men and women have beat wildly here, even from the moment when the twins were suckled by the wolf. The iron brood of old revelled in passionate emotions, and their posterity obeyed the bias of their ancestors. It is tragedy and comedy, blood and laughter, which dwells here as of right. The *lazzarone* is basking in the sun—the priest is wringing from the dying miser what he clings to desperately, and will not relinquish until "dread damnation" is held over him as the alternative. The prince and cardinal roll by in gilded chariots; the deformed beggar runs beside them, praying piteously an alms. The brigand lurks in the catacombs—the Contadina trips along in her red petticoat, and listens, smiling, to the youth who whispers love. The play goes on—the gay sun shines above; music and laughter and jest and revelry reign on the soil of the Cæsars.

It is an idle land that we have entered, good my reader:—we bask in a sunshine which is never darkened by a cloud. The orange blossoms fill the air with perfume—the grapes are blushing on a thousand hills—the soul of the grape, you would say, is dancing in the veins of these men and women who care for nought but their *dolce far niente*, and dance and laugh and sleep in the sunlight.

It is surely a lovely land—but is it the best? Is it good to do nothing but laugh and dance? Is it well for a na-

tion to revere Rossini, as the Americans revere their Washington? The reply is given by the land we look on—the priest-ridden home of superstition and slavery. Let us leave it with pity, nor long for its sunny skies. Better the gloom of eternal winter than the sunshine which enervates the soul!

My pipe is out. I gaze at it idly. I have said it was curious. The hook-shaped horn of a chamois, black and shining as ebony—there is the bowl. The delicate hoof of the animal carved down, and polished—with the hair so arranged as to represent the original—and a hole in the small black ornament for the mouth-piece—there is my pipe. And this horn which I clasp, once crowned the forehead of the wildest inhabitant of the Alps! This hoof once leaped from ledge to ledge of the far, chill summits of the snow-clad mountains! In the distant land of America, I lounge in an easy chair, and—

—Rat! tat! tat! again—

“Who is there?”

My door slowly opens—a group of gods and goddesses in plaster enter: beneath them is a human head which offers my *Eccellenza*, Venus, Mars, or Minerva at a bargain. At other times I would refuse—my familiarity with the heathen deities has bred contempt for them. But to-day I am amiable—I have been to Italy. I greet the full-bearded owner of the gods and goddesses, and commence beating him down in price. At last he departs—he has taken with the most obvious satisfaction exactly one-fourth of his first demand. I am the owner of Ceres and a vestal Virgin of the finest and richest bronze plaster. I place them upon my mantle-piece to be admired by all. They are draped in antique style—when the looms of Manchester had not made the price of woven stuffs so low, and ladies seem to have dressed, with an eye to economy, in the very least clothing possible. But the tunics, after all, fall gracefully—a cynical philosopher might say they were more natural than hoops.

I hang up my chamois pipe on the virgin's vestal torch; and drawing my

dress-gown around me, lean back in my easy chair. I am lazy to-day; the sunlight of Italy or the East must have enervated me. I had that case of *Jones vs. Smith* to study; but it will scarcely come out to-day. On the whole, I think I'll not open *Smith and Jones* this morning. I believe I will smoke.

Ah! my neglected friend! You there behind the base of the statue of Ceres! The third of my graces—“black but comely!” Is it possible that you have been forgotten? My conscience will not permit such injustice. I will take another short journey to-day before dinner. So:—with an idle movement I light:

#### IV.

##### MY THIRD PIPE.

The old world is dead. The newest tracts of the new world dawn upon us; the far west. We are on the plains of New Mexico—the great prairie lands of America. It is a pleasant place—the fort here—is it not? But then it has some drawbacks, has it not, Commandant? For I see that you are Commandant by your fine uniform, and the respect with which the sentinel salutes you.

We are tolerably far off from the United States, I think—a little to the west of sundown. That range in the distance must be the famous Sierra Nevada; handsome, but—if I may be permitted to hazard the remark—chilly. It is, doubtless, admired by the grizzly bear—a gentleman whose acquaintance I have still the pleasure of making. Do you enjoy yourself out here? I should imagine that the loss of a daily mail train, and the consequent absence of newspapers would slightly disarrange your views upon general intelligence. Not to have at one's command these thrillingly interesting, mildly courteous, and uniformly reliable vehicles of the world's progress, seems to me a misfortune of the first class. And then, my dear sir, consider what you lose in not possessing the current literature of the day—the “new books.” You would find



from the newspapers that the volumes in question are such as the world has never produced before. It is a remarkable fact—but I assure you it may be relied upon—that the authors of these productions have placed themselves, at a single bound, 'in the front rank of American literature. General Washington Irving still ranks as Commander-in-chief, but he is considered something of an old fogy—and the gentlemen who have bounded to "the front rank," one and all, look forward to his early resignation, when they all expect to be generalissimo. The works of these geniuses can scarcely penetrate here to your distant camp. You do not want to read them? They are stupid? They bore you! You prefer Washington Irving? Why, my dear sir! *really* now, my *dear* sir! But argument is useless. I see you even smile in a sardonic way as you glance at the newspapers sticking from my pocket.—Lies do you say? Upon my soul!—but I can only pity your prejudiced views. Let us not argue. Doubtless these views are the result of your lengthy absence from the haunts of an elegant and refined civilization.

Still there is something here to console one. It is a splendid country—vast, mysterious, boundless almost in its range of beautiful flowering prairies, sleeping like a sea of roses in the balmy sunlight. I see upon the wide and lovely landscape nothing but a few antelopes—and in the distance the delicate, snowy rim of smiling mountains. Place a few Indians upon their spirited horses, in the foreground, grouped in picturesque beauty, and the sweet tableau would want nothing.

—You'd rather not have them in the foreground? And the mountains I admire so, are terrible wastes of snow, where you have often been compelled to live upon horse-flesh? The picturesque Indians—a set of bloody devils; and the "tableau" anything but "sweet" to those who are toiling over the great flowery desert, fainting for a drop of water, and but slenderly consoled by thinking that their death-bed will be one of roses? My dear Commandant, you take the common,

material, and unpoetic view of life—you are not alive to the delights of the imagination. Consider what a noble figure a Camanche is, upon his splendid wild horse of the plains—whirling into the air and catching his long spear again, in joy of heart—and thrilling with the sweet and noble thought of freedom and nobility of soul!—He is after your scalp, do you say, with that slow curl of the upturned ends of your huge moustache toward your eyes?—he's a rascally thief who has his eye on your horses and cows? Such is the hard and unimaginative view you take of life!

Grog?—Thank you. It will refresh me after my journey. Your health my dear Commandant—and what do you think of Mr. Cushing's speech at the fair—his views upon the appropriation, the annexation of Mexico? Ah! I forget, you have not seen it. The politicians are cutting out work for you, you perceive. At Washington they talk a little—pull a few wires,—and like a company of wooden soldiers in the hands of a child, you gentlemen of the epaulette march and countermarch in the most approved style. In old days the legions used to make their imperator, Cæsar, and lord of all. Now it is changed unless you can manage to cut somebody to pieces, and give us something to hurrah about. To hurrah occasionally, is a necessity of the national existence. Just set off some morning, my dear Commandant;—march to Mexico, South America, or the Feejee Islands—proclaim the Republic of America's right thereunto—and occupy. We shall have a fine hurrah, and you'll be President.

So the hours glide by in the far, wild region of the west—that mighty west, which ever stretches onward, holding arms of welcome to the crowded people of the worn out world of Europe. Here nature has put forth her strength, and moulded all in vast, gigantic outline. The prairies roll away forever—mighty rivers rush through thousands of miles, seeking, along the bases of the snow-clad mountains, over plain and through valley, the far distant sea—great herds of buffalo range freely in the wide expanse—



and over all droops a serene heaven, bathing hill and vale, prairie and mountain side, in the rich sunlight of the virgin clime. The zest of life is nowhere felt so keenly as here. To breathe the pure air is in itself happiness. Here, teeming millions shall yet find a home; and the Anglo-Saxon banner will unfurl its shining folds—its folds inscribed with the sign of the Cross. The eagles of the Republic shall revisit their native airs, and brood with outstretched wings above the Garden of the World!

And thou, brave Commandant, watching here at the lonely post, away from the rushing east and fruitful west,—the nation shall not suffer your memory to sink into oblivion. In after days, if other reward come not, the historian of our land shall tell of your faithful services. You shall rank with those who have done well for the Republic—who have guarded our wide border from the cruel savage—given to woman and child a safe passage through the prairie to their distant home—worthily done the worthy work which heaven appointed you to perform. Not a deed of yours, Commandant, shall be lost—not a brave action disappear from memory. Our children's children shall hang over the

chronicle—and read the strange and moving record with beating hearts, and say, "This man was truly brave and faithful. He did his duty. He bore the banner of the great Republic. With the men of old he sleeps—with the worthy sleeps. Honour to the brave!"

The wild prairies fade away, and I hold in my hand with smiles and musings, my old cherry-stemmed, curiously fashioned Mexican pipe. The bowl is a woman's head, with a Spanish coiffure—a string of pearls around the throat,—the character of the head is Aztec. It was given me by a brave soldier—a gentle, noble heart—he had brought it from the prairies of New Mexico.

And so my idle musing ends. If I have dreamed too much of other lands, my pipes must bear the blame. From Alexandria in Egypt, by the Alps to the new lands of the west, I have come on the white cloud, wafted onward. As the cloud melts to air, I sink back tranquilly into the real place and world around me; and do not complain. I salute the mufti—smile my farewell to Beatrice—I tell the Commandant good-bye. I open the pages of *Jones vs. Smith*. My day-dreams are over.

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### THE RICH POOR MAN.

I see the rich roll by  
 In their chariots fine and gay;  
 And I am here in my garret  
 Dreaming the hours away!

Do you think I envy the rich  
 In their chariots gay and fine—  
 That I long to share their splendour,  
 And drink of their flowing wine?

I am far too rich to covet  
 A boon so poor and small—  
 I sit in my garret and smile,  
 I am wealthier far than them all!

I live with the men of old,  
 And talk with the kings of song:  
 It is better than simpering yonder:—  
 Do you think I am wrong?

## Notices of New Works.

**THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH. and other Poems.** By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1858. [From James Woodhouse, 97 Main Street.

It is an invariable thing that when a poet of established popularity comes before the public with a new volume, the question of his claim to genius is re-opened, and the critics commence *de novo* to discuss his merits and demerits. Childe Harold did not settle Byron's fame with the reviewers of his day, for upon the appearance of Don Juan they began to dispute about his lordship's poetical greatness as if he had never written a line. That Mr. Longfellow is a popular writer of verse, that, indeed, he is the most popular of all the singers that move the world's great heart at the present time, is a fact that will hardly be questioned by anybody. His lyrics have been translated into all languages, and have been set to music by the composers in many lands. There was nothing that more delighted the soul of tender little Thomas Moore than the circumstance of Lalla Rookh's having been rendered into Persian, and he was fond of reciting the lively stanzas of his friend Luttrell in allusion to it—

I'm told, dear Moore, your lays are sung  
(Can it be true, you lucky man?)  
By moonlight in the Persian tongue,  
Along the streets of Ispahan.

If Mr. Longfellow derive an equal satisfaction from the wide range that his poems have taken, he must be, despite the unfavourable criticism of the McGrawlers of literature, one of the happiest of men. For while in England he enjoys an acceptance with the people which belongs not to any of their own poets, he is as well known to the continent as Oehlenschläger or Freiligrath. This extended popularity it is which causes his title to original power to be challenged whenever he puts forth another effort in song. The world is ever jealous of great men, and envious mediocrity, while it cannot ignore the universal favour which sometimes waits upon the productions of genius, is reluctant to acknowledge the possession of the celestial vision and the divine faculty. Accordingly the "Courtship of Miles Standish" has excited a very lively controversy in literary circles, and has brought up once more the issue tried again and again upon the appearance of "Evangeline," and the "Golden

Legend," and "Hiawatha"—Is Mr. Longfellow a poet at all? Is he anything more than an ingenious maker of verses? Are we not all wrong in supposing that he has ever spoken to the bosoms of men, and has not his song been addressed only to their ears? Before proceeding to examine the volume which has given rise to such interrogation and controversy, let us proceed to submit an estimate of the poet, such as a careful study of his previous writings has enabled us to form.

If to discern and point out an occult beauty in familiar things—to perceive hidden relations in nature and art with the sensibilities of the race, and make them apparent to us all in language at once the most simple and the most musical—to detect, here and there, in the by-ways of history a flower of sentiment which has bloomed in secret, and make its purity and fragrance known to the world—to present virtue and religion to us set off with new charms borrowed from his own imagination—if to do these things constitute any claim to be considered a great poet, then do we regard Mr. Longfellow's fame as assured. For in all that he has written, let the subject of his verse be drawn from what age or clime it may, whether from monkish tradition or Indian story, he has been true to the high demands of his vocation, and stood as the interpreter of the Good, the Beautiful and the True in the past, in the soul of man, in the face of nature, and in the domain of art, to the hearts of his readers. Mr. Longfellow has often been compared with Tennyson, and a recent English critic, in a paragraph of flippant depreciation of America, has arraigned him as only a feeble imitator of the Tennysonian model. But a more unjust accusation could not have been made. In some respects, indeed, the two laureates are alike. A quiet, thoughtful melancholy pervades the poems of both. Each of them has enwreathed legendary lore with poetic garlands, each sings of love and ambition and sorrow and longings for the world beyond the grave. But in their modes of expression and in their manner of treatment no two writers could be more different. Mr. Tennyson rejoices to idealise the shadowy and the sombre in the world around us and in man himself; with him nothing is so dainty sweet as melancholy, and the music of his song is mournful and wild in accord with the feeling which inspires it. A certain vagueness belongs to it all, we derive no definite ideas from his poetry, to be moved by it we must

experience conditions of consciousness responsive to the poet's own dreamy emotions. It is the strongest possible proof of the essential difference between Tennyson and Longfellow, that while many have challenged the genius of the former because of his indistinctness, as many have denied to the latter great powers because of the clearness and simplicity which belong to the enunciation of his thoughts. In all of Longfellow's poems, the shortest not less than the most elaborate, there is a well-defined purpose; these embody a story, those sing a moral. If our sensibilities are touched immediately by the verse, if it awakens memories of what we have all felt in childhood, if it brings back rapidly the "long, long thoughts of youth," if, indeed, the very language is such that we feel as if we may have employed it ourselves to convey the self-same idea—this, so far from implying a lack of original capacity, but the more satisfactorily establishes it, to our own perception. Upon the principle of *omne ignotum pro magnifico*, Mr. Longfellow is, indeed, but a mere versifier; upon the principle that what proves nothing is worth nothing, Mr. Tennyson is but a cloudy rhapsodist. Yet is each undeniably a true child of genius. The sphere of Tennyson is dream-land, where his inspiration sings itself to ethereal melodies; the sphere of Longfellow is the round world we inhabit, with its velvet lawns and boundless prairies, its harvest moons and glowing sunsets, its crystal rivers and weltering oceans; yes, and its classic story and immemorial traditions, wherein the music of humanity prolongs its sad, sweet, jubilant, pensive, tender strain from generation to generation.

Such being our estimate of Mr. Longfellow, we confess we opened the volume now before us with pleasant anticipations. To declare that we were disappointed in it, involves no disparagement of the principal poem, which is after all a success, though not the poetic illustration of Colonial Times in Massachusetts, which we had expected. "The Courtship of Miles Standish" is rather a study than a grand historical painting; a little cabinet picture, as it were, of the Plymouth settlement, not a great tapestry, rich and sombre, wherein are woven all the threads which entered into the warp and woof of the early history of the Puritans in America. It is as if Mr. Weir had directed all his powers to a single group on the deck of the Speedwell, instead of giving us the magnificent work of art of the Embarkation. But the study is skil-

fully wrought out. It has the tone and atmosphere of the ocean-girt forest, on whose borders the smoke rose from the rude cottages of the Pilgrims; it is full of quiet touches of nature and pathetic suggestions of human feeling, and it is pervaded by that quaint simplicity which belongs to the Flemish painters, and which is so necessary to give the true expression to the Puritan story. We might perhaps stop to cry out against the English hexameter, which even Mr. Longfellow cannot induce us to like, but the verse is only the framing to the picture, and though we may wish it were other than it is, we should be wrong in permitting it to prevent our enjoyment of what it surrounds. That is but a low view of poetry which judges of the outward merely, and leaves the inward and essential unacknowledged and unappreciated.

The episode of Miles Standish's life, which Mr. Longfellow has selected for poetic delineation, is his unsuccessful vicarious courtship of Priscilla, the maiden whom he desired to instal in the chamber of his heart made vacant by the death of the beautiful Rose, the first to die of all who came in the May Flower. The stalwart Captain deposes his friend, John Alden, to whisper the soft petition in the maiden's ear. John Alden discharges his mission unwillingly (for he loves Priscilla himself) but with fervour—

The deep, the low, the pleading tone  
With which he sang another's love  
Interpreted his own—

and receives for Miles, *militis*, a dismissal, for himself a tender encouragement. John Alden is somewhat disconcerted. He will not deal falsely with his friend and declare his own passion. He goes to Standish and tells him all. There is a row of course; and hard words. John Alden determines to go back to England in the May Flower. Plymouth is no place for him. But Priscilla is down on the beach as the boat puts off for the ship, and a glance of her eye changes his purpose. He returns to the village, when news is received that Miles Standish has been killed by the Indians. So John and Priscilla get married, and as the ceremony is performing, in comes the Puritan Captain to bestow his bluff blessing on the couple.

Very beautiful, indeed, is the close of the poem, and it is the only quotation we can present to our readers—

Forth from the curtain of clouds, from the tent of purple and scarlet,  
Issued the sun, the great High-Priest, in his garments resplendent,  
Holiness unto the Lord, in letters of light, on his forehead,  
Round the hem of his robe the golden bells and pomegranates,  
Blessing the world he came, and the bars of vapor beneath him

Gleamed like a grate of brass, and the sea at his feet was a laver!

This was the wedding morn of Priscilla the Puritan maiden.  
 Friends were assembled together; the Elder and Magistrate also  
 Graced the scene with their presence, and stood like the Law and the Gospel,  
 One with the sanction of earth, and one with the blessing of heaven,  
 Simple and brief was the wedding, as that of Ruth and of Boaz.  
 Softly the youth and the maiden repeated the words of betrothal,  
 Taking each other for husband and wife in the Magistrate's presence,  
 After the Puritan way, and the laudable custom of Holland.  
 Fervently then, and devoutly, the excellent Elder of Plymouth  
 Prayed for the hearth and the home, that were founded that day in affection,  
 Speaking of life and of death, and imploring divine benedictions.

\* \* \* \* \*

Meanwhile the bridegroom went forth and stood with the bride in the doorway,  
 Breathing the perfumed air of that warm and beautiful morning,  
 Touched with Autumnal tints, but lonely and sad in the sunshine,  
 Lay extended before them the land of toil and privation;  
 There were the graves of the dead, and the barren waste of the sea-shore,  
 There the familiar fields, the groves of pine, and the meadows;  
 But to their eyes transfigured, it seemed as the garden of Eden,  
 Filled with the presence of God, whose voice was the sound of the ocean.

Soon was their vision disturbed by the noise and stir of departure,  
 Friends coming forth from the house, and impatient of longer delaying,  
 Each with his plan for the day, and the work that was left uncompleted.  
 Then from a stall near at hand, amid exclamations of wonder,  
 Alden the thoughtful, the careful, so happy, so proud of Priscilla,  
 Brought out his snow-white steed, obeying the hand of its master,  
 Led by a cord that was tied to an iron ring in its nostrils,  
 Covered with crimson cloth, and a cushion placed for a saddle.  
 She should not walk, he said, through the dust and heat of the noonday;  
 Nay, she should ride like a queen, not plod along like a peasant.  
 Somewhat alarmed at first, but re-assured by the others,  
 Placing her hand on the cushion, her foot in the hand of her husband,  
 Gayly, with joyous laugh, Priscilla mounted her palfrey.  
 "Nothing is wanting now," he said with a smile, "but the distaff;  
 Then you would be in truth my queen, my beautiful Bertha!"

Onward the bridal procession now moved to their new habitation,  
 Happy husband and wife, and friends conversing together.  
 Pleasantly murmured the brook as they crossed the ford in the forest,  
 Pleased with the image that passed, like a dream of love through its bosom,  
 Tremulous, floating in air, o'er the depths of the azure abysses.  
 Down through the golden leaves the sun was pouring his splendors,  
 Gleaming on purple grapes, that, from branches above them suspended,  
 Mingled their odorous breath with the balm of the pine and the fir-tree,  
 Wild and sweet as the clusters that grew in the valley of Eshcol.  
 Like a picture it seemed of the primitive, pastoral ages,  
 Fresh with the youth of the world, and recalling Rebecca and Isaac,  
 Old and yet ever new, and simple and beautiful always,  
 Love immortal and young in the endless succession of lovers.  
 So, through the Plymouth woods passed onward the bridal procession.

It would be no difficult matter for us to pick out prosaic lines from the "Courtship of Miles Standish," to cite impossible spondees and distressing dactyls, to detect even an absurdity here and there, such as the pen of John Alden *shouting* the name of Priscilla; but should we do this, fairness would demand that all the finest gems of the poem be also brought forward, and our limits will not allow of such particular criticism. Dismissing the hexameters therefore, and directing our atten-

tion for a moment to the smaller poems in the volume, which the author modestly calls: "Birds of Passage," let us say of them that they seem to us exquisite, indeed, with the exception of "The Warden of the Cinque Ports," nearly perfect. Nothing in English poetry strikes on our ear more musically than "Sandalphon;" "The Two Angels" is as tender and as holy as a psalm; in "The Rope-Walk," which we once read aloud to Thackeray, who expressed his delight, there is the true re-

cognition of the poetic element in common objects which is the mark of genius; but "Haunted Houses" pleases us most of all, and we quote it, in taking leave of the volume, with the expression of our thanks to the author, and the single remark that, it is enough in itself to win for him lasting fame:

#### HAUNTED HOUSES.

All houses wherein men have lived and died  
Are haunted houses. Through the open doors  
The harmless phantoms on their errands glide,  
With feet that make no sound upon the floors.

We meet them at the doorway, on the stair,  
Along the passages they come and go,  
Impalpable impressions on the air,  
A sense of something moving to and fro,

There are more guests at table than the hosts  
Invited; the illuminated hall  
Is thronged with quiet, inoffensive ghosts,  
As silent as the pictures on the wall.

The stranger at the fireside cannot see  
The forms I see, nor hear the sounds I hear;  
He but perceives what is; while unto me  
All that has been is visible and clear.

We have no title-deeds to house or lands;  
Owners and occupants of earlier dates  
From graves forgotten stretch their dusty hands,  
And hold in mortmain still their old estates.

The spirit-world around this world of sense  
Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere  
Wafts through these earthly mists and vapors dense  
A vital breath of more ethereal air.

Our little lives are kept in equipoise  
By opposite attractions and desires;  
The struggle of the instinct that enjoys,  
And the more noble instinct that aspires.

These perturbations, this perpetual jar  
Of earthly wants and aspirations high,  
Come from the influence of an unseen star,  
An undiscovered planet in our sky.

And as the moon from some dark gate of cloud  
Throws o'er the sea a floating bridge of light,  
Across whose trembling planks our fancies crowd  
Into the realm of mystery and night,—

So from the world of spirits there descends  
A bridge of light, connecting it with this,  
O'er whose unsteady floor, that sways and bends,  
Wander our thoughts above the dark abyss.



**HISTORY OF FRIEDERICH THE SECOND, Called Frederick the Great.** By THOMAS CARLYLE. In Four volumes. Vols. I. and II. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1858. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

Perhaps since Macaulay's History of England, no book has been looked for with more eager expectation than this. That Mr. Carlyle, in his worship of heroes, should come upon the image of Frederick in the Valhalla of history with something of reverence, was natural enough, but that he should have been impelled to write the life of a man, the unmilitary side of whose character was so open to ridicule, does indeed surprise us. For the heroes of Mr. Carlyle are to him no Unveracities—no Mannikins, but great, strong men throughout, without petty weaknesses, or follies, as he would say, in the small. Yet how comes it that Mr. Carlyle selects the flatterer of Voltaire, the writer of bad French poetry as the subject of his eulogy? The fact of itself created in advance a desire to see the history, upon examining which, the cautious reader will observe that it is less a record of events than a sermon preached upon them, and that Mr. Carlyle has chosen the rise of the kingdom of Prussia as a theme for the inculcation of his peculiar philosophy. Yet the volumes are not without the highest dramatic interest, and they betray the same power of description which was shown by the author in his striking work on the French Revolution. The time has gone by for any remarks on the extraordinary style of this author. Every day, he becomes more and more extravagant and bizarre, and in the history of Frederick, his mannerisms exceed all previous extravaganzas. We must accept the style as a fact, protest against its imitation by shallow admirers, laugh at its drolleries, and admit that, after all, it is capable of effects in the hands of its master more vivid and powerful, perhaps, than are produced by any other writer of English at the present day.

The greater portion of the first two volumes of this history, now on our table, is devoted to the affairs of Prussia before Frederick, and to one who is not familiar with the author, or with the events detailed, will be extremely difficult of comprehension, as well as very tedious. We do not say that undue importance has been attached to some of Frederick's predecessors, but we do not hesitate to declare that they become tiresome exceedingly, even in the picturesque and brilliant pages of Mr. Carlyle. Of the hero, not a great deal is yet told us, but the portrait of him, as he was last seen upon this earth of ours, as he stands in the immortal bronze of Rauch beneath the linden trees of Berlin, and as he remains in the memo-

ry of all who have traced his career in other volumes, is drawn by our author, in the very first chapter of his work, with such characteristic spirit, that we beg to introduce it as a specimen of his recent literary labours.

"About fourscore years ago there used to be seen sauntering on the terraces of Sans Souci, for a short time in the afternoon, or you might have met him elsewhere at an earlier hour, riding or driving in a rapid business manner on the open roads or through the scraggy woods and avenues of that intricate amphibious Potsdam region, a highly interesting lean little old man, of alert though slightly stooping figure; whose name among strangers was King *Friederich the Second*, or Frederick the Great of Prussia, and at home among the common people, who much loved and esteemed him, was *Vater Fritz*,—Father Fred,—a name of familiarity which had not bred contempt in that instance. He is a King every inch of him, though without the trappings of a King. Presents himself in a Spartan simplicity of vesture: no crown but an old military cocked-hat,—generally old, or trampled and kneaded into absolute softness if new;—no sceptre but one like Agamemnon's, a walking-stick cut from the woods, which serves also as a riding-stick (with which he hits the horse 'between the ears,' say authors;) and for royal robes, a mere soldier's blue coat with red facings, coat likely to be old, and sure to have a good deal of Spanish snuff on the breast of it; rest of the apparel dim, unobtrusive in colour or cut, ending in high over-knee military boots, which may be brushed (and, I hope, kept soft with an underhand suspicion of oil,) but are not permitted to be blackened or varnished; Day & Martin with their soot-pots forbidden to approach.

"The man is not of godlike physiognomy, any more than of imposing stature or costume: close-shut mouth with thin lips, prominent jaws and nose, receding brow, by no means of Olympian height; head, however, is of long form, and has superlative grey eyes in it. Not what is called a beautiful man; nor yet by all appearance, what is called a happy. On the contrary, the face bears evidence of many sorrows, as they are termed, of much hard labour done in this world; and seems to anticipate nothing but still more coming. Quiet stoicism, capable enough of what joy there were, but not expecting any worth mention; great unconscious and some conscious pride, well tempered with a cheery mockery of humour,—are written on that old face; which carries its chin well forward, in spite of the slight stoop about the neck; snuffy nose rather flung into the



air, under its old cocked-hat,—like an old snuffy lion on the watch; and such a pair of eyes as no man, or lion, or lynx of that century bore elsewhere, according to all the testimony we have. ‘Those eyes,’ says Mirabeau, ‘which, at the bidding of his great soul, fascinated you with seduction or with terror (*portaient au gré de son âme héroïque, la séduction ou la terreur.*’\*) Most excellent, potent, brilliant eyes, swift-darting as the stars, steadfast as the sun; gray, we said, of the azure-gray colour; large enough, not of glaring size, the habitual expression of them vigilance and penetrating sense, rapidity resting on depth, which is an excellent combination; and gives us the notion of a lambent outer radiance springing from some great inner sea of light and fire in the man. The voice, if he speak to you, is of similar physiognomy: clear, melodious, and sonorous; all tones are in it, from that of ingenuous inquiry, graceful sociality, light-flowing banter (rather prickly for most part,) up to definite word of command, up to desolating word of rebuke and reprobation: a voice ‘the clearest and most agreeable in conversation I ever heard,’ says witty Dr. Moore.† ‘He speaks a great deal,’ continues the Doctor; ‘yet those who hear him, regret that he does not speak a great deal more. His observations are always lively, very often just; and few men possess the talent of repartee in greater perfection.’

This may be taken, we think, as a true crayon of Carlyle—no one else could possibly have drawn it, yet it is the indisputable, unmistakable Frederick whom we have, most of us, had in our mind’s eye, only that nobody else has struck him out so palpably, not Macaulay with his fine artistic talent like Velasquez, not even the sculptor who has been already mentioned. But if the individuality of Carlyle is seen in the above, how much more intensely does it appear in the following characterization of the Eighteenth Century with which Frederick had wholly to do—

“One of the grand difficulties in a History of Friedrich is all along, this same, That he lived in a Century which has no history and can have little or none. A century so opulent in accumulated falsities—sad opulence descending on it by inheritance, always at compound interest, and always largely increased by fresh acquirement on such immensity of standing capital—opu-

lent in that bad way as never Century before was! Which had no longer the consciousness of being false, so false had it grown; and was so steeped in falsity, and impregnated with it to the very bone, that—in fact, the measure of the thing was full, and a French Revolution had to end it. To maintain much veracity in such an element, especially for a king, was no doubt doubly remarkable. But now, how extricate the man from his Century? How show the man, who is a reality worthy of being seen, and yet keep his Century, as a Hypocrisy worthy of being hidden and forgotten, in the due abeyance?

“To resuscitate the Eighteenth Century, or call into men’s view, beyond what is necessary, the poor and sordid personages and transactions of an epoch so related to us, can be no purpose of mine on this occasion. The Eighteenth Century, it is well known, does not figure to me as a lovely one, needing to be kept in mind, or spoken of unnecessarily. To me the Eighteenth Century has nothing grand in it, except that grand universal Suicide, named French Revolution, by which it terminated its otherwise most worthless existence, with at least one worthy act—setting fire to its old home and self, and going up in flames and volcanic explosions in a truly memorable and important manner. A very fit termination, as I thankfully feel, for such a Century. Century spendthrift, fraudulent-bankrupt: gone at length utterly insolvent, without real money of performance in its pocket, and the shops declining to take hypocrisies and speciosities any further: what could the poor Century do, but at length admit, ‘Well, it is so. I am a swindler-century, and have long been, having learned the trick of it from my father and grandfather; knowing hardly any trade but that in false bills, which I thought foolishly might last forever, and still bring at least beef and pudding to the favored of mankind. And behold it ends; and I am a detected swindler, and have nothing even to eat. What remains but that I blow my brains out, and do at length one good action?’ Which the poor Century did; many thanks to it, in the circumstances.

“For there was need once more of a Divine Revelation to the torpid, frivolous children of men, if they were not to sink altogether into the ape condition. And in that whirlwind of the Universe—lights obliterated, and the torn wrecks of Earth and Hell hurled aloft into the Empyrean;

\* Mirabeau: *Histoire Secrète de la Cour de Berlin*, Lettre 28me (24 Septembre 1786), p. 128 (in edition of Paris, 1821).

† Moore: *View of Society and Manners in France, Switzerland and Germany* (London 1779), ii. 246.

black whirlwind, which made even apes serious, and drove most of them mad—there was, to men, a voice audible—voice from the heart of things once more, as if to say, ‘Lying is not permitted in this Universe. The wages of lying, you behold, are death. Lying means damnation in this Universe! and Beelzebub, never so elaborately decked in crowns and mitres, is *not* God!’ This was a revelation truly to be named of the Eternal in our poor Eighteenth Century, and has greatly altered the complexion of said Century to the Historian ever since.

“Whereby, in short, that Century is quite confiscate, fallen bankrupt, given up to the auctioneers—Jew-brokers sorting out of it at this moment, in a confused distressing manner, what is still valuable or salable. And, in fact, it lies massed up in our minds as a disastrous wrecked inanity, not useful to dwell upon; a kind of dusky chaotic background, on which the figures that had some veracity in them—a small company, and ever growing smaller as our demands rise in strictness—are delineated for us. ‘And yet it is the Century of our own Grandfathers,’ cries the reader. Yes, reader, truly. It is the ground out of which we ourselves have sprung; whereon now we have our immediate footing, and first of all strike down our roots for nourishment; and alas! in large sections of the practical world, (what we specially mean by it,) still continues flourishing all around us. To forget it quite, is not yet possible, nor would be profitable. What to do with it, and its forgotten fooleries and ‘Histories,’ worthy only of forgetting? Well, so much of it as by nature *adheres*; what of it can not be disengaged from our Hero and his operations; approximately so much and no more. Let that be our bargain in regard to it.”

Of Frederick William, the father of him surnamed the Great, we have a likeness quite as strong as the one already given of his son, and even more in detail. We cannot help laughing at the old gentleman any more than Holmes could control his risibles in looking at

The old three-cornered hat,  
And the breeches, and all that,

of the queer octogenarian he has celebrated in verse.

#### KING FRIEDRICH WILHELM.

“He was not full of stature, this arbitrary King: a florid-complexioned, stout-built man, of serious, sincere, authoritative face; his attitudes and equipments very Spartan in type: man of short, firm stature; stands (in Pesne’s best Portraits of him) at his

ease, and yet like a tower: most solid; “plumb and rather more,” eyes steadfastly awake, cheeks slightly compressed too, which fling the mouth rather forward, as if asking silently, ‘Any thing astir, then? All right here?’ Face, figure, and bearing, all in him is expressive of robust insight and direct determination; of healthy energy, practicality, unquestioned authority—a certain air of royalty reduced to its simplest form. The face, in Pictures by Pesne and others, is not beautiful or agreeable; healthy, genuine, authoritative, is the best you can say of it. Yet it may have been, what it is described as being, originally handsome. High enough arched brow, rather copious cheeks and jaws, nose smallish, inclined to be stumpy, large gray eyes, bright with steady fire and life, often enough gloomy and severe, but capable of jolly laughter too—eyes ‘naturally with a kind of laugh in them,’ says Pöllnitz, which laugh can blaze out into fearful thunderous rage if you give him provocation—especially if you lie to him, for that he hates above all things. Look him straight in the face. He fancies he can see in *your* eyes if there is an internal mendacity in you, wherefore you must look at him in speaking: such is his standing order.

“His hair is flaxen, falling into the ash-gray or darker—fine, copious, flowing hair while he wore it natural; but it soon got tied into clubs, in the military style, and at length it was altogether cropped away, and replaced by brown, and at last by white round wigs; which latter also, though bad wigs, became him not amiss, under his cocked-hat and cockade, says Pöllnitz. The voice, I guess, even when not loud, was or clangorous and penetrating, quasi-metallic nature, and I learn expressly once that it had a nasal quality in it. His Majesty spoke through the nose, snuffled his speech in an earnest, ominously plangent manner. In angry moments, which were frequent, it must have been unpleasant to listen to. For the rest, a handsome man of his inches, conspicuously well built in limbs and body, and delicately finished off to the very extremities. His feet and legs, says Pöllnitz, were very fine. The hands, if he would have taken care of them, were beautifully white; fingers long and thin—a hand at once nimble to grasp, delicate to feel, and strong to clutch and hold; what may be called a beautiful hand, because it is the usefulest.

“Nothing could exceed his Majesty’s simplicity of habitudes; but one loves especially in him his scrupulous attention to cleanliness of person and environment. He washed like a very Mussulman five times a day; loved cleanliness in all things to a superstitious extent, which trait is pleasant in the rugged man, and indeed of

a piece with the rest of his character. He is gradually changing all his silk and other cloth room-furniture. In his hatred of dust, he will not suffer a floor-carpet, even a stuffed chair, but insists on having all of wood, where the dust may be prosecuted to destruction. Wife and womankind, and those that take after them, let such have stuffing and sofas; he, for his part, sits on mere wooden chairs—sits, and also thinks and acts after the manner of a Hyperborean Spartan, which he was. He ate heartily, but as a rough farmer and hunter eats—country messes, good roast and boiled—despising the French Cook as an entity without meaning for him. His favourite dish at dinner was bacon and greens, rightly dressed. What could the French Cook do for such a man? He ate with rapidity, almost with indiscriminate violence; his object, not quality, but quantity. He drank, too, but he did not get drunk; at the Doctor's order he could abstain, and had in later years abstained. Pöllnitz praises his fineness of complexion, the originally eminent whiteness of his skin, which he had tanned and bronzed by hard riding and hunting, and otherwise worse discoloured by his manner of feeding and digesting. Alas! at last his waistcoat came to measure, I am afraid to say how many Prussian ells—a very considerable diameter indeed!

"For some years after his accession he still appeared occasionally in 'burgher dress,' or unmilitary clothes: 'brown English coat, yellow waistcoat,' and the other indispensables. But this fashion became rarer with him every year, and ceased altogether (say Chronologists) about the year 1719, after which he appeared always simply as Colonel of the Potsdam Guards, (his own Lifeguard Regiment,) in simple Prussian uniform: close military coat, blue, with red cuffs and collar, buff waistcoat and breeches, white linen gaiters to the knee. He girt his sword about the loins well out of the mud, walked always with a thick bamboo stick in his hand. Steady, not slow of step, with his triangular hat, cream-white round wig, (in his older days,) and face tending to purple, the eyes looking out mere investigation, sharp, swift authority, and dangerous readiness to rebuke and set the cane in motion: it was so that he walked abroad in this earth, and the common run of men rather fled his approach than courted it.

"For, in fact, he was dangerous, and would ask in an alarming manner, 'Who are you?' Any fantastic, much more any suspicious-looking person, might fare the worse. An idle loungeur at the street corner he has been known to hit over the crown, and peremptorily dispatch, 'Home, Sirrah, and take to some work!' That the Applewomen be encouraged to knit

while waiting for custom—encouraged and quietly constrained, and at length packed away, and their stalls taken from them, if unconstrainable—there has, as we observed, an especial rescript been put forth, very curious to read.

"Dandiacal figures, nay, people looking like Frenchmen, idle, flaunting women even—better for them to be going. 'Who are you?' and if you lied or prevaricated ('*Er blicke mich gerade an*, Look me in the face then'), or even stumbled, hesitated, and gave suspicion of prevaricating, it might be worse for you. A soft answer is less effectual than a prompt, clear one to turn away wrath. 'A *Candidatus Theologiæ*, your Majesty,' answered a handfast, threadbare youth one day, when questioned in this manner. 'Where from?' 'Berlin, your Majesty.' 'Hm, na, the Berliners are a good-for-nothing set.' 'Yes, truly, too many of them; but there are exceptions; I know two.' 'Two? which, then?' 'Your Majesty and myself.' Majesty burst into a laugh: the Candidatus was got examined by the Consistoriums and Authorities proper in that matter, and put into a chaplaincy."

We have exercised our privilege of quotation so freely that we hesitate to draw further on these pages, but the following anecdote *apropos* of Frederick William's fancy for tall grenadiers, is too good to be resisted.

"Bürgermeisters of small towns have been carried off; in one case, 'a rich merchant in Magdeburg,' whom it cost a large sum to get free again. Prussian recruiters hover about barracks, parade-grounds, in foreign countries, and if they see a tall soldier (the Dutch have had instances, and are indignant at them,) will persuade him to desert, to make for the country where soldier-merit is understood, and a tall fellow of parts will get his pair of colours in no time.

"But the highest stretch of their art was probably that done on the Austrian Ambassador—tall Herr von Bentenrieder—tallest of diplomatists; whom Fassmann, till the Fair of St. Germain, had considered the tallest of men. Bentenrieder was on his road as Kaiser's Ambassador to George I., in whose Congress of Cambrai times, serenely journeying on, when, near by Halberstadt, his carriage broke. Carriage takes sometime in mending; the tall diplomatic Herr walks on, will stretch his long legs, catch a glimpse of the town withal, till they get it ready again. And now, at some guard-house of the place, a Prussian officer inquires, not too reverently of a nobleman without carriage, 'Who are you?' 'Well,' answered he, smiling, 'I am *Botschafter* (message-bearer) from

his Imperial Majesty. And who may you be that ask?' 'To the guard-house with us?' whither he is marched accordingly. 'Kaiser's messenger, why not?' Being a most tall, handsome man, this Kaiser's *Botschafter*, striding along on foot here, the Guard-house officials have decided to keep him, to teach him Prussian drill exercise, and are thrown into a singular quandary when his valets and suite come up, full of alarm dissolving into joy, and call him Excellenz!

"Tall Herr von Bentenrieder accepted the prostrate apology of these Guard-house officers; but he naturally spoke of the matter to George I., whose patience, often fretted by complaints on that head, seems to have taken fire at this transcendent instance of Prussian insolency. In consequence of this adventure, he commenced, says Pöllnitz, a system of decisive measures—of reprisals even, and of altogether peremptory minatory procedures, to clear Hanover of this nuisance, and to make it cease in very fact, and not in promise and profession merely. These were the first rubs Queen Sophie met with in pushing on the Double Marriage, and sore rubs they were, though she at last got over them. Coming on the back of that fine Charlottenburg visit, almost within year and day, and directly in the teeth of such friendly aspects and prospects, this conduct on the part of his Britannic Majesty much grieved and angered Friedrich Wilhelm, and, in fact, involved him in considerable practical troubles.

"For it was the signal of a similar set of loud complaints and menacing remonstrances (with little twinges of fulfillment here and there) from all quarters of Germany; a tempest of trouble and public indignation rising everywhere, and raining in upon Friedrich Wilhelm and this unfortunate hobby of his. No riding of one's poor hobby in peace henceforth. Friedrich Wilhelm always answered, what was only superficially the fact, that he knew nothing of these violences and acts of ill-neighbourship; he, a just King, was sorer than any man to hear of them, and would give immediate order that they should end. But they always went on again much the same, and never did end. I am sorry a just King, led astray by his hobby, answers thus what is only superficially the fact; but it seems he cannot help it; his hobby is too strong for him, regardless of curb and bridle in this instance. Let us pity a man of genius mounted on so ungovernable a hobby, leaping the barriers in spite of his best resolutions. Perhaps the poetic temperament is more liable to such morbid biases, influxes of imaginative crotchet, and mere folly that cannot be cured? Friedrich Wilhelm never would or could dismount from his

hobby; but he rode him under much sorrow henceforth—under showers of anger and ridicule—contumelious words and procedures, as it were *saxa et facies*, battering round him to a heavy extent, the rider a victim of tragedy and Farce both at once."

The reader will see from the extracts we have given that Carlyle's History of Friedrich the Second is well worthy of his perusal. It is a work to be read with pleasure either continuously or by snatches as one reads Pickwick, but whoever would fully apprehend the author must approach it in the spirit with which the student engages Fearn on Remainders. A thoughtful, careful examination alone will enable him to catch all that Mr. Carlyle means to convey.

---

VERNON GROVE, or *Hearts as They Are*. A Novel. New York: Rudd & Carleton. 1858. [From James Woodhouse, 139 Main Street.

The universal commendation which has been bestowed upon this charming story cannot but be exceedingly gratifying to the Editor of the *Messenger* who had the honour of originally bringing it before the public. From all quarters there has come the heartiest praise, and the discriminating criticism of North and South has recognized in the gifted authoress a new and successful claimant for popularity. We have already expressed our views of the work so fully, that nothing remains for us to say, but our readers will perhaps indulge us in reprinting from the *Albion*, a paper whose literary judgment is highly considered everywhere, the following most cordial tribute to its excellence—

"One of the best novels that we have read for a long time past is *Vernon Grove, or, Hearts as They Are*, issued without an author's name on the title-page, by Messrs. Rudd & Carleton. Its merit is at once negative and positive—negative because it is not spasmodic, or mawkish, or immoral, or (hateful word!) exciting—positive because it is a tale of every day modern life, well woven, well written, and presenting the old, old subject under a guise at once original and attractive. It is not altogether new perhaps that the guardian, self-appointed or otherwise, of youth and beauty should become a lover in the end. We have had that before; but in this instance the hero of the story is a man who in the pride of life and intellect has been struck with incurable blindness, and whose imperious will and hard nature become gradually subjugated, by the



gentle graces of the orphan girl whom he had almost unintentionally adopted. By her also, the young, the handsome, the intelligent, the very men who in novels carry all before them, are rejected for the sake of this afflicted and not over-amiable personage. But the emotions and conflicts that take place in his innermost heart, whilst he shrinks under a sense of duty from avowing his feelings, are portrayed with rare delicacy, and no slight knowledge of the infinitely varied promptings of nature. And, though the heroine is a very sweet personage, she is not so unerringly free from human sympathies as to suggest those angelic beings whom one never meets save in print; whilst the minor female characters grouped around her are different altogether in their kind, albeit sketched with equal felicity. On the whole, it gives us sincere pleasure to recommend a work of fiction at once so skilfully constructed and so free from all drawbacks. If it be a novice's debut, it is truly one of unusual success. To our excellent contemporary, the *Southern Literary Messenger*, belongs the merit of first offering *Vernon Grove* in parts to the public."

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SIR WALTER RALEIGH AND HIS TIME, *with other Papers*. By CHARLES KINGSLEY. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1858. [From James Woodhouse, 139 Main Street.

We have here a collection of the fugitive essays of the brilliant author of "Alton Locke," from the pages of the North British Review, Fraser's Magazine, and other periodicals of the day. The volume comprises, besides the article which gives title to it, pleasant and thoughtful papers on such subjects as these: Plays and Puritans; Burns and his School; Hours with the Mystics; Tennyson; Poetry of Sacred and Legendary Art; North Devon; Phæton; Alexandria and her Schools; My Winter Garden; England, from Wolsey to Elizabeth.

In his smaller, as in his more elaborate, compositions Mr. Kingsley is a writer of remarkable vigour and vivacity. The same traits which were observable in "Hypatia" and "Amyas Leigh," may be discerned in his treatment of Raleigh and his analysis of Tennyson—he is as bold and earnest and picturesque in dealing with the Puritans and in depicting the landscapes of North Devon, as he was in representing the voluptuous revelry of Egypt, or in reviving the golden age of Elizabeth. Perhaps there is a tendency towards mysticism in his later writings from which the "Tailor-Poet" was free, and we cannot by any means adopt his opinions on many subjects, but all must

acknowledge his power, and admire the healthfulness which is manifest in his pages. Whatever may be thought of his philosophy, there is nothing morbid in his manner of teaching it. He seems to write from a strong body as well as a full mind, and the subtlest of his reasonings breathes the free air of the open fields. Mr. Kingsley's circle of readers is not perhaps a large one, but in it he is warmly admired, and there are many lovers of literature in the United States who will thank Messrs. Ticknor & Fields for this handsome compilation of his Essays and Reviews.

---

POEMS. By MATILDA. Richmond, Va. Published by A. Morris. 1858.

The readers of the Messenger are acquainted with "Matilda" through her contributions to these pages, and she needs therefore no formal introduction to them in her character as a Muse. The present volume contains about one hundred and fifty small poems, the larger number of which are printed for the first time, others having been collected from the columns of the religious journals and literary periodicals of the country. The charm of Matilda's verses lies in their mingled simplicity and tenderness—the heart is touched, while the ear is beguiled by a music "so sweet we know not we are listening to it." She readily apprehends and seizes upon the more obvious poetic features of the natural landscape and the less subtle emotions of the human breast, and these she weaves into a rhythm flowing and tuneful. Her range of illustration is not wide, and she draws little upon history or art, but the chief defect in her poetry is its tendency to dwell on melancholy subjects. The death of friends, the desolation of the household, the sorrows of bereavement, the daisies on the tomb, we have a superabundance, a *trop plein* of such sad topics as these. The disposition to this funereal wail of song is unfavourable to the development of the highest powers of the poet, and we should be glad to hear our sweet songstress pouring out from the freshness of her nature a more joyous note. That she is gifted beyond the majority of those who assume the singing robe and the lyre we think will be generally conceded.

---

A JOURNEY DUE NORTH. *Being Notes of a Residence in Russia*. By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1858. [From James Woodhouse, 139 Main Street.

This is a most mirth-provoking volume

in which by all possible twistifications of language, by a ludicrous legerdemain with the figures of rhetoric, and an abundant coinage of nouns, pronouns, adjectives and adverbs, Mr. George Augustus Sala contrives to amuse us through four hundred and fifty pages of narrative and description. It is impossible not to laugh as we proceed with him from Berlin to Cronstadt, from Cronstadt to St. Petersburg, and so on through the Muscovite dominion, though sometimes the laugh may be *at* rather than *with* the writer, for while he is inconceivably droll, diverting, diabolical, dramatic and dioramic in general, it cannot be denied that now and then he fails hopelessly of his point and verges upon coarseness. His account of affairs in Russia is striking certainly, and would be impressive, but for the unvarying attempt at fun, and perhaps no one else has given so minute and circumstantial a report of the condition of the lower classes of the Russian Empire. The chapters devoted to the interior furnish a daguerreotype of that dirty, half-civilized and well-caned population. Allowing something for Mr. Sala's prepossessions as an Englishman, we gather enough from his notes to rejoice at the prospect of an amelioration of serfdom by the present Emperor of the Russias. The volume is handsomely gotten up in the usual good style of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, and we learn has already met with a large sale.

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**SELF-MADE MEN.** By CHARLES C. B. SEYMOUR. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1858. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

It would demand a much closer examination than we have been able to make of the sixty-two biographies which are contained in this volume, to qualify us to pronounce upon its accuracy. All that we can say is, that Mr. Seymour seems to have given a clear and perspicuous summary of the events of each of the lives he has chosen to sketch, and that he writes with sufficient elegance to make his book attractive. There is a want of method in the arrangement of his materials, the biographies are printed neither in chronological nor alphabetical order, nor are they yet arranged with reference to nativities nor classified by pursuits. Elibu Burritt comes very early and Patrick Henry late in the series. Nor is the amount of space allotted to the lives in any correspondence with their respective importance. Much more attention, for instance, is bestowed upon Stephen Girard than upon Henry Clay. This would appear to show that Mr. Seymour had not correctly estimated the moral significance of his subjects.

But we gladly accept his volume as likely to accomplish good results. The title "*Self-Made Men*" is somewhat indefinite, since every man is, to a greater or less extent, the architect of his own fortunes, but of incentives to methodical study and self-denying practice to the young we cannot have too many, and the purpose of Mr. Seymour's labours commends his work to general approbation.

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**IN AND AROUND STAMBOUL.** By Mrs. EDMUND HORNBY. Philadelphia: James Challen & Son, Lindsay & Blakiston, No. 25 South Sixth Street. [From P. B. Price, 161 Main Street.

We have not read a more agreeable book of travel than this during the last twelve-month. The beauties of the Bosphorus have indeed been described by many tourists, and the imperial City of the Orient is as well known to us in their pages as Paris, but Mrs. Hornby, though she tells us nothing positively new, describes with equal grace and spirit what she saw in Constantinople and its environs. We feel a pleasant confidence in the truthfulness of her observations, and we thank her again and again for not assuming that we are wholly ignorant of the localities she visits and going thereupon into a full historical and topographical account of them. With womanly instincts, she makes notes of whatever appertains to domestic life, and her position, as wife of the British Commissioner, gave her excellent opportunities for becoming familiar with the less apparent characteristics of the people. The time of her residence in Stamboul was just after the terrible struggle in the Crimea had been brought to a close, and she saw many of the officers of the Allied Powers who had been engaged in it. In addition to this, she went herself to Sevastopol and climbed over the blackened ruins of the Redan and Malakoff. Her description of this journey is by no means the least interesting portion of an unpretending but most entertaining volume.

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We are indebted to Mr. James Woodhouse for two volumes of "*Woodstock*," being the latest issue of Ticknor and Fields' beautiful Household Edition of the Waverley Novels which now rapidly draws to its close. The same gentleman has supplied us with Blackwood's Magazine for October which contains many fine articles. "*What will He Do with It*" is continued with unabated interest, and the 17th part here given is perhaps the most powerful portion of the novel.



DAY DAWN IN AFRICA: By MRS. ANNA M. SCOTT. New York: Protestant Episcopal Society for the Promotion of Evangelical Knowledge. 11 Bible House, Astor Place. 1858. [From P. B. Price, 161 Main Street.

This little book contains a highly interesting account of the progress of the Protestant Episcopal Mission at Cape Palmas, Africa, from the pen of a pious and heroic woman who braved the perils of the climate and endured the hardships of exile to carry the gospel into the land of the heathen. The object of it is to enlist a wider public sympathy with the cause of African Missions, and we trust it will have an extensive circulation in our country. If Africa is ever to be raised to an equality with the rest of the world in moral and intellectual character, the work must be the Almighty's, and the missionary society is his chosen agency for its accomplishment.

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MIZPAH. *Prayer and Friendship.* LAFAYETTE C. LOOMIS. A. M. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1858. [From G. M. West, 145 Main Street.

This book is designed as a manual of devotional exercises in the family, and it supplies "Evening Meditations," to be read in connection with certain passages of Scripture, for every day in the year. It is very beautifully printed, and will, no doubt, be acceptable to the religious world.

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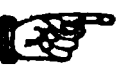
We have before us Numbers 1 and 2 of the third volume of the *Virginia University Magazine*, a periodical published under the auspices of the Literary Societies of our State University. The contributions, both in prose and verse, are wholly original, and are highly creditable to the youthful authors. In the editorial department we have evidence of taste and talent in the gentlemen who are charged with the conduct of the work, and we may confidently expect that it will prove an important auxiliary in the high educational training which is carried on at the University of Virginia.

Our young friends may consider it an equivocal compliment, but we can say that the "Literary Magazine" is an immense improvement on the "Collegian," which we remember pleasantly (in verification of its motto, *Hæc olim meminisse jurabit*) and of whose editors not less than three are now

members of Congress. We heartily welcome them to the guild editorial. May their duties be light and pleasurable, with an abundance of available "copy," and no lack of paying subscribers; may their symposia be always conducted with harmony and moderation and their proof-sheets never fail of proper correction, and may each one of them leave behind him, in the pages of *Maga*, something to cheer those who shall come after him in the collegiate course. We should like to see the *University Literary Magazine* placed upon such a basis of material prosperity, that large prizes might be offered, out of its receipts, for the best poem, the best essay, the best review and the best story, produced annually. If every Alumnus of the University would subscribe to it, this might very readily be done. Two Dollars a year is but a small matter to each individual, yet if all the Alumni of the institution would contribute this sum, not only might be the prizes of which we have spoken be distributed, but the Magazine might establish at the University a printing press of its own, which should also print the catalogues and other official documents, in a much neater style and with greater convenience than those publications are now printed elsewhere.

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We have great satisfaction in announcing, as an item of literary intelligence, that Mr. A. Morris of this city will shortly publish a new volume of Poems from the pen of James Barron Hope, who is *par excellence* the living poetical representative of Virginia. This volume will contain what the public are anxious to see, the noble Terminal Ode pronounced by Mr. Hope at the Inauguration of the Equestrian Statue of Washington on the 22nd February last, and afterwards repeated by him to delighted audiences in various parts of the State;—it will also contain the Phi Beta Kappa Poem delivered last summer at William and Mary College, and many minor pieces as yet unpublished. We feel sure that Mr. Hope's volume will be eagerly sought for, and we trust that he will reap a substantial reward from its sales. As a literary man, Mr. Hope is distinguished for catholicity of taste and independence of feeling, and his frequent contributions to the columns of the *South* mark him as a vigorous prose writer. In poetry he has already established a reputation, and we confidently predict that his genius will be more widely recognized as he continues to give publicity to his fervid inspirations.

 Newspapers publishing this Prospectus will receive the Magazine in exchange.

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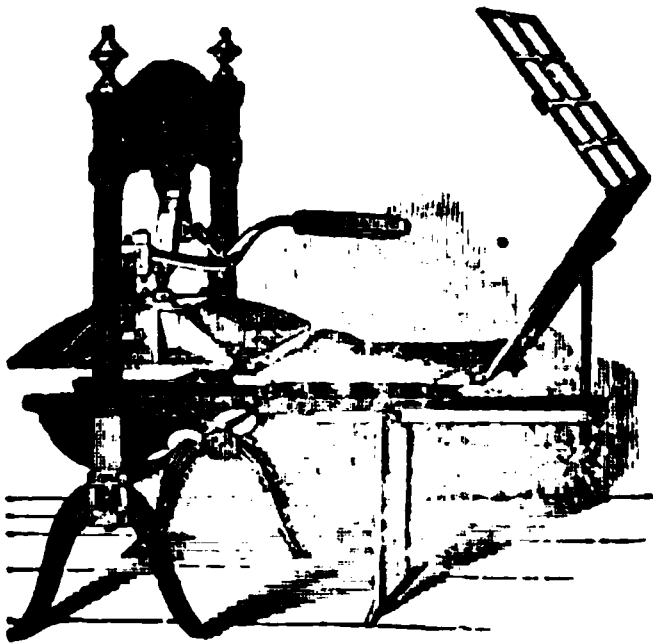
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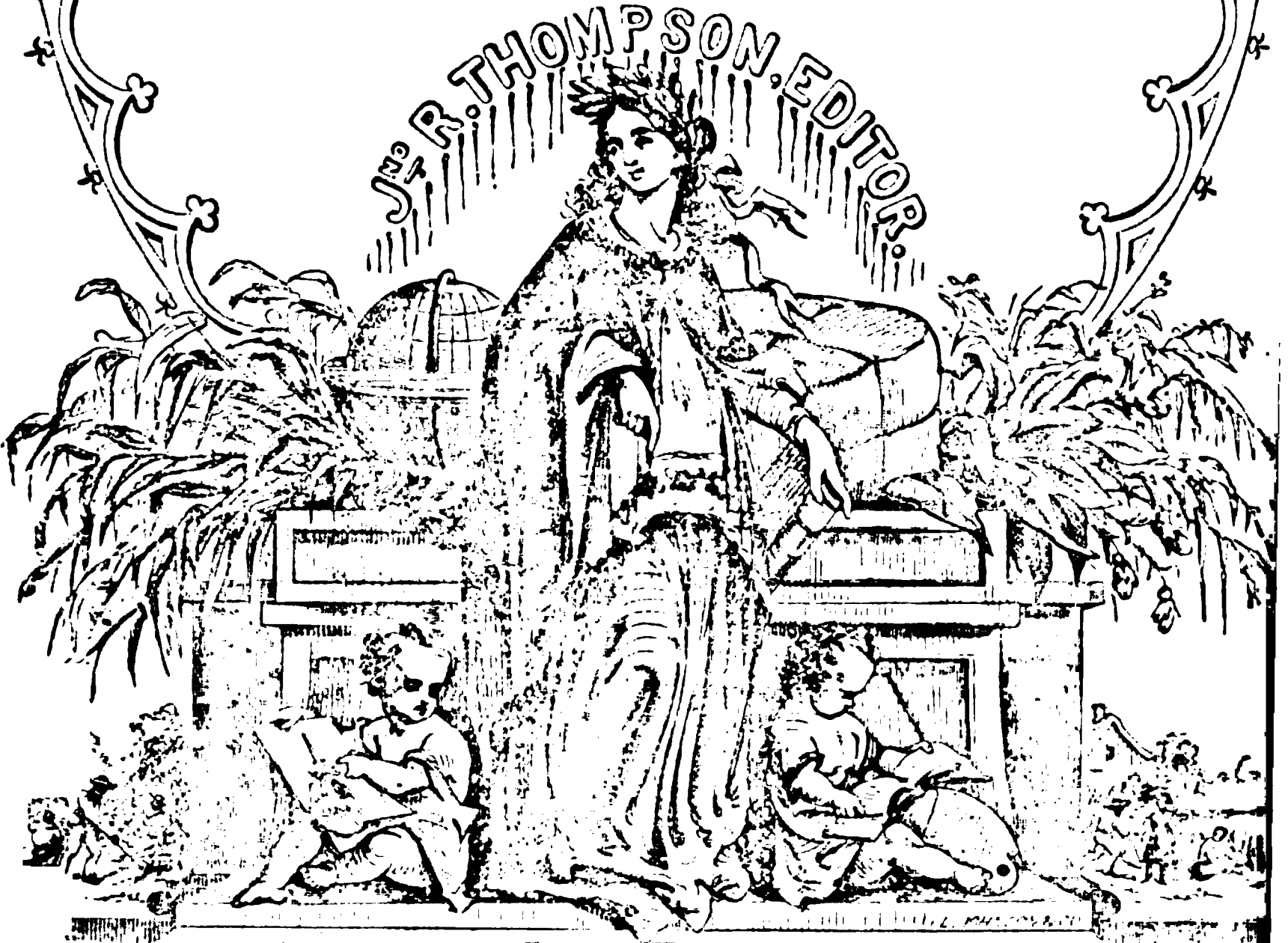
VI XXVII

No. 6.

DECEMBER.

# SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER

J. R. THOMPSON, EDITOR.



JACFARLANE, FERGUSON & Co.  
PROPRIETORS, 1858. RICHMOND, Va.

## LIST OF CONTENTS

---

1. IS SLAVERY CONSISTENT WITH NATURAL LAW? -	- 401
2. THE LETTERS OF MOZIS ADDUMS TO BILLY JUVINS,	- 422
3. A CHRISTMAS MEMORY. BY GEORGE E. SAMPSON -	- 429
4. ENGLISH SURNAMES, -	- 430
5. SELECTIONS AND EXCERPTS ' APERS,	- 433
6. "MASON AND DIXON'S LINE -	- 446
7. THE BROOK. BY PAUL H. HALL -	- 456
8. THE STORY OF BLANNERHASSETT, -	- 457
9. SONNET. BY PAUL H. HAYNE, -	- 468
10. EDITOR'S TABLE :	
To our Readers—The <i>New York Tribune</i> and the Household Book of	
Poetry—Virginia Mechanic's Institute, Address by J. J. Crane,	
Esq.—Rest, a Poem, -	469-474
11. NOTICES OF NEW WORKS:	
The Autocrat at the Breakfast Table—The "Patriot" &c.,	474-476

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RICHMOND, DECEMBER, 1858.

## IS SLAVERY CONSISTENT WITH NATURAL LAW?

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE VIRGINIA STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, AT THE SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION, AT PETERSBURG, 4TH NOVEMBER, 1858.

BY JAMES P. HOLCOMBE.

*Mr. President, and*

*Gentlemen of the Agricultural Society:*

It seems to me eminently proper, to connect with these imposing exhibitions of the trophies of your agricultural skill, a discussion of the whole bearings and relations, jural, moral, social, and economical, of that peculiar industrial system to which we are so largely indebted for the results that have awakened our pride and gratification. No class in the community has so many and such large interests gathered up in the safety and permanence of that system, as the Farmers of the State. The main-wheel and spring of your material prosperity, interwoven with the entire texture of your social life, underlying the very foundations of the public strength and renown, to lay upon it any rash hand would put in peril whatever you value; the security of your property, the peace of your society, the well-being—if not the existence of that dependent race which Providence has committed to your guardianship—the stability of your government, the preservation in your midst of union, liberty, and civilization. By the introduction of elements of such inexpressible magnitude, the politics of our country have been invested with the grandeur and significance which belong to those great struggles upon which depend the

destinies of nations. The mad outbreaks of popular passion, the rapid spread of anarchical opinions, the mournful decay of ancient patriotism, the wide disruption of Christian unity, which have marked the progress, and disclosed the power, purpose and spirit of this agitation, come home to your business and bosoms with impressive emphasis of warning and instruction. No pause in a strife around which cluster all the hopes and fears of freemen, can give any earnest of enduring peace, until the principles of law and order which cover with sustaining sanction all the relations of our society, have obtained their rightful ascendancy over the reason and conscience of the Christian world.

The most instructive chapters in history are those of opinions. The decisive battle-fields of the world, furnish but vulgar and deceptive indices of human progress. Its true eras are marked by transitions of sentiment and opinion. Those invisible moral forces that emanate from the minds of the great thinkers of the race, rule the courses of history. The recent awakening of our Southern mind upon the question of African Slavery, has been followed by a victory of peace, which we trust, will embrace within its beneficent influence generations and empires yet unborn. Such was the strength of anti-



slavery feeling within our own borders, that scarcely a quarter of a century has elapsed since an Act of Emancipation was almost consummated, under the auspices of our most intelligent and patriotic citizens; a measure which probably all would now admit bore in its womb elements of private distress and public calamity, that must have impressed upon our history through ages of expanding desolation, the lines of fire and blood. But

"Whirlwinds fittest scatter pestilence."

Nothing less than an extremity of peril could have induced a general revision of long-standing opinions, intrenched in formidable prejudices, and sanctioned by the most venerable authority. Slavery was explored, for the first time, with the forward and reverted eye of true statesmanship, under all the lights of history—of social and political philosophy—of natural and Divine law. Public sentiment rapidly changed its face. Every year of controversy has encouraged the advocates of "discountenanced truth" by the fresh accessions it has brought to their numbers, whilst no desertions have thinned the enlarging ranks. The celebrated declaration of Mr. Jefferson, that he knew no attribute of the Almighty which would take the side of the master in a contest with his slave, is so far from commanding the assent of the intelligent slaveholders of this generation, that the justice, the humanity, and the policy of the relation as it exists with us, has become the prevailing conviction of our people. Public honours, and gratitude, are the fitting meed of the statesmen, whether living or dead, (and amongst them I recall no names more eminent than those associated with the proudest traditions of this hospitable and patriotic city, Leigh, Gholson, and Brown,) who threw themselves into this imminent and deadly breach, and grappling with an uninformed and unreflecting sentiment, delivered the commonwealth, when in the very jaws of death, from moral, social and political ruin. Permit me to premise some words of explanation as to the meaning and extent

of the subject upon which I have been invited to address this meeting. It presents no question of municipal or international law. It raises no inquiry as to the rightfulness of the means by which slavery was introduced into this continent, nor into the nature of the legal sanctions under which it now exists. There can be no doubt that slavery, for more than a century after it was established in the English colonies, was in entire harmony with the Common Law, as it was expounded by the highest judicial authorities, and with the principles of the Law of Nations, and of Natural Law as laid down in the writings of the most eminent publicists. At the commencement of our Revolution men were living who remembered the Treaty of Utrecht, by which, in the language of Lord Brougham, all the glories of Ramillies and Blenheim were bartered for a larger share in the lucrative commerce of the slave trade. But whatever may be our present opinions upon these subjects, the black race now constitutes an integral part of our community, as much so as the white, and the authority of the State to adjust their mutual relations can in no manner depend upon the method by which either was brought within its jurisdiction. The State in every age must provide a constitution and laws, if it does not find them in existence, adapted to its special wants and circumstances. African Slavery in the United States is consistent with Natural Law, because if all the bonds of public authority were suddenly dissolved, and the community called upon to reconstruct its social and political system, the relations of the two races remaining in other respects unaltered, it would be our right and duty to reduce the negro to subjection. To the phrase Natural Law, I shall attach in this discussion the signification in which it is generally used, and consider it as synonymous with justice; not that imperfect justice which may be discerned by the savage mind, but those ethical rules, or principles of right, which, upon the grounds of their own fitness and propriety, and irrespective of the sanction of Divine authority, commend themselves to the most cultivated human reason.

Slavery we may define, so as to embrace all the elements that properly belong to it, as a condition or relation in which one man is charged with the protection and support of another, and invested with an absolute property in his labour, and such a degree of authority over his person as may be requisite to enforce its enjoyment. It is a form of involuntary restraint, extending to the personal as well as political liberty of the subject. The slave has sometimes, as at one period under the Roman jurisprudence, been reduced to a mere chattel, the power of the master over the person of the slave being as absolute as his property in his labour. This harsh and unnatural feature has never deformed the relation in any Christian country. In the United States the double character of the slave, as a moral person and as a subject of property, has been universally acknowledged, and to a greater or less degree protected, both by public sentiment and by the law of the land. It furnishes a key to the understanding of one of the most celebrated clauses in our Federal Constitution, as all know who are familiar with the luminous exposition, given by Mr. Madison in the *Federalist*, of its origin and meaning. In our own State, amongst other proofs of its recognition, we may point to the privilege conferred upon the master of emancipating his slave, and to the obligation imposed upon him of providing for his support when old, infirm, or insane; to the enactments which punish injuries to the slave, whether from a master or stranger, as offences of the same nature as if inflicted upon a white person, and to the construction placed by our courts upon the general language of criminal statutes, by which the slave, as a person, has been embraced within the range of their protection; to the regulations for the trial of slaves charged with the commission of crime, which, whilst they exact the responsibilities of moral agents, temper the administration of justice with mercy, and to the exemption from labour on the Lord's Day, an exemption which is shown by the provision for the Christian slave of a Jewish master, to have been established as a security for a right of conscience.

Indeed, he scarcely labours under any personal disability, to which we may not find a counterpart, in those which attach to other incompetent classes—the minor, the lunatic, and the married woman. The statement of my subject presupposes the existence of the State. It thus assumes that there are involuntary restraints which may be rightfully imposed upon men, for the State itself is but the sum and expression of innumerable forms of restraint by which the life, liberty, and faculties of individuals are placed under the control of an authority independent of their volition? The truth that the selfishness of human nature, forces upon us the necessity of submitting to the discipline of law, or living in the license of anarchy, is too obvious to have required any argument in its support, in this presence. Until man becomes a law unto himself, society through a political organization must supply his want of self-control. Whether it may establish such a form of restraint, as personal slavery, cannot be determined until the principles upon which its authority should be exercised, have been settled, and the boundaries traced between private right and public power. The authority of the State must be commensurate with the objects for which it was established. Its function is, to reconcile the conflicting rights, and opposing interests, and jarring passions of individuals, so as to secure the general peace and progress. It proceeds upon the postulate, that society is our state of nature, and that men by the primary law of their being, are bound to live and perfect themselves in fellowship with each other. As God does not ordain contradictory and therefore impossible things, men can derive no rights from him which are inconsistent with the duration and perfection of society. The rights of the individual are not such as would belong to him, if he stood upon the earth like Campbell's imaginary "Last Man," amidst unbroken solitude, but such only as when balanced with the equal rights of other men, may be accorded to each, without injury to the rest. The necessities of social existence, then, not in the

rudeness of the savage state, but under those complex and refined forms which have been developed by Christian civilization, constitute a horizon by which the unbounded liberty of nature is spanned and circumscribed.

This is no theory of social absolutism. It does not make society the source of our rights, which therefore might be conferred or withheld at its caprice or discretion, but it does regard the just wants of society, as the measure and practical expression of their extent. It is no reproduction of the exploded error of the ancient statesmen, who inverting the natural relations of the parties, considered the aggrandizement of the State, without reference to the units of which it was composed, as the end of social union. The State was made for man, and not man for the State, but the cooperation of the State is yet so necessary to the perfection of his nature, that his interests require the renunciation of any claim inconsistent with its existence, or its value as an agency of civilization. It invades no province sacred to the individual, because the Divine Being who has rendered government a necessity, has made it a universal blessing, by ordaining a preëstablished harmony between the welfare of the individual and the restraints which are requisite to the well-being of society.

Unless there is some fatal flaw in this reasoning, men have no rights which cannot be reconciled with the possession of a restraining power by the State, large enough to embrace every variety of injustice and oppression, for which society may furnish the occasion or the opportunity. The social union brings with it dangers and temptations, as well as blessings and pleasures—and men cannot fulfil the law and purpose of their being, unless the State has authority to protect the community from the tumultuous and outbreking passions of its members, and to protect individuals as far as it can be accomplished without prejudice to the community from the consequences of their own incompetence, improvidence and folly. Such are the natural differences between men in char-

acter and capacity, that without a steady and judicious effort by the State to redress the balance of privilege and opportunity which these inequalities constantly derange, the rich must grow richer, and the poor poorer, until even anarchy would be a relief to the masses, from the suffering and oppression of society. Owing likewise to this variety of condition, and of moral and intellectual endowment, it is impossible to prescribe any stereotype forms admitting of universal application, under which the restraining discipline of law should be exercised. The ends of social union remain the same through all ages, but the means of realizing those ends must be adapted to successive stages of advancement, and change with the varying intelligence and virtue of individuals, and classes, and races, and the local circumstances of different countries. The object being supreme in importance must carry with it as an incident, the right to employ the means which may be requisite to its attainment. The individual must yield property, liberty, life itself when necessary to preserve the life, as it were, of the collective humanity. To these principles, every enlightened government in the world, conforms its practice, protecting men not only from each other, but from themselves, graduating its restraints according to the character of the subject, and multiplying them with the increase of society in wealth, population and refinement. We cannot look into English or American jurisprudence without discovering innumerable forms of restraint upon rights of persons as well as rights of property, as in that absolute subordination of all personal rights to the general welfare, which lies at the foundation of the law for the public defence, the law to punish crimes, and the law to suppress vagrancy: or in those qualified restraints by which the administration of justice between individuals, has been sometimes enforced, as in imprisonment for debt: or in that partial and temporary subjection of one person to the control of another, either for the benefit of the former, or upon grounds of public policy, presented in the law of

parent and child, guardian and ward, master and apprentice, lunatic and committee, husband and wife, officer and soldiers of the army, captain and mariners of the ship. Whether we proceed in search of a general principle, which may ascertain the extent of the public authority by a course of inductive reasoning, or by an observation of the practice of civilized communities, we reach the same conclusion. The State must possess the power of imposing any restraint without regard to its form, which can be shown by an enlarged view of social expediency, or upon an indulgent consideration for human infirmity, to be beneficial to its subject, or necessary to the general well-being.

In the legislation of Congress for the Indian tribes within our territory, and in that of Great Britain for the alien and dependent nations under her jurisdiction, we see how the public authority, as flexible as comprehensive in its grasp, accommodates itself to the weakness and infirmity of races, as well as of individuals. Upon what principles is the British government administered in the East? In 1833, on the application of the East India Company for a renewal of its charter, they were explained and defended by Macaulay in a speech which would have delighted Burke, as much by its practical wisdom, as its glittering rhetoric. An immense society was placed under the almost despotic rule of a few strangers. No securities were provided for liberty or property, which an Englishman would have valued. This system of servitude was vindicated, not on the grounds of abstract propriety, but of its adaptation to the wants and circumstances of those upon whom it was imposed. India, it was urged, constituted a vast exception to all those general rules of political science which might be deduced from the experience of Europe. Her population was disqualified by character and habit, for the rights and privileges of British freemen. In their moral and social amelioration, under British rule, was to be found the best proof of its justice and policy. It was a despotism no doubt, but it was a mild and paternal one; and no form of restraint less stringent could be

substituted with equal advantage to those upon whom it was to operate. It has often occurred to me in reading those fervid declamations upon Southern slavery, with which this great orator has inflamed the sensibilities of the British public, that his lessons of sober and practical statesmanship, from which no English ministry has ever departed, might be turned with irresistible recoil upon their author. Was American slavery introduced by wrong and violence? India was "stripped of her plumed and jewelled turban," by rapine and injustice. Are the relations of England to India, so anomalous that it would be unsafe to accept generalizations drawn from the experience of other communities? History might be interrogated in vain, for a parallel to the condition of our Southern society. Are the Hindoos unfit for liberty? Not more so than the African. Is despotism necessary in India, because it is problematical whether crime could be repressed, or social order preserved under more liberal institutions? The danger of license and anarchy would be far more imminent, from an emancipation of our slaves. If the statesman despairs of making brick without straw in the East, can he expect to find the problem easier in the West? Has the Hindoo improved in arts and morals under the beneficent sway of his British master? In the transformation of the African savage into the Christian slave, the relative advance has been immeasurably greater. The truth is, that the principles which lie at the foundation of all political restraint, may make it the duty of the State under certain circumstances, to establish the relation of personal servitude. All forms of restraint involve the exercise of power over the individual without his consent. All are inconsistent with any theory of natural right which claims for man, a larger measure of liberty than can be reconciled with the peace and progress of the society in which he lives. All operate harshly at times upon individuals. All are reflections upon human nature, and alike wrong in the abstract. Any is right in the concrete, when necessary to the welfare of the community in which it exists, or beneficial to the sub-

ject upon whom it is imposed. If society may establish the institution of private property, involving restrictions by which the majority of mankind are shut out from all access to that great domain which the author of nature has stocked with the means of subsistence for his children, and justify a restraint so comprehensive and onerous, by its tendency to promote civilization; if it may discriminate between classes and individuals, and apportion to some a larger measure of political liberty than it does to others; if it may take away life, liberty or property when demanded by the public good: if, as in various personal relations, it may protect the helpless and incompetent, by placing them under a guardianship proportioned in the term and extent of its authority to the degree and duration of the infirmity; why if a commensurate necessity arises, and the same great ends are to be accomplished, is its claim to impose upon an inferior race the degree of personal restraint which may be requisite to coerce and direct its labour, to be treated as a usurpation? The authority of the State under proper circumstances to establish a system of slavery, is one question; the existence of those circumstances, or the expediency of such legislation is another and entirely distinct question. No doubt a much smaller capacity for self-control, and a much lower degree of intelligence must concur, to justify personal slavery, than would be sufficient to impart validity to other forms of subordination. No doubt the public authority upon this as upon every other subject, may be abused by the selfish passions and interests of men. But once acknowledge the right of society to establish a government of pains and penalties, for the protection of the individual and the promotion of the general welfare, then unless it can be shown that slavery can in no instance be necessary to the well being of the community, or conducive to the happiness of the subject, (a proposition which is inconsistent with the admission of all respectable British and American abolitionists that any plan of emancipation in the Southern States, should be gradual and not immediate;) once make this fundamental con-

cession, and the rightfulness of slavery, like that of every other form of restraint, becomes a question of time, place, men and circumstances.

The people of the United States accepting without much reflection, those expositions of human rights embodied in the infidel philosophy of France, and glowing with that generous enthusiasm to communicate the blessings of liberty which is always inspired by its possession, have been disposed to look with common aversion upon all forms of unequal restraint. Ravished by the divine airs of their own freedom, they have imagined that its strains, like those heard by the spirit in Comus, might create a soul under the ribs of death. Forgetting the ages through whose long night their fathers wrestled for this blessing, they have regarded an equal liberty, as the universal birth-right of humanity. Hence, as they have witnessed nation after nation throwing off its old political bondage, and in the first transports of emotion, "shedding the grateful tears of new-born freedom" over the broken chains of servitude, they have welcomed them into the glorious fellowship of republican States, with plaudit, and sympathy, and benediction. But, alas! the crimes which have been committed in the name of liberty, the social disorder and political convulsion which have attended its progress, if they have not broken the power of its spells over the heart, have dispersed the illusions of our understanding. What has become of France, Italy, Greece, Mexico, Spanish America? that stately fleet of freedom, which when first launched upon the seas of time, with all its bravery on, was "courted by every wind that held it play." A part has been swallowed up in the gulfs of anarchy and despotism—the rest still float above the wave, but with rudder and anchor gone, stripped of every bellying sail and steady-spar, they only serve,

"Like ocean wrecks, to illuminate the storm."

The melancholy experience of both hemispheres has compelled all but the projectors of revolution to acknowledge,



that the forms of liberty are valueless without its spirit, and that an attempt to outstrip the march of Providence, by conferring it on a people unprepared for its enjoyments by habit, tradition, or character, is an indescribable folly—which instead of establishing peace, order, and justice, will be more likely to inaugurate a reign of terror and crime in which civilization itself may perish.

If the justice or fitness of slavery is to be determined, like other forms of involuntary restraint, not by speculative abstractions, but by reference to its adaptation to the wants and circumstances of the community in which it is established, and especially of the people over whom it is imposed, it only remains that we should apply these principles to the question of African Slavery in the United States. I shall not defend it as the only relation between the races, in which the superior can preserve the civilization that renders life dear and valuable. This proposition can indeed be demonstrated by plenary evidence, and it is sufficient by itself to acquit the slaveholder of all guilt in the eye of morals. But if the system could be vindicated upon no higher ground, every generous spirit would grieve over the mournful necessity which rendered the degradation of the black man indispensable to the advancement of the white. Providence has condemned us to no such cruel and unhappy fate. The relation in our society is demanded by the highest and most enduring interests of the slave, as well as the master. It exists and must be preserved for the benefit of both parties. Duty is indeed the tenure of the master's right. Upon him there rests a moral obligation to make such provision for the comfort of the slave, as after proper consideration of the burthens and casualties of the service, can be deemed a fair compensation for his labour; to allow every innocent gratification compatible with the steady, though mild discipline, as necessary to the happiness as the value of the slave; to furnish the means and facilities for religious instruction; and to contribute, as far and fast as a proper regard to the public safety will permit, to his

general elevation and improvement. For oppression or injustice, allow me to say, I have no excuse to offer. I am willing to accept the sentiment of the heathen philosopher, and to regard a man's treatment of his slaves as a test of his virtue. And whenever a slaveholder is found who so far forgets the sentiments of humanity, the feelings of the gentleman, and the principles of the Christian, as to abuse the authority which the law gives him over his slaves, I trust that a righteous and avenging public sentiment will pursue him with the scorn and degradation which attend the husband or father, who by cruel usage makes home intolerable to wife or child.

Personal and political liberty are both requisite to develop the highest style of man. They furnish the amplest opportunities for the exercise of that self-control which is the germ and essence of every virtue, and for that expansive and ameliorating culture by which our whole nature is exalted in the scale of being, and clothed with the grace, dignity and authority, becoming the lords of creation. Whenever the population of a State is homogeneous, although slavery may perform some important functions in quickening the otherwise tardy processes of civilization, it ought to be regarded as a temporary and provisional relation. If there are no radical differences of physical organization or moral character, the barriers between classes are not insurmountable. The discipline of education and liberal institutions, may raise the serf to the level of the baron. Against any artificial circumscription seeking to arrest that tendency to freedom which is the normal state of every society of equals, human nature would constantly rise in rebellion. But where two distinct races are collected upon the same territory, incapable from any cause of fusion or severance, the one being as much superior to the other in strength and intelligence as the man to the child, there the rightful relation between them is that of authority upon the one side, and subordination in some form, upon the other. Equality, personal and political, could not be established without inflicting the



climax of injustice upon the superior, and of cruelty on the inferior race: for if it were possible to preserve such an arrangement, it would wrest the sceptre of dominion from the wisdom and strength of society, and surrender it to its weakness and folly. "Of all rights of man," says Carlyle, "the right of the ignorant man to be guided by the wiser, to be gently and firmly held in the true course, is the indispensablest. Nature has ordained it from the first. Society struggles towards perfection by conforming to and accomplishing it, more and more. If freedom have any meaning, it means enjoyment of this right, in which all other rights are enjoyed. It is a divine right and duty on both sides, and the sum of all social duties between the two." Under the circumstances I have supposed, no intelligent man could hesitate, except as to the form of subordination: nor has entire equality been ever allowed in society where the inferior race constituted an element of any magnitude.

Personal servitude is generally the harshest and most objectionable form of restraint, exposing its subjects to an abuse of power involving greater suffering than any other. But this is not an invariable law, even in a homogeneous society. The most recent researches into the condition of the labouring classes of Europe, the descendants of the emancipated serfs, have satisfied all candid inquirers after truth that a large number have sunk below the level of their ancient slavery, and would be thankful to belong to any master who would furnish them with food, clothing and shelter. But when we are settling the law of a society embracing in its bosom distinct and unequal races, the problem is complicated by elements which create the gravest doubt whether personal liberty will prove a blessing or a curse. It may become a question between the slavery, and the extinction or further deterioration of the inferior race. Thus, if it is difficult to procure the means of subsistence from density of population or other cause, and if the inferior race is incapable of sustaining a competition with the

superior in the industrial pursuits of life, a condition of freedom which would involve such competition, must either terminate in its destruction, or consign it to hopeless degradation. If, under these circumstances, a system of personal servitude gave reasonable assurance of preserving the inferior race, and gradually imparting to it the amelioration of a higher civilization, no Christian statesman could mistake the path of duty. Natural law, illuminated in its decision by History, Philosophy, and Religion, would not only clothe the relation with the sanction of justice, but lend to it the lustre of mercy. It will not, I apprehend, be difficult to show that all these conditions apply to African slavery in the United States. Look at the races which have been brought face to face in unmanageable masses, upon this continent, and it is impossible to mistake their relative position. The one still filling that humble and subordinate place, which as the pictured monuments of Egypt attest, it has occupied since the dawn of history; a race which during the long-revolving cycles of intervening time has founded no empire, built no towered city, invented no art, discovered no truth, bequeathed no everlasting possession to the future, through law-giver, hero, bard, or benefactor of mankind: a race which, though lifted immeasurably above its native barbarism by the refining influence of Christian servitude has yet given no signs of living and self-sustaining culture. The other, a great composite race which has incorporated into its bosom all the vital elements of human progress; which, crowned with the traditions of history and bearing in its hands the most precious trophies of civilization, still rejoices in the overflowing energy, the abounding strength, the unconquerable will which have made it "the heir of all the ages;" and which with aspirations unsatisfied by centuries of toil and achievement, still vexes sea and land with its busy industry, binds coy nature faster in its chains, embellishes life more prodigally with its arts, kindles a wider inspiration from the fountain lights of freedom, follows knowledge

"like a sinking star,  
Beyond the utmost bound of human  
thought,"

and pushing its unresting columns still  
further into the regions of eldest Night,  
in lands more remote than any over  
which Roman eagles ever flew, "to the  
farthest verge of the green earth," plants  
the conquering banner of the Cross,

"Encircling continents and oceans vast,  
In one humanity."

It is impossible to believe that the supremacy in which the Caucasian has towered over the African through all the past can be shaken, or that the black man can ever successfully dispute the preëminence with his white brother as members of the same community, in the arts and business of life. Could such races be mated with each other? It is unnecessary to refer to Egypt or Central America, where a mongrel population, *monumenta veneris nefandæ*, exhibit the deteriorating influence of a similar fusion. If there were no broad and indelible dividing lines of colour and physical organization to keep the black and white races apart, their respective traditions, extremes of moral and intellectual advancement, and unequal aptitudes, if not capacities for higher civilization, separate them by an impassible gulf. That feeble remnant of our kindred, who, surrounded by hordes of barbarians, yet linger among the deserted seats of West India civilization, may forget the dignity of Anglo-Saxon manhood, in the despair and poverty to which they have been reduced by British injustice; but we, "sprung of earth's first blood," and "foremost in the files of time," who under Providence are masters of our destiny, will never permit the generations of American history to be bound together by links of shame. Is the deportation of the African race practicable? A more extravagant project was never seriously entertained by the human understanding. There are economical considerations alone, which would render it utterly hopeless. The removal of our

black population would create a gap in the industry of the world, which no white emigration could fill. It would bring over the general prosperity of the country a blight and ruin, that would dry up all the sources of revenue on which the success of the measure would depend. Its consequences would not terminate with this continent. The great wheel which moves the commerce and manufactures of the world, would be arrested in its revolutions. General bankruptcy would follow a shock, besides which the accumulated financial crises of centuries would be unfelt. In the recklessness and despair of crime and famine thus induced, the ancient landmarks of empire might be disturbed, and all existing governments shaken to their foundation. No favourable inference can be drawn from the immense emigration, which, like the swell of a mighty sea, is pouring upon our shores. It comes from regions where population is too dense for subsistence, and where a vacant space is closed as soon as it is opened. It is impelled by double influences, neither of which can operate to any extent upon the American slave, want and wretchedness at home, and all material and moral attractions abroad. It is composed of men accustomed at least to personal freedom, and belonging to races endowed with far more energy and intelligence than the African. It is received into a community, whose strength and vitality enable it to absorb and assimilate a much larger foreign element than any of which history has any record. If the black man was able and willing to return to his native land, he must carry with him the habits and feelings of the slave. Can it be supposed that such a living cloud, as the annual increase of our slaves, could discharge its contents into the bosom of any African society, without blighting in the license of their first emancipation from all restraint, whatever promise of civilization it might have held out?

If we must accept the permanent residence of this race upon our soil, as a providential arrangement beyond human control, it only remains to adjust the

form of its subordination. Should it embrace personal, as well as political servitude? Personal slavery surrounds the black man with a protection and salutary control which his own reason and energies are incapable of supplying, and by converting elements of destruction into sources of progress, promotes his physical comfort, his intellectual culture, and his moral amelioration. Emancipation upon the other hand in any form, gradual or immediate, would either destroy the race through a wasting process of poverty, vice, and crime, or sink it into an irrecoverable deep of savage degradation. What Homer has said may be true, that a free man loses half his value the day he becomes a slave; but it is quite as true, that the slave who is converted into a freeman, is more likely to lose the remaining half than to recover what is gone. There are no rational grounds upon which we could anticipate for our slaves, an advancing civilization if they were emancipated, or upon which we could expect them to preserve their contented temper, their material comfort, their industrious habits, and their general morality. The negro has learned much in contact with the white man, but he is yet ignorant of that great art which is the guardian of all acquisition, the art of self-government. The superiority of the white man in skill, energy, foresight, providence, aptitude for improvement, and control over the lower appetites and passions, would give him a decisive and fatal advantage in the pitiless competition of life. The light which history sheds around this problem, is broad and unchanging. Wherever unequal races are brought together, unless reduced by despotism to an indiscriminate servitude, or mingled by a deteriorating and demoralizing fusion, the inferior must choose between slavery and extinction. Upon these principles only can we explain the preservation of the Indian inhabitants of Spanish America, and the destruction of the aboriginal races which have crossed the path of English colonization. All the lower stages of civilization are characterized by an improvidence of

the future and a predominance of the animal nature, which increase the force of temptation, and at the same time diminish the power of resistance. Hence it is, that when an inferior race, animated by the passions of the savage, but destitute of the restraining self-control which is developed by civilization, is brought in contact with a higher form of social existence, where the stimulants and facilities for sensual gratification are multiplied, and the consequences of excess and improvidence are aggravated in fatality, it is mown down by a mortality more terrific than the widest waste of war. Private charity and the influence of Christianity upon individuals may retard the operation of these causes, but destruction is only a question of time. Without a judicious husbandry of the surplus proceeds of labour in the day of prosperity to meet the demands of age, sickness and casualty, poverty alone with the disease, suffering and crime that attend it, would wear out any labouring population. The remnant of the Indian tribes scattered along the lower banks of the St. Lawrence, present an impressive illustration of these simple political truths. They manifest, says Professor Bowen, sufficient industry when the reward of labour is immediate: but surrounded by an abundance of fertile and cleared land, where others would grow rich, they are rapidly perishing from improvidence alone.

Even in England, in periods of manufacturing prosperity, when wages are high, the Chancellor of the Exchequer reckons with as much confidence upon the expenditure by the operatives of their surplus profits, in spirits, tobacco, and other hurtful stimulants, as upon the proceeds of the income tax. And if the working class of England, instead of being constantly recruited from a higher order of society, consisted of an inferior race, the annual losses from intemperance and improvidence would soon carry it off. As population becomes denser, our free blacks are destined to exemplify the same great law. In the free States, where an encroaching tide of white emigration is driving them from one field of industry after an-

other, they already stand, as the statistics of population, disease and crime disclose, upon the narrowest isthmus which can divide life from death. When we remember that the destructive agencies which would be let loose amongst our slaves, by emancipation, are as fatal to morals as to life, and that the natural inequality between the races would be increased by a constant accession of numbers to the white through emigration, it is not extravagant to assert that exterminating massacre would involve a swifter, but scarcely more certain or more cruel death.

If emancipation took place in a tropical region, where climate forbade the competition of white labour, and the exuberance of nature supplied the means of life without the necessity of intelligent and systematic industry, there are other causes which would remove from the slave every safeguard of progress, and render his relapse into barbarism inevitable. Civilization depends upon activity, development, progress. It is measured by our wants and our work. Without indulging in any rash generalizations, we may safely affirm, that where animal life can be sustained without labour, and an enervating climate invites to indolent repose, we cannot expect from that class of society upon whom in every country the cultivation of the soil depends, any industrious emulation. So powerful is the influence of these physical causes over barbarous tribes, that under the torrid zone, as we are informed by Humboldt, where a beneficent hand has profusely scattered the seeds of abundance, indolent and improvident man experiences periodically a want of subsistence which is unfelt in the sterile regions of the North. As men increase in virtue and intelligence, they become more capable of resisting the operation of climate and other natural laws, but some form of slavery has been the only basis upon which civilization has yet rested in any tropical country. If it can be sustained upon any other, it must be by a race endowed with a larger fund of native energy than the African, or quickened by the electric power of a higher

culture than he has ever possessed. His moral and physical conformation predispose him to indolence. *Cælum non animum mutant*, has been the law of his history. Under the *Code Rural* of Hayti, the harshest compulsion has been used to subdue the sloth of barbarism, and to compel the labour of the free black man, but in vain. In the British West Indies, since emancipation, no expedients have proven effectual to conquer this repugnance to exertion. The English historian, Alison, who whatever may be his political sentiments, has no sympathies with slavery, in his last volume, thus describes the result of the experiment. "But disastrous as the results of the change have been to British interests both at home and in the West Indies, they are as nothing to those which have ensued to the negroes themselves, both in their native seats and the Trans-Atlantic Colonies. The fatal gift of premature emancipation has proved as pernicious to a race as it always does to an individual: the boy of seventeen sent out into the world, has continued a boy, and does as other boys do. The diminution of the agricultural exported produce of the islands to less than a half, proves how much their industry has declined. The reduction of the consumption of their British produce and manufactures in a similar proportion, tells unequivocally how much their means of comfort and enjoyment have fallen off. Generally speaking, the incipient civilization of the negro has been arrested by his emancipation: with the cessation of forced labour, the habits which spring from and compensate it, have disappeared, and savage habits and pleasures have resumed their ascendancy over the sable race. The attempts to instruct and civilize them have, for the most part, proved a failure; the *dolce far niente* equally dear to the unlettered savage as to the effeminate European, has resumed its sway; and the emancipated Africans dispersed in the woods, or in cabins erected amidst the ruined plantations, are fast relapsing into the state in which their ancestors were when first torn from their native seats by the rapacity of a Chris-

tian avarice." A melancholy confirmation of this statement is furnished by a fact which I have learned from a reliable private source, that the prevailing crimes of this population have changed from petty larceny to felonies of the highest grades. But if the black race could escape barbarism, or defy those destroying elements of society, poverty and crime, there is a more comprehensive political induction which establishes the justice and expediency of its subjection to servitude. If in any community there is an inferior race which is condemned by permanent and irresistible causes to occupy the condition of a working class, not as independent proprietors of the soil they till, but as labourers for hire, then a system of personal slavery under which the welfare of the slave could be connected with the interest of the master, would be far preferable to the collective servitude of a degraded caste. This proposition supposes the existence, not of an inferior class simply, but an inferior race—which, as such, is condemned by nature to wear the livery of servitude in some form—which can never be quickened or sustained by those animating prospects of wealth, dignity and power which, in a homogeneous community, pour a renovating stream of moral health through every vein and artery of social life—which must earn a scanty and precarious subsistence by a stern, unintermitting and unequal struggle with selfish capital. Can any skepticism resist the conviction that, under such circumstances, a social adjustment which would engage the selfish passions of the superior race to provide for the comfort of the inferior, must be an arrangement of mercy as well as of justice? Upon this question the experience of England is full of instruction. The abolition of slavery upon the continent of Europe gradually converted the original serfs into owners of the soil. In England, it terminated with personal manumission—leaving the villein to work as a labourer for wages, or to farm as a tenant upon lease. What has been the effect of this great social revolution? I do not refer to that saturnalia of poverty, misery, va-

grancy, and crime which immediately followed the disruption of the old feudal bonds, and the adjustment of the new relations of lord and vassal, by the "cold justice of the laws of political economy." What is the present condition of the English labourer? English writers, whose fidelity and accuracy are above suspicion, have almost exhausted the power of language in describing his abject wretchedness and squalid misery. They have distributed their population into the rich, the comfortable, the poor, and the perishing. That "bold peasantry, their country's pride," has almost disappeared. Every improvement in an industrial process which diminishes the amount of human labour, brings with it more or less of suffering to the English operative. Every scarce harvest, every fluctuation in trade, every financial crisis exposes him to beggary or starvation. In the selfish competition between the capitalist and workman, says a distinguished christian philanthropist, "the capitalist, whether farmer, merchant, or manufacturer, plays the game, wins all the high stakes, takes the lion's share of the profits, and throws all the losses, involving pauperism and despair, upon the masses." Nothing can be more hopeless than the condition of the agricultural labourer. All the life of England, says Bowen in his lectures on Political Economy; "is in her commercial and manufacturing classes. Outside of the city walls, we are in the middle ages again. There are the nobles and the serfs, true castes, for nothing short of a miracle can elevate or depress one who is born a member of either." Moral and intellectual culture cannot be connected with physical destitution and suffering. We are not therefore surprised to learn, from a recent British Quarterly, that there is an overwhelming class of outcasts at the bottom of their society whom the present system of popular education does not reach, who are below the influence of religious ordinances, and scarcely operated upon by any wholesome restraint of public opinion. For the relief of this wretchedness an immense pauper system has grown up, as grinding in its exactions upon the rich,



as demoralizing in its bounties to the poor. But even this frightful evil appears insignificant, in comparison with that embittered and widening feud between the classes of society, which has filled the most sanguine friends of human progress with the apprehension, that England's greatest danger may spring from the despair of her own children, the beggars who gaze in idleness and misery at her wealth, the savages who stand by the side of her civilization, and the heathen who have been nursed in the bosom of her Christianity. The intelligent philanthropists of England, place their whole hope of remedy in plans of colonization—plans for substituting coöperative associations for the system of hired service—plans for increasing the number of peasant proprietors, and thus placing labour on a more independent basis—for educating the working class, and for legislation which will facilitate the circulation of capital, and the more equal distribution of property. But if this evil working in the heart of the nation be incurable, if the helotism of the working classes should prove, as it has already been pronounced, irretrievable, I am far from advocating a reduction of the English labourer to slavery. There is no radical distinction of race, between the labourer and the capitalist. The latter owes his superiority, not to nature, but to the vantage ground of opportunity. Nature has implanted a consciousness of equality, so deeply in the bosom of the labourer, that personal slavery would bring with it a sense of degradation he could never endure. Whatever the general destitution and sufferings of his class, an undying hope will ever whisper to the individual that a happy fortune may raise him to comfortable independence, or social consideration. The very thought, that from his loins may spring some stately figure to tread, with dignity the shining eminences of life, is able to alleviate many hours of despondency. But above all, an instinctive love of liberty, such as was felt by the Spartan when he compared it to the sun, the most brilliant, and at the same time, the most useful object in creation, cherished in the

Englishman by the traditions of centuries of struggle in its achievement and defence, cause him to echo the sentiment of his own poet,

“Bondage is winter, darkness, death, despair,  
Freedom, the sun, the sea, the mountains  
and the air.”

I fully subscribe to an opinion which has been expressed by an accomplished Southern writer, that an attempt to enslave the English labourer would equal, though it could not exceed in folly, an attempt to liberate the American slave—either seriously attempted and with sufficient power to oppose the natural current of events would overwhelm the civilization of the continent in which it occurred in anarchy. But if the English labourer belonged to a different race from his employer; if they were separated by a moral and intellectual disparity such as divides the Southern slave from his master: if instead of the sentiments and traditions of liberty which would make bondage worse than death, he had the gentle, tractable and submissive temper that adapt the African to servitude, who can doubt that a slavery which would insure comfort and kindness, would improve his condition in all its aspects?

None of the circumstances which prevent the application of the general proposition we have been discussing to the English labourer, extend to the American slave—none of the plans which have been suggested for the relief of the former would offer any hope of amelioration to the latter. No man who knows anything of the negro character, can for a moment suppose that the land of the country, could be distributed between them as tenant proprietors. If it was given to them to day, their improvidence would make it the property of the white man to morrow. Indeed the fact to which Mr. Webster called attention, that the products of the slave-holding States are destined mainly, not for immediate consumption, but for purposes of manufacture and commercial exchange, exclude the possibility of an extended system of tenant proprietorship, and render cultivation and disposal by



capital upon a large scale indispensable. The black man if emancipated must work for hire. Would he be better able to hold his own against the capitalist than the English labourer? Would not the misery and degradation of the latter, but faintly foreshadow the doom of the emancipated slave? His days embittered and shortened by privation; cheered by no hope of a brighter future: the burthens of liberty without its privileges; the degradation of bondage without its compensations; "the name of freedom graven on a heavier chain;" his root in the grave, the liberated negro under the influence of moral causes as irresistible as the laws of gravity, would moulder earthward. What is there, may I not ask, in the misery and desolation of this collective servitude, to compensate for the sympathy, kindness, comfort, and protection which so generally solace the suffering, and sweeten the toil, and make tranquil the slumber, and contented the spirits of the slave, whose lot has been cast in the sheltering bosom of a Southern home?

The approximation to equality in numbers, which has been hastily supposed to render emancipation safer than in the West Indies, would give rise to our greatest danger. It will not be long before the unmixed white population of the West Indies will be reduced, by the combined influences of emigration and amalgamation, to a few factors in the sea ports. In the United States, not only would the exodus of either race, or their fusion, be impracticable, but the pride of civilization, which now stoops with alacrity to bind up the wounds of the slave, would spurn the aspiring contact of the free man. The points of sympathy between master and slave may not be as numerous or powerful as we could desire, but between the white and the black man, in any society in which they are recognised as equals, and in which the latter are sufficiently numerous to create apprehension as to the consequences of distrust and aversion, a growing ill-will would deepen into irreconcilable animosity. Look at the isolation in which, notwithstanding their insignificance as a class, the free blacks of the

North now live. "The negro," says De Tocqueville, "is free, but he can share neither the rights, nor the pleasures, nor the labour, nor the affections, nor the altar, nor the tomb of him whose equal he has been declared to be. He meets the white man upon fair terms, neither in life nor in death." What could be expected from a down-trodden race, existing in masses large enough to be formidable, in whose bosoms the law itself nourished a sense of injustice by proclaiming an equality which Nature and society alike denied, with passions unrestrained by any stake in the public peace, or any bonds of attachment to the superior class, but that it should seek in some frenzy of despair, to shake off its doom of misery and degradation? Would not the atrocities which have always distinguished a war of races, be perpetrated on a grander and more appalling scale than the world has ever yet witnessed? The recollections of hereditary feud alone have, in every age, so inflamed the angry passions of our nature as to lend a deeper gloom even to the horrors of war. When the poet describes the master of the lyre, as seeking to rouse the martial ardour of the Grecian conqueror and his attendant nobles, he brings before them the ghosts of their Grecian ancestors that were left unburied on the plains of Troy, who tossing their lighted torches—

"Point to the Persian abodes,  
And glittering temples of their hostile gods."

But what would be the ferocity awakened in half-savage bosoms, when embittered memories of long-descended hate towards a superior race, exasperated by the maddening pangs of want, impelled them to seek retribution for centuries of imaginary wrong? Either that precious harvest of civilization which has been slowly ripening under the toils of successive generations of our fathers, and the genial sunshine and refreshing showers of centuries of kindly Providence, would be gathered by the rude sons of spoil, or peace would return after a tragedy of crime and sorrow, with whose burthen of

woe the voice of history would be tremulous through long ages of after time.

The whole reasoning of modern philanthropy upon this subject has been vitiated, by its overlooking those fundamental moral differences between the races, which constitute a far more important element in the political arrangements of society, than relative intellectual power. It is immaterial how these differences have been created. Their existence is certain; and if capable of removal at all, they are yet likely to endure for such an indefinite period, that in the consideration of any practical problem, we must regard them as permanent. The collective superiority of a race can no more exempt it from the obligations of justice and mercy, than the personal superiority of an individual; but where unequal races are compelled to live together, a sober and intelligent estimate of their several aptitudes and capacities must form the basis of their social and political organization. The intellectual weakness of the black man is not so characteristic, as the moral qualities which distinguish him from his white brother. The warmest friends of emancipation, amongst others the late Dr. Channing, have acknowledged that the civilization of the African, must present a different type from that of the Caucasian, and resemble more the development of the East than the West. His nature is made up of the gentler elements. Docile, affectionate, light-hearted, facile to impression, reverential, he is disposed to look without for strength and direction. In the courage that rises with danger, in the energy that would prove a consuming fire to its possessor, if it found no object upon which to spend its strength, in the proud aspiring temper which would render slavery intolerable, he is far inferior to other races. Hence, subordination is as congenial to his moral, as a warm latitude is to his physical nature. Freedom is not "chartered on his manly brow" as on that of the native Indian. Unkindness awakens resentment, but servitude alone carries no sense of degradation fatal to self respect. A civilization like our own could be developed only by a free people;

but under a system of slavery to a superior race, which was ameliorated by the charities of our religion, the African is capable of making indefinite progress. He is not animated by that love of liberty which Bacon quaintly compared to a spark that ever flieth in the face of him who seeketh to trample it under foot. The masses of the old world, under various forms of slavery, have exhibited a standing discontent, and their struggles for freedom have been the flashes of a smothered but deeply hidden fire. The obedience of the African, unless disturbed by some impulse from without, and to which he yields only in a vague hope of obtaining respite from labour, is willing and cheerful. De Tocqueville, in his work on the French Revolution, points out a difference between nations, in what he calls the sublime taste for freedom—some seeking it for its material blessings only, others for its intrinsic attractions; and adds, "that he who seeks freedom for anything else than freedom's self, is made to be a slave." How fallacious must be any political induction which transfers to the African that love of personal liberty, which wells from the heart of our own race in a spring-tide of passionate devotion, the winters of despotism could never chill. The Providence which appointed the Anglo-Saxon to lead the van of human progress fitted him for his mission, by preconfiguring his soul to the influences of freedom. This sentiment is indestructible in his nature. It would survive the degradation of any form or term of bondage. Like the sea shell, when torn from its home in the deep, his heart, through all the ages of slavery, would be vocal with the music of his native liberty.

The strength of that security against oppression which the Southern slave derives from the selfishness of human nature, has never been sufficiently appreciated, for in truth, it has existed in connection with no other form of servitude. With exceptions too slight to deserve remark, in Greece and Rome, in the British and Spanish colonies, it was cheaper to buy slaves than to raise them, to work them to death, than to provide for them

in life. Hence in Rome, the slaves of the public were better cared for than those of the individual. With us, the master has a large and immediate interest, not only in the life, but the health, comfort and improvement of his slave, for they all add to his value and efficiency as a labourer. Southern slavery must therefore be tried upon its own merits, and not by data true or false, collected from other forms of servitude. Arithmetic, Gibbon once said, is the natural enemy of rhetoric, and a single statement will suffice to discredit all the reasoning, and pour contempt upon all the declamation which has confounded our slavery with that of the British West Indies. From the most reliable calculations that can be made, says Carey, in his *Essay on the Slave Trade*, it appears that for every African imported into the United States, ten are now to be found, such has been the wonderful growth of population; for every three imported into the British West Indies, only one now exists, such has been its frightful decline. But however ample this protection may be to the slave from the oppression of strangers, his own passions it is urged, will lead the master to spurn the restraints of interest. But what security against an abuse of power, has human wisdom ever devised which is likely to operate with such uniform and prevailing force? As Burke said of another social institution, "it makes our weakness subservient to our virtue, and grafts our benevolence, even upon our avarice." All the evidence which is accessible, the statistics of population, of consumption as shown both by imports, and the balance between production and exports, and the testimony of intelligent and candid travellers bear witness to its general efficiency. And it is to be remarked that whilst the slave partakes largely and immediately of his master's prosperity; the reverses which reduce the latter to beggary or starvation, pass almost harmless over his head. In other countries, the pressure of every public calamity falls upon the working classes: but with us the slave is placed in a great measure beyond their reach, by the circumstance that his hire or ownership im-

port a condition of life in which the means of subsistence are enjoyed. From the demoralization of extreme want, so fatal to virtue as well as happiness in other lands, he is thus always saved. It was the benevolent wish of Henry the Fourth of France, that every peasant in his dominions might have a fowl in his pot for Sunday. In every age the patriot has offered a similar prayer for the labouring poor of his country. But it is only in the Southern States of our confederacy, that the sun ever beheld a meal of wholesome and abundant food, the daily reward of the children of toil.

The relation is so far from having any tendency to provoke those angry and resentful feelings which would excite the master to acts of cruelty, that its tendency is directly the reverse.

It was truly said by Legaré, that *parcere subjectis*, was not exclusively a Roman virtue: that it was a law of the heart, the usual attribute of undisputed power; and that there were few men who did not feel the force of that beautiful and touching appeal: "Behold, behold, I am thy servant." It was owing to this principle that when the dependence of the feudal vassal upon his lord was most complete, their mutual attachment, (as we are assured by Gilbert Stewart and other historians of this period,) was strongest, and as the feudal tenure decayed, and the law was interposed between them, the kindness upon one side and the affection and gratitude upon the other disappeared. It is not simply the consciousness of strength which tends to disarm resentment in the bosom of the master. It is the long and intimate association, connected with the feelings of interest awakened in all but the hardest hearts by the cares and responsibilities of guardianship which make the slave an object of friendly regard, and bring him within that circle of kindly sympathies which cluster around the domestic hearth. It is a form of that generous feeling which bound the Highland chieftain to his clan, and which, with greater or less force, depending upon the virtue of the age, attaches to every relation of patriarchal authority. According to Dr. Ar-

nold, (in his tract on the Social condition of the Operative Classes,) the old system of English slavery was far kinder than that now existing in England of hired service. The affection between the master and the villain is shown by the fact that villainage "wore out" by voluntary manumission—a circumstance which never would have happened had the relation been one simply of profit and loss. Shakspeare in his character of old Adam, in "As You Like It," has adverted to the more genial and kindly elements which distinguished this legal service from that for wages. Orlando, in replying to the pressing entreaty of the old servant to go with him, and "do the service of a younger man in all his business and necessities," says—

"Oh good old man, how well in thee appears

The constant service of the antique world,  
When service sweat for duty—not for  
    need."

The mutual good will of distinct classes has, in all ages, been dependent upon a well defined subordination. This opinion is confirmed by the testimony of one of the most eloquent writers of New England, in reference to the workings of its social system as they fell under his personal observation. I appeal, says Dana in his *Essay on Law as suited to Man*, "to those who remember the state of our domestic relations, when the old Scriptural terms of master and servant were in use. I do not fear contradiction when I say there was more of mutual good will then than now; more of trust on the one side and fidelity on the other; more of protection and kind care, and more of gratitude and affectionate respect in return; and because each understood well his place, actually more of a certain freedom, tempered by gentleness and by deference. From the very fact that the distinction of classes was more marked, the bond between the individuals constituting these two, was closer. As a general truth, I verily believe that, with the exception of near-blood relationships, and here and there peculiar friendships, the attachment of master and servant was

closer and more enduring than that of almost any other connection in life. The young of this day, under a change of fortune, will hardly live to see the eye of an old, faithful servant fill at their fall; nor will the old domestic be longer housed and warmed by the fireside of his master's child, or be followed by him to the grave. The blessed sun of those good old days has gone down, it may be for ever, and it is very cold." It is through the operation of these kindly sentiments, which it awakens on both sides, that African slavery reconciles the antagonism of classes that has elsewhere reduced the highest statesmanship to the verge of despair, and becomes the great Peace-maker of our society, converting inequalities, which are sources of danger and discord in other lands, into pledges of reciprocal service, and bonds of mutual and intimate friendship.

But a vigilant and restraining public opinion surrounds our slaves with a cumulative security. The master is no chartered libertine. Custom, the greatest of law-givers, places visible metes and bounds upon his authority which few are so hardy as to transcend. Native humanity and Christian principle inscribe their limitations upon the living tables of his heart. A public sentiment, growing in its strength and increasing in its exactions, covers the slave with a protecting shield, far less easily or frequently broken through, than those feeble barriers of law which in our Free States, are interposed between the degraded and outcast black man, and his white brother. Written laws never to be received as accurate exponents of the rights and privileges of a people, are most fallacious when appealed to as a standard, by which to determine the character of a system of slavery; for the wisest and most humane must acknowledge that the introduction of law may so disturb the harmony and good will of any domestic relation, as to breed more mischief than it can possibly cure. It is not simply in reference to the food, clothing, work, holydays, punishments of slaves, that public sentiment exercises its supervision and restraint. It looks to the whole range of their happiness and im-

provement. It is operating with great force in inducing masters to provide more extended facilities for their religious instruction. It has to a large extent terminated that disruption of family ties, which has always constituted the most serious obstacle to the improvement of the slave, and the severest hardship of his lot. A Scotch weaver, William Thompson, who travelled through our Southern States in 1843, on foot, sustaining himself by manual labour, and mixing constantly with our slave population, states in a book which he published on his return home, that the separation of families did not take place here to such an extent as amongst the labouring poor of Scotland. We know that the evil has been diminishing with every succeeding day, and I trust that public sentiment will not leave this most beneficent work half done. The sanctity and integrity of the family union is the germ of all civilization. There is nothing in slavery to make its violation inevitable. It may require some time and sacrifice to accommodate the habits of society to the universal prevalence of a permanent tenure in these relations. But through the agency of public sentiment alone, acting upon buyer and seller, and operating where necessary through combinations of benevolent neighbours, the mischief in its entire dimensions lies within the grasp of remedy.

Slavery is charged with fixing a point in the scale of civilization, beyond which it does not permit the labourer to rise. God, it is argued, has conferred the capacity and imposed the duty of improvement, but man forever denies the opportunity. I admit that the refining, elevating, and liberalizing influences of knowledge can not be imparted to the slave, in an equal degree with his master. But this arises from the fact that he is a labourer, not that he is a slave. It proceeds from a combination of circumstances which human laws could not alter, and which render daily toil the unavoidable portion of the black man. Civilization is a complex result, demanding a multitude of special offices and functions, for whose performance men are fitted, and even reconciled by gradations in intelligence

and culture. However exalting or ennobling might be the knowledge of Newton or Herschell, God in his Providence has denied to the larger part of the human family, the opportunity of obtaining it. The apparent hardship of this arrangement disappears when we reflect that this life is only a school of discipline and probation for another, and that a variety of condition involving distinct spheres of duty, may be the wisest and most merciful provision for each. Every age rises to a higher level of general intelligence, but the mass of men must be satisfied with that prime wisdom, "to know that before us lies in daily life." Whilst I doubt not that,

"Through the ages one increasing purpose runs,  
And the thoughts of men are widened with  
the circuit of the suns,"

yet so long as the Divine ordinance, the poor ye have always with you, remains unrepealed—an ordinance without which the fruits of industry would be consumed, and its accumulations cease, the classes of society must be divided by a broad line of disparity in intellectual culture. Emancipation would not relieve the slave from the necessities of daily labour, or furnish the leisure for extended mental cultivation. There might be individual exceptions; but all legislation must take its rule from the general course of human nature, not its accidental departures and variations. It is emancipation and not servitude, which would forever darken and extinguish those prospects of amelioration that now lie imaged in the bright perspective of Christian hope. The slave will partake more and more of the life-giving civilization of the master. As it is, his intimate relations with the superior race, and the unsystematic instruction he receives in the family, have placed him in point of general intelligence above a large portion of the white labourers of Europe. It appears from the most recent statistics, that one half the adult population of England and Wales are unable to write their names. It was of English



labourers, not American slaves, that Gray wrote those touching lines—

“But knowledge to their eyes her ample  
page,  
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne’er un-  
roll ;  
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,  
And froze the genial current of the soul.”

But it is supposed that our slaves can never be instructed without danger to the public safety, as knowledge, like the admission of light into a subterranean mine, might lead to an explosion. There may be circumstances in which the supreme law of self-preservation will command us to withhold from the slave the degree of information, we would gladly impart. But it is never to be forgotten, that this stern and inexorable necessity will not be created by the system itself. The sin, and the responsibility of its existence will lie at the door of the misjudging philanthropy which has rashly and ignorantly interposed to adjust relations on whose balance hang great issues of liberty and civilization. If the views which have been presented are true, the more his reason was instructed, the clearer would be the slave’s perception of the general equity of the arrangement which fixed his lot. But if knowledge is to introduce him to a literature which will confuse his understanding by its sophistry, whilst it inflames his passions by its appeals, which will exaggerate his rights and magnify his wrongs, then mercy to the slave, as well as justice to society require us to protect him from the folly and crime into which he might be hurried by the madness of moral intoxication. We will not throw open our gates, that the enemies of peace may sow the dragon’s teeth of discord, and leave us to reap a harvest of confusion and rebellion—but when they come to plant love amongst us, to teach apostolic precepts, as elementary morality, and to hold up the standard of Holy Scripture as the rule of conduct, and proof of law, we will give them hospitable welcome.

If I have at all comprehended the elements which should enter into the deter-

mination of this momentous problem of social welfare and public authority, the existence of African Slavery amongst us, furnishes no just occasion for self-reproach ; much less for the presumptuous rebuke of our fellow man. As individuals, we have cause to humble ourselves before God, for the imperfect discharge of our duties in this, and in every other relation of life : but for its justice and morality as an element of our social polity, we may confidently appeal to those future ages, which, when the bedimming mists of passion and prejudice have vanished, will examine it in the pure light of truth, and pronounce the final sentence of impartial History. Beyond our own borders, there has been no sober and intelligent estimate of its distinctive features ; no just apprehension of the nature, extent and permanence of the disparities between the races, or of the fatal consequences to the slave, of a freedom which would expose him to the unchecked selfishness of a superior civilization ; no conception approaching to the reality of the power which has been exerted by a public sentiment, springing from Christian principle, and sustained by the universal instincts of self-interest, in tempering the severity of its restraints, and impressing upon it the mild character of a patriarchal relation ; no rational anticipation of the improvement of which the negro would be capable under our form of servitude, if those who now nurse the wild and mischievous dream of peaceful emancipation, should lend all their energies to the maintenance of the only social system under which his progressive amelioration appears possible. African slavery is no relic of barbarism to which we cling from the ascendancy of semi-civilized tastes, habits, and principles ; but an adjustment of the social and political relations of the races, consistent with the purest justice, commended by the highest expediency, and sanctioned by a comprehensive and enlightened humanity. It has no doubt been sometimes abused by the base and wicked passions of our fallen nature to purposes of cruelty and wrong ; but where is the school of civilization from which the stern and wholesome discipline of suf-



fering has been banished? or the human landscape not saddened by a dark-flowing stream of sorrow? Its history when fairly written, will be its ample vindication. It has weaned a race of savages from superstition and idolatry, imparted to them a general knowledge of the precepts of the true religion, implanted in their bosoms sentiments of humanity and principles of virtue, developed a taste for the arts and enjoyments of civilized life, given an unknown dignity and elevation to their type of physical, moral and intellectual man, and for the two centuries during which this humanizing process has taken place, made for their subsistence and comfort, a more bountiful provision, than was ever before enjoyed in any age or country of the world by a labouring class. If tried by the test which we apply to other institutions, the whole sum of its results, there is no agency of civilization which has accomplished so much in the same time, for the happiness and advancement of our race.

I am fully persuaded, Mr. President, that the preservation of our peace and union, our property and liberty depend upon the triumph of these opinions over the delusion and ignorance which have obscured and perplexed the public judgment upon this question of slavery. I believe that they indicate the only tenable line of argument along which we can defend our rights or character. So long as men regard all forms of slavery as sinful, they will be conducted to the conclusion that any aid or comfort to them, is likewise sinful, by a logical necessity, which their passions or interests can only resist for a time. The conviction that justice is the highest expediency for the statesman, the first duty of the Christian, and should be the supreme law of the State, will sooner or later establish its supremacy over all combinations of parties and interests. So long as our fellow-citizens of the North look upon this relation as barbarous and corrupting, they must and ought to desire and seek its extinction, as a great vice and crime. Every year will deepen their sympathy with the slave, suffering under unjust bonds, and inflame their resentful indignation

towards the master who holds his odious property with unrelaxing grasp. Mutual self-respect is the only term of association upon which either individuals or societies can or ought to live together. How long could our Union endure, if it was to be preserved by submission to a fixed policy of injustice, and acquiescence under an accumulating burthen of reproach? We are willing to give much for Union. We will give territory for it; the broad acres we have already surrendered would make an empire. We will give blood for it; we have shed it freely upon every field of our country's danger and renown. We will give love for it; the confiding, the forgiving, the overflowing love of brothers and freemen. But much as we value it, we will not purchase it at the price of liberty or character. A union of suspicion, aversion, injustice, in which we would be banned not blessed, outlawed not protected, whether by faction under the forms of law or revolution over them I care not, has no charms for me. The Union I love, is that which our fathers formed; a Union which, when it took its place upon the majestic theatre of history, consecrated by the benedictions of patriots and freemen, and covered all over with images of fame, was a fellowship of equal and fraternal States; a Union which was established not only as a bond of strength, but as a pledge of justice and a sacrament of affection; a Union which was intended like the arch of the heavens to embrace within the span of its beneficent influence all interests and sections and to rest oppressively or unequally upon none; a Union in which the North and the South—"like the double celled heart, at every full stroke," beat the pulses of a common liberty and a common glory. Mr. Madison has recorded a beautiful incident, which occurring as the members of the Federal Convention, were attaching their signatures to the Constitution, forms a fitting and significant close to its proceedings. Dr. Franklin pointing to the painting of a sun which hung behind the speaker's chair, and adverting to a difficulty which is said to exist in discriminating between the picture of a rising

and a setting sun, remarked that during the progress of their deliberations, he had often looked at this painting and been doubtful as to its character, but that he now saw clearly it was a rising sun. When the fancy of Franklin gave to the painting its auroral hues, she had dipped her pencil in his heart. Let but a healing conviction of the true character of our system of slavery enter into the public sentiment of the North; let it understand that the South is seeking to discharge, not simply the obligations of justice, but the larger debt of Christian humanity towards this degraded race; and that if it has not accomplished more, it is because its people like the workmen upon Solomon's temple, have been compelled to labour on their social fabric with the trowel in one hand, and the sword in the other: and the old feelings of mutual regard would soon follow a mutual respect resting upon immovable foundations; the animosities and dissensions of the Past would be buried in the duties of the Present and the Hopes of the Future; the memories of our great heroic age would breathe over us a second spring of patriotism: the comprehensive American sentiment which framed this league of love would revive in all its quickening power, in the bosoms of our people, spreading undivided over every portion of our territory, and operating unspent through all generations of our history; the Union would be so clasp-

ed in the North, and in the South, to our heart of hearts, that death itself could not tear loose the clinging tendrils of devotion; and that emblematic painting in which our fathers, with "no form nor feeling in their souls, unborrowed from their country," greeted with patriot prayer and hope, the rising beams of morning, would never by any line of lessening light, betoken to the eyes of their children a parting radiance.

I have an abiding faith in Time, Truth and Providence. Let but the educated mind of our society be fully awakened to the magnitude of its responsibilities, and thoroughly instructed in the duties of its mission: let it meet the falsifications of history, and perversions of philosophy, and corruptions of religion, in the varied forms of wise and temperate discussion; let it catch the spirit of Milton, when he was content to lose his sight in writing for the defence of the liberties of England, and inspired by yet deeper enthusiasm in a cause upon which may depend the liberties and civilization of the whole earth, now in common peril from a universal licentiousness of opinion, unseal all its fountains of wit, eloquence and logic; and there would soon set out from our Southern coast, a great moral Gulf Stream, able to penetrate and warm all currents of opposing thought—although they come in the strength and volume of ocean tides.

NOTE.—This Address at the time of its delivery had not been entirely committed to writing. The author has sometimes found it impossible to recall the exact language which was then employed. He has, also, after conference with some members of the Executive Committee of the State Agricultural Society, added an occasional statement and illustration, which the limits of the oral discourse obliged him to omit.

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## THE LETTERS OF MOZIS ADDUMS TO BILLY IVVINS.

## EIGHTH LETTER.

*Poor Mozis! No munny. Cupleat Failure of his Skeam. An izplosun. Beds de seans. Row at Mozis' wedding. Brillyunt realizashun of his Skeam. The cend.*

DEAR BILLY:

Billy, why in the wirl diden you cond that ar munny on suner? You mighter saived me a monsus site of trubbil. I tell you I've bin throo the wrubbus sence I last writ, and has sean a wirl uv oneezyness uv mine, and bin nighly ded boddy and sole.

I watid and watid to heer frum you. I kep axin the post-master about yo letter tel he got rite mad with me, and ef he hadenter lived in sech a big, nise rock hous, and bin pertecktid behine a tremendous winder with only heer and thar a hoal in it,—ef it hadenter bin fer this, I and he woulder got inter a fite sertin, becos I ware madder longer him than he ware mad longer me. But nar letter nuver cum, and I kep on gittin mo miserbler and mo miserbler evvry day, tel I thought I'd giv the gose rite strait up then and thar, and nuver sea you all and ole Ferginny agin fum tiem tel eturnitty.] Winter had dun gonod, but spring, whitch putt foth her leaves uv grean and her grass uv grean and her small berds whitch sings in the topps uv the treaz,—Spring fetched no cumfut to po Mozis, owin, I jedgd, mainly to the fact uv the want uv munny, a chainge uv arr, and turnup sallet whitch hass a fine efec on my livvur. In deede, the joyusnest uv Nacher seamed fer to mawk my stait uv fealins, and the singin uv the birds and the laffin uv the gearls at the Mintzpi Hous, whitch thay wuz boun to keap up with the ceezin, havin uv thar neks and armes barer than uvver—theas heer, apeard speshully to wet my sperrits that bad that no licker nor whisky nor nuthin dun um enny good.

Then agin, Tormentt lookt like it had popt apun the acussid sitty. Knewmerus Kongismens and ofisers uv the Army and uthers had had fites and kep on havin mo uv um, and leckshun tiems a cummin on in the sitty sturd up the

biel uv the rowdis tel a inchesreckshun uv niggers ware but a privit wrastil cum-pard to um. Evvry nite, evvry singal nite and in the day two, rite on the main-ist street, sumboddy ware kild, shot, stobd, knockt in the hed, and sumtimes haf a duzen at a tiem wuz slayd in cole blud.

Oans tole me is menny is 2 hundud wuz throte-cut in 1 day, but this were a speshees uv igzadjurashun whitch sub-surves no good puppus ixcep to fritin a man and gits tisum arter a tiem. He sed he carrid 8 revolters an 2 booy nives on his pussun whenuver he went out in the streat, and edvised me to doo the saim, but I diden hav nuthin to bay no weepuns with, whitch tellin him, he gose and bize me a bigg gunn loodened with gravvil and tacks, but I got erestid the ferst day I shoaldud itt, and he had to gitt me outn the hands of the Jestis uv the Pees agin, arfter whitch he got me a boss pistul, whitch he maid me carry it down my back in tween my shoalder blaidis to keep from bein ubservd, tharby givin me uv a heap uv inkunveenyunts, owin to the thing droppin konstantly down intoo my britches twel I had to tie the butt eend uv it with a twien string, whitch I hilt in my han all the tiem, and then I felt free to fase a frounin wirl uv all the Plugg Uglis in kreashin.

Thar wuz 1 amewsmment that it mite uv hav cunsold me, but fer 1 thing. The Captul yard and the Pressydint's yard bein all grean and the wether bein plez-zint uv a evenin, a bigg ban uv mewzis-shiners, drest in red cotes like the British, whitch it ar calld the Mreen Ban, yust to cum wunst or twist a weak and pla to hunduds and thousuns uv peepil that flockt to heer um, awl the bewty and the shiverulry uv the sitty bein thar, prantzin and pradin and shoin off thar fine clothes, and little gals in short frocks and hoops runnin up and down, up and

doun, lively as crickits, and evvry thing gay is it posbly cood be. But I diden injoy it nun. Mayan warnt thar, and then agin I ware thinkin uv my skeam, hoam, dets, and a heap uv trubbilsum things.

One eavnin when the Ban ware playin at the Pressydint's grounds, I lookt over the wall and thar, on a littil hill, set a passel uv Injuns, squottid doun on sum rock, smoakin thar pipes, watchin the fashenubbil croud, and thinkin uv thar oan thots. It ware a moanful site to see, Billy—when a feller wremembud that wunst apun a tiem all the grate sity uv Washintun yewst to blong to them Injuns' 4-farthurs, and now nar one uv um oand anuf lan thar to digg um a graive. Me and them apeard to be like wun anuther fer retchidness. They had loss thar pozesshuns and I had dun loss my hoaps. They wuz fer, fer away fum hoam, and so wuz I. They had no frens, and I had no munny, and I ware goin to say frens nuther, but I wont say that. And thar the bewtyfull musick playd an the pritty ladis and the hansum gentilmen and the happy childun walkt to the soun uv it, and thar wuz me and them po Injuns lookin moanfully on, hevvyhartid anuf, Billy, and two hevvy—feelin we had no rite to be whar soe mutch injoyment ware goin on and nuthin, nuthin to look forward to. I cood a cryd thinkin about it, and went away sorrerfull—both fer myself and them po Injuns.

But whut wust a flicktid me and jobbd me doun intoo the verry gulp uv disparr, wer not so mutch the want uv munny an bein away from hoam and all that, but this, Billy. Wun day, that ar ball-heded ole gentilmin whitch I tole yew ware the bo uv Mis Saludy Trungil, and whitch he wars them gole specks I menshind,—wun day, he cum to me, and havin heerd, I nuvver cood tell how, about my skeam, entud into konvussashin with me about it. After a good eel uv persuashin I jes kanninly tole him all the hole bizniss frum beginnin to een, and eaven took and showd him the thing itself. He keerfully lookt at it, and sed it showd a oncommun amount uv tallent indead, but then he shuk his ball-hed, and

makin me go to his apartmint, whar he had a reeul liberry uv books a layin on the flo, and, takin out wun uv the largist volyums, red me the histry uv the subjick, whitch it apears, so fur frum bein aridganul with me, hav ockyupide the mines uv men frum the tiem uv Tuber Kane to the pressint day. Then he ixplained and prued to me how, in the verry nacher uv things, the skeam ware impossabul and nuvver *nuvver* cood be dun by noboddy on top of the erth, I diden keer how smart and edjyukatid they wuz. He sholy ar a kine and sentsabul ole gentilmin, and sich I tole him, tho' my hart ware fitt to brake at the verry momint. He sed that thousuns uv peepil had cum to Washintun on the saim bizniss pecisely, and he had sean wun uv um, a misubul blind man frum Kaintucky, the day befo. He istablisht to my inti satisfackshun that the mo a man thinks uv this heer kind uv a skeam the wuss it ar fer him, and ef he keaps on he ar certin to go distracktid.

I hilt out is long is I cood, but finely I was bleest to cave in. So, Billy all my vizyuns uv welth and happaniss wuz teetotuly smasht feruvver and feruvver mo. I had nuthin to doo but go back hoam and skcratch the saim po man's back whar I had alwais skatched. Thar wuz no help fer it, nun, not the leetlist teenchy bit uv a shadder uv it. It ware a mortil blow. It hert me mo then the tiem you all cut doun the sickamo whar I was up tryin to git a kewn outen his holler, and ef I had'nt bin flung in the lap uv the tree when it falled, I'd a bin killd beyond redempshun. You reckon I ware ded any way fer haf a day.

All ware certny over now. Mozis, po creetur, had cum to Washintun, maid a fool uv himself, spent all his munny and mo besides, coodin git away, and the hole erth wuz blac befo him is the back uv a chimbly. It ware a tiem what tride men's soles. It wuz dubbil and twistid mizry and wo. I hoap and pray you'll nuvver git in no sitch trubbil, ner onny boddy elts, ixcept it wuz the meanist man that uvver lived.

Havin giv up all idee uv my skeam, hatin uv it in fac, I tue the thing outen

my trunc and flinged it outen the winder, but Noahrer, is I arfterwoods foun, getherd it up and saivd it fer hirsself. But what she wantid with it I dunno. She did her verry bess to keap my sperrits up, but I ware in the lo grouns uv sorrer and coodint git outen um all I and she cood doo. Butt I shill alwais love her fer it. Wimmin, Billy, is the All-heelin Intmint uv the wirl; ef it twarnt fer them we men fokes wood all hav long sence departid this life with ring-wur-rum uv the sole, and gone to the land uv shaddus scabby all over our harts, with the 7 ear eetch broke out so bad that no amount uv brimstone doun belo cood uvver cure us.

Driv to desprashun by cummin out at the little eend uv the hon with my skeam, I maid the most ankshus inkwiris arfter munny, tryin fer to borry sum uv it. Then, fer the ferst tiem, I cum to a nollidge uv the fac that the hole toun uv Washintun are broke all to peecis, sold in a deed uv truss, bankrup intily. Oans sed he didnen hav no munny, sed Melloo didnen hav nun, Argruff ware gonid away, sed noboddy didnen have nun, ixcep it twuz sum men whar makes a livin by lendin uv it at 20 pur sent a month. Its the plain truth, Billy, that thar's men in Washintun which spends thar lives in ruinin the po clucks, lendin um munny at enawmus intruss, manid-jin so that they keep konstunt payin and nuvver do pay out, bullyin uv um too in the most shameful manner. I tell you, ef the haf I hears is the trooth, thees hear men is devvels incarnitt, and one uv um in ptickler is sitch a cole-blud-did, remawsless, diabollikle, infunnil, konfoundid ole villin uv a feen that it wood giv me unaloid plezure to menshin his naim and ixpooze him to the papers and to the skorn and indignashun uv mankine. It orter be dun, and sumboddy will do it sum uv these dais, and then I doo hoap and pray that the peepil will jis taik him and all that's like him and bern um to ashes in the publick squarr. It twoodin be no mo then what they deserves, and it wood be a treetin uv um a heap kinder than thay has treetid the po clucks fer yeers and yeers.

That this sort uv a thing shoold be countnuntst in a Cristshun land ar sumthin I kinnot acount fer. The fac that hunduds and hunduds uv abil boddid yung men (sum uv um is old and week tho,) shoold let this thing run on without makin enny atemp to put a stop to it, shud let a few rich ole devvels to rule um with a wrod uv iun—this fac shose the abjec sperrit, and chickin-hartid sort uv men whar lives in toun. Stay at hoam Billy, whar you kin be free and frade uv nuthin that draws the breth uv life.

But what wuz cuyus and onakount-ibul to me, ware the suckumunts folrin—that the verry thing whitch desturbd my mine and which it made me so eegur to borry munny, were the verry thing that nuvver happind to me. I ode fer bode and fer wroom wrent and washin and uther things to vayus and sandre peepil, I ode um, and, coz yew didnen sen the munny, kep on a owin um mo and mo, and nar one uv um dund me. Day arfter day, I kep on ixpectin uv um to doo it. Thinx I to day I'll ketch it ser-tin, and whut two say I dunno. But they didnen do it—they *nuvver did dun me iounst*. Warnt this strainidge? It skeerd me; I didnen knew what to maik uv it. Tellin Oans about it, it alomd him two. He wremarkd, he sais the like uv it nuvver had happind in Washintun fum the foundashin uv the sitty. Melloo sed sumthin ware wrottin in Dennmok, ser-tin. But nun uv us kood akount fer it, and yo letter not a cummin, me and the postmoster kep on a quarlin thro the whole in his winder, (I had a gud mine to job a stick in his drottid eye fer him,) So I jis went long, leevin things to Provvydents pritty mutch.

Endurin uv thees miserbul dais, I walkt and walkt and walkt, awl the tiem, to cam my mine ef posbil and git shed uv the site uv so menny peepil whitch the site uv um maid me mad is fier. In fac evvry thing frettid and destrest me. I didnen have no pease day nor nite, no-whar, nor with ennyboddy, unlest it wuz Noahrer, whitch I liked her better and more betterer evvry day. I walkt doun to a plase they calls the Knave Yawd, and sean the kannuns and the



kannun bawls by the milyuns, and the ships and things, but it dun me no good. I sean um makin uv brass nails thar faster then you kin shell pees, but it jis frettid me. I went to a plais naimd Jawdge toun, a damdabul horrid plais as uvver wuz bilt upun top the groun, quiet is the graive and derty is a hogg penn, and bein thar maid me feel like I had the pawlzy. I wundud how humins cood live thar. I went to sevril berryin grouns, but the toomstoans urritatid me.

When uvver I walkt about I carrid my hoss pistul doun my bac, reddy and wil-lin to incownter the Devvil, and all his gang uv rowdis witch they ar cawld Rammas, ef nesseserry, becoz I felt like fitein all the tiem and evvry boddy. But no boddy didden pester me nun ixcep it twuz beggers, witch jest is sune is I had dun spent every singul solliterry sent I had in kreashun, begun to cum rite arfter me, consoun thar dirty soles! I giv um a pees uv my mine pritty plane-ly, but they diden seam to hav no mun-ny, but kontinyud arfter me evvry day uv the wirl (Mis Saludy sais Oans and Melloo implويد um to doo it, but taint so,) makin uv me so fuyus twuz mutch is I cud doo to keap frum blowin thar miserubbul ole branes outen thar good fer nuthin ole heds uv um, plaig taik um! ding um!

My favrit wawk, tho, ware doun to the rivvur at the warf whar the steem botes cum that cum frum ole Ferjinny. I ust to go thar and set and think how happy the day wood be when I cum to go hoam agin, and thar I'd immadjin myself goin back so eesy, ferst on the Orindge rode to Ritchmun, then the Damdvile, then the Sowthside to Fomvil, and frum thar to Kerdsvil, and then rite smac hoam—it seamd like nuthin. But when I kum to wremember I diden hav a sent, then it ware impossybul, intily so, and I mite is well hav bin in the Mune fer enny chants thar wuz to git bac. It cumfittid me rite smart tho to set thar and look and look and look twards hoam fer howrs at a tiem, and ef it haden bin fer the Washintun Monyumint witch it seamd to bee konstunt wotchin me, I shood mity nigh hav injawed myself thar.

One mornin I went doun thar rite erly and set way out on the bac part uv a ole steem bote whar noboddy cooden sea me and ass me no questchuns. It ware a powful cool day fer the tiem uv ear, ma-kin uv me mo mellunkolly then I uvver had been in awl my life. Peard to me like my tiem had cum, and I diden keer ef it had. I thot about you all, Billy. "Ef I has ar a fren in the wirl," I sais to myself, "it ar Billy Ivins. But he aint rote to me, and he aint goin too. I wreckin they wreckin I'm ded, and I wisht too grashus I wuz. I'd better be ded than suffer whut I has induode." I fergivd yew all, Billy, but my hart wuz sick, mighty sick. The sun went under the klowds and stade thar, and the wind blowd cold is ice, chillin me to the verry marrow. I hoapd it wood freeze me ded. But thar I sot, watchin the miserbul riv-ver that looked so cold and so much uv it, movin up and doun, up and doun, all the tiem, like the bress uv a man with the knewmony or ploorisy fetchin his breth short. So the cold rivvur kep breethen, like it ware in trubbil, had sean a heep uv trubbil and mo wuz a cummin. And then, way, way off yon-dur, whar hevvin and erth cum together, it lookt dark and shet up, like a hous whar the peepil haden jis gone to cherch and wuz cummin bac bime by, but like theyd gawn away fer good and all. It ware mo then I cood bar, Billy. I drapt my hed, not cryin, but grownin in the grows uv unbarabul agny uv sperrit.

It wuz cleen dark befo I lookt up agin. I diden want to go back to toun. But I diden wanter stay, so I walks mecanny-kly along, seein and heerin uv nuthin, ropt in my own miserbul fealins. Pres-intly I hears a loud holrin and seas a brite lite, and, lookin, I seas about too hundud rowdis getherd roun a barl uv tarr, a burnin in a opin plais. One uv um hollers at me, "Hello you dam Plugg, whar you goin?" It sot me on fier at wunst—it ware the verry thing I wantid.

"Cum on!" I sais, "cum on! you villins, I doant keer how menny. You aint a goin to run over me, sertin. Cum on; I be dad shimd ef I doant maik ros-



cul-branes cheep in Washintun is osh-turs."

Sho nuf, they cum a runnin and hol-rin like they wuz goin to eet me rite up. But I ware pepard fer um thoo. My boss-pistul had dun slipt way down, but I foun the string, and wuz a drawin uv her keerfully up, when they got so clost to me, I gived a hard jirk, and thar ware a ixplosun like sumboddy had blastid the roo uv Gibbrawltur and the Blew-ridje wide opin, and I node no mo. In the werds uv the poitry,

Silunts, like a Pole-tis cum  
Toe heel the bloze uv soun.

When I cumd two, I wuz a layin in my oan bed in my oan wroom and the wroom ware full uv kumpny. Things all lookt like thees heer insides uv thees heer glass balls they has on parler tabils, and peerd like my centsis wuz outen my hed and a settin on top uv the hed bode uv the bed, a lookin down at my oan self like I ware sumboddy elts in glass is well is the wrest uv the cumpny. Thar wuz Oans and Melloo, Miss Saludy and her sistur, the luvly littel Indanner gearl, the too bewtyful marrid ladis, and the ole ball-heddid ole gentilmun—all a look-in at me. And Noahrer she sot rite at the side uv my bed.

"How pail he is," sais one uv the ladis.

"No wundir," sais Oans, "after him a losin ate gallungs uv blod."

"Po feller!" sais the ladis.

"Reckin he'll dy?" sais the littil Trungil.

"Die!" sais Melloo, "not a bit uv it. He's sich a good, simpil mindid anemil, he dont know how to die. You'd hav to giv him a set uv printid instruckshins, with a smal mapp uv the wrout, and evin then, ten chansis to one, he'd git loss. You'd hav to doo is they doo in my coun-try, send a boy with him to show him the way."

"You orter be ashamed to talk that a way," sais littil Indanner.

"Well," he sais, "I will, ef you say so."

"In fac," sais Oans, "he's in grait dainjur."

"Hiesh!" sais the far-har'd married lady, "he knows what you talkin' 'bout."

"No he dont," wreplize Oans, "he's lookt jest that a way fer the lass weak, but intily outen his hed."

"Git up frum thar, gearl," sais Miss Saludy, "and lemme smooth his piller."

I see Noahrer's eye flassh fier and the ouller cum crimson to her cheak, but she anserd verry perlately:

"His piller is nise anuf, Miss, and the Dochter sais he musht be dishtubd, Miss," she sais.

"I doo bleeve the gearl's in luv with Moxie," sais Miss Saludy to one of the ladis.

"Its a spakin fer yeself, ye ar Miss," ansers Noahrer, very cold and sharp.

And then, Billy, evvrything faded away agin.

The nex thing I wremembers, it ware nite, and no candil in the wroom, only a feebil lite cummin frum the stoav. Sum boddy ware talkin rite clost to me.

"Poor, poor boy! So fur away frum hoam. No farther ner muther ner bruth-ers ner sisturs; all aloan heer in this grate sitty, and nun but a servunt gearl to wotch over him. The good Lord keep gard over him and pertect and saiv him."

It ware Noahrer, Billy, and she wuz a cryin. She bent over and kist me. I sais nuthin, but I thot thots. Then she went off a littil ways and kneeld down by a cheer—she wuz a prayin fer me. I laid rite still, but the tears run like rain, soft tears that cum eesy and plentiful and dun me good to cry um. I nuvver knowd befo that ennyboddy cood cry them kind uv tears, which wuz so plesint and relievin.

A good menny uther pittiful things happind in this way, Billy, when noboddy didn't bleeve I had enny idee uv whut ware goin on, fer I wuz that weak I didn't keer evin to move, much mo speak.

How I cum to be in this deplobul condishin, Oans arfterwuds told me. He's got him a unkil which lives in the sitty, a ole gentilmun uv onhappy sperrits but havin uv a kine warm heart, and this heer unkil wuz a goin hoam the nite I met them rowdis burnin uv the tarr barl, and foun me, and had me took hoam, mo ded then alive. I jedge the boss pistul,

which Oans had loadened it to the muzzil with brass tax, went off when I jerkt it—bustid all to flinders, cuttin opin a bigg vane in my hed or nake, and mighty nigh killin uv me. When I ware foun, nuthin ware lef uv the hind part uv my cloaths, sais Oans, but my kote koller and the heels uv my boots, and them had bin on fier, but got put out with my oan blud. His unkil ar uv opinyun that sum uv the rowdis must uv hav suffurd is well is myself, thar bein a good eal uv loose flesh layin aroun, which, fer a marikle, nun uv it cum frum me, tho I wuz scorcht horribil.

I wont giv you no mo pticklers tel I see you, which, thank the Lord, will be in a feu dais frum this tiem. Kneethur will I tell you how Noahrer woteht and nusst me the hole tiem like I had bin her farther, or her bruther, or a littil chile uv her oan, hirin uv anuther gearl her oan self to tend to the hous. Ef she hadent bin pritty, ef she hadint bin smart, I'd a bin bleest to luv her for this. But whut techt me deapist, ware when I got well and she giv me yo letter havin uv the munny in it. Oans hapnin to cum in about that tiem, I told him secritly, fer I diden want Noahrer to put herself to no mo trubbel about me, to tell the lanlord uv the Mintzpie to cum heer I wantid to sea him. So he cum and I jis handid him the munny, makin no apolligy fer not payin him befo, becos I ware too weak to talk much.

"Why, haow's this," he sais, talkin Yankee, "I guess ye dont owe me nuthin. I calclate yere rite squar up to the day. You sent me sum munny by that gearl yistiddy."

Noahrer run outen the wroom.

"Well," he sais, "goodby. I got no tiem to chat. Hope you'll be a out in few dais," and away he went like a steem injine is he is.

When the truth cum out, which it diden cum eesy, becos she tride to lay it on sum boddy elts, but it ware boun to cum sooner or later, I foun that Noahrer had took the munny her Pa sent her to cum hoam to Iland on, and had paid my bode, my wroom wrent, my washin and all with it, spendin uv nigh onto a hundud dollers and a most every cent she had, fer me.

My mine were maid up arfter this, ef it hadint bin befo. Soon is I got well enuf to walk bout my wroom pritty strong, I gethurd all my ennergis fer the effut, but the minnit I got to the pint to speek the cole chills and pusprashin broke out and I had to say nuthin. Fo or fiev tiems this aourd, tel at last I got rite mad with myself fer bein uv sich a cowerd, and befo I knowd I sais out loud :

"Noahrer!"

And I sed it so feerse she jumpt up frum whar she wuz a settin sowin, not knowin whut to maik uv it. I ware standin up too. I told her I ment ennything elts but to speek to her harshly, and then ketchin holt uv both her nise plump, littil hands, I sed—I dunno whut I sed—I koted her, trimblin all the tiem tel I coud hardly stand up. She ware bleest to see I ware in erniss, and then she cummenst a trimblin too. Her culler cum and went like fier tryin to ketch—she hung back like a gate with a bad fall—but when she cum, I tell you she cum. That gate slatcht too like it ware nuvver goin to be opin'd no mo feruvver. I must uv hav kist her a thousing uv tiems.

Billy, thar's barm in Gilyud, Billy—thar's a feezeeshun thar surtin. The docktur frum that deestric hav bin practisin on me fer mo'n a week, and I'm a mendin wrappidly. Git yo Ma and cousin Fanne to go over to my hous and maik the folks cleen up is cleen is cleen kin be. I and Noahrer am a cummin shortly. I forgivs myself fer her saik fer cummin heer to Washintun with my pleggid skeem, but I shell be consoundid gladd to git back to ole Buckingham and breeth the ar rite fresh frum Willisie mountin wunst mo.

We wuz marrid a few dais ago, marrid in cherch, not by no Cathlic but by a reglur Baptiss, Noahrer sayin she'd do ennything to ples me, and as fer wrelidgin, she'd alwais bin a Protestant, altho' she went to the Cathlic cherch. A lardge cumpny uv ladis and jentilmen frum the Mintzpi cum to atend the serremony, but Oans, which I had ptickly countid apun him, ickskewsed himself on acount of bizniss, he bein uv a cluk, you know. The marridje wuz a goin on very nise, altho'

I ware rite smartly skeered and week in the knees, when I heers a turbul fuss behine me, and the nex thing sumbody had dun collard me. Turnin roun, I seen a big ole gentilmun, mighty red in the fais, shakin me by the collar, shakin a gole-heddid kain in my nose, and holrin with a most a powful vois:

"I ferbid the serremony! I ferbid it. He shell not marry my dawter. You vil-lin," he sais to me, "I've cawt you. I'll teech you, you scoundrul, to run away with a gentlemun's dawter. Take that, you roscull!" and he bungd me on the nose with the gole hed uv his kain.

The ladis screamed feerful, and little ole Melloo hollerd out, "It's a mistaik, a mistaik, this aint yo dawter, Sir." But I knowd he ware Noahrer's farther, which had crost the sea arfter her, but I didn't keer who's farther he wuz, he shoodint hit me; so I drord off, and I ware is mad is the devvil, and spanged him rite in the middle uv the farrud and laid him cole. Nuvver wuz thar sich a fuss uv screemin and holrin—holrin fer the pleece, which they didnt cum a tall.

Noahrer run to her farther, whar he wuz a layin flat uv his back on the flo, to atend to him, but she hadint farly techt him befo she bounct up with her fais full uv the most intents disgustt. Twarnt no farther uv hern, twarnt no farther uv noboddy, it ware Oans—a consoundid villin uv a roscull! which had gone and drest up in ole Kongismun Swomplans' cloathes, buttnin up a pillar in his breechis fer fatt, borryin his gole-heddid kain, and a paintin uv his fais wred to maik out he ware mad, and cummin playin that fool trick on me and Noahrer. I wer feerd I had kilt him, but he cum to his centsis arfter a while, and wuz well anuf to be at the party they give us that night at the Mintzpi, tho' he had a bump on his farrud which it maid him look like a yung eunuchorn, Miss Saludy sed.

His horn in his farrud, and my bungd nose, maid um all laff mightly, and we injoyed the evenin perdidjus. Noahrer wuz alowed by all but the ladies to be the prittiest and smartist lady thar, the gentilmen all fallin in love with her, which maid me feal prowld as I dunno whut.

Ole Swomplans swo he wuz goin to kill me fer my widder, but he ware jest a joakin.

After Oans wuz carrid outen the chersch the marridje serrymony perseedid nisely to the verry eend—we wuz made tite and fast in the wholly.bons uv matrimunny witch it wrejoyst my heart ixseedingly. When the cumpny all got out and had dun got in thar hax and Noahrer in hern, and I jest about to follow her, Melloo ketcht me by the arm and took me one side, sayin:

"Lemme congratulate you."

"Sertny," I sais, "jest is much is you please."

"I dont mean about your marridje, but your skeem," he sais.

S'I, "Drot the skeem! I nuvver want to heer it menshined."

"Whut!" he sais, "not arfter so brillyunt a reulizashin uv it?"

I tole him I did'n understand him—no mo I didnt.

S'e, "Hav you lookt at your wife keerfully?"

"Well," I sais, "not ptickly as yit."

"I mean her fais," he sais.

"Sertny," I sais, "I kist her wunst."

"Did you notice ennything pecuelyer about her fais?" he sais.

S'I, "Nuthin, ixcept it twuz mighty pritty and good."

"Well," he sais, "unlest she diffurs verry grately frum enny woman I uvver saw, or uvver herd uv, you will, if you igzamine keerfully, find somewhar between the nose and chinn a important apperchur."

"A apperchur!" I sais.

"Yes," he sais, "a openin."

"Her mouth!" I ixclaims.

"Igzackly," sais he, "and tharein lies the compleat foolfillmunt uv yo skeam."

S'I, "Goodness nose whut you mean?"

Sais he, "Tharin, that is, in that thar apperchur or openin, or mouth, and in that thar openin aloan uv all places in this world, you will find PERPETCHIL MOSHIN!"

In haist tel we meat,

Yo ole frend,

MOZIS ADDUMS.

## A CHRISTMAS MEMORY.

BY GEORGE E. SENSENEY.

## I.

'Twas the merry, merry Yule-tide,  
And I well remember now  
How we caught the little maiden  
Under the mistletoe bough.

## II.

There the ivy and the holly,  
With the berries black and red,  
Woodyed the gentle sylvan spirits  
From the rafters overhead.

## III.

There entwined about the laurel  
Shone the poet's crown of bays,  
And the Christmas tree resplendent  
Stood upon the flowered dais.

## IV.

Loud arose the joyous laughter,  
Cheerily we trolled the song,  
And the old accustomed pastimes  
Gaily sped around the throng.

## V.

Blind-man's buff, and thread the needle,  
Hunt the slipper, shoe the mare,  
Feed the dove, and pay the forfeit,  
Gather omens, post and pair.

## VI.

Still the merry, merry Yule-tide  
Glistens in its early prime;  
Still the ivy and the holly  
Give their tribute to the time.

## VII.

But, oh, where the little maiden,  
Happiest one amid the bands?  
She is sleeping with dead flowers  
In her meekly folded hands.

## ENGLISH SURNAMES.

A glance over "Lower's English Surnames" will make known to the reader many curious particulars on a subject in which all readers take an interest. The prefix, Mac, as is commonly known, is Scotch for "Son of." O' is the Irish for grandson.

*Per "Mac," atque "O," tu veros cognoscis  
Hibernos,  
His duobus demptis, nullus Hibernus adest.*

By "Mac" and "O'" you'll always know  
True Irishmen, they say;  
For if they lack both "O'" and "Mac,"  
No Irishmen are they.

Corresponding to the Scotch Mac, are the Dutch Van, German Von, Welsh Ap, Norman Fitz, Russian Witz, Polish Shy. In many English names the suffix, Son, answers the same purpose. The name Fitz-Roy is the designation of the illegitimate sons of kings. Cromwell was originally Williams—a Welch name. The venerable Bede says of two Saxon Missionary Apostles—"And as they were both of one devotion, so they both had one name, for each of them was called Hewald, yet with this distinction, taken from the color of the hair, that one was styled Black Hewald and the other White Hewald." So also the Black Lees and the White in Virginia, so called from their complexion. Lightfoot was probably an epithet given to one distinguished for his agility. The plural is Lightfoots, as Mussulmans is of Mussulman. The question has been asked whether the *Lightfoot* family of Virginia is related to that of *Steptoe*?

Surname is an additional name: thus the first of the Smiths who assumed or received a surname, we may suppose, was previously named simply John, and when the surname was added, he became known to the world as John Smith. Surnames were introduced into England in the eleventh century, or about eight hundred years ago. Before that time each man had only one single name. The unsettled state of surnames in those early

transition times, renders it difficult to trace the pedigree of any English family beyond the thirteenth century. The ingress of the Normans introduced Christian names, such as John, Thomas, James, &c., and they became so numerous that surnames became indispensable for the purpose of distinction. In the household expenses of Eleanor, Countess of Montfort, in the year 1265, or about 600 years ago, her menials appear to have borne sobriquets or nick-names, such as Hand, her baker, Hicque, her tailor, Dobbe, her shepherd, and her carriers or messengers, important servitors when there was no mail, were Diquon, Gobithesty, Treubodi, and Slingawai.

Wilson is son of William, and apparently only a contraction for Williamson. In "the Coventry Mysteries," an old poem, the name Dry-dust occurs, whence perhaps was derived Sir Walter Scott's Dryasdust. In the same poem occurs the name Megge Mery-Wedyr, perhaps the *unde derivatur* of Megg Merrilies in Guy Mannering. Powell, a Welch name, appears to have been formed from Ap-Howell, i. e. the Son of Howell; Price from ApRhys; Pritchard from ApRichard, Pugh from ApHugh, Parry from ApHarry—all these being Welch names. Among the lower and middle classes in England surnames were not generally made hereditary till the era of the Reformation; and even in the seventeenth century some families in Yorkshire took surnames for the first time.

Donald Gorm, Scotch, is Blue Donald. Among names introduced from Normandy are Devereux, Seymour, (from St. Maure,) and Baskerville. The following are derived from other parts of France—Courtenaye, Boleyn, Chaworth, Gorges. The French prefix "de," or "d'" became obsolete about the time of Henry VI. when the title Armiger or Esquire was introduced, as William Catesby of Catesby, Esq. As the Squire was a sort of body-servant to the Knight, it is doubtful whether the Esq. carries with it much honor, especially at the present day,

when the race of esquires has become so very numerous. Mr. or Master is strictly speaking unscriptural; "Call no man Master;" so that perhaps it is best to give the name simply, without honorary prefix or suffix. Good-taste is also now, it is said, discontinuing the frequent use of the word "Sir."

Spencer is from Le Dispenser; Nineveh from Ninus, Rome from Romulus, Alexandria from Alexander the Great, Antioch from Antiochus, Constantinople from Constantine the Great. These are familiar to the school-boy. In Virginia the County of Spotsylvania is a compound of the first syllable of the name of Governor Spotswood, and a Latinized word. The Featherstonhaughs of Northumberland, an old family, who figure in Dugdale's Baronage of England, are said to be descended from a Saxon Chieftain named Frithestan, who denominated his estate Frithestanhaugh, or the Hill of Frithestan. His descendants continuing in possession of it until the Norman period, are alleged to have adopted from it the hereditary surname of Featherstonhaugh.

Birmingham was originally Beorm-ingaham, the home of the sons of Beorm. The name "Brummagem" is only in use among the uneducated. Bret and Breton are from Bretagne, Burgoyne from Burgundy, Cornwallis from the tin-mine county of Cornwall, Fleming from Flanders, Gale from Gaël, (a Scot.) Janeway is the English pronunciation of Genoese. The name of Man is taken from the Isle of Man; the Ruler of that island has been styled in Homeric language "the King of *Men*." Moor and Morris may be derived from the topographical term "Moor." The name is variously spelt Moor, Moore, More. Morris may be the same with Moor's, that is son of Moor, as Johns or Jones is son of John. Some of the Morrises are supposed to be of Moorish blood. The Moores, some of them, have a Moor for the crest of their arms. The name of Rhodes is from the island, Scott from Scotland, Wight from the Isle of Wight. Payne (Paganus) probably given to some Painim in the age of the old romances.

Gipsey, as every one knows, is from Egypt, the country from which those singular, tinkering, nomadic charlatans are supposed to have first emanated. The surname Kent and some others are borrowed from the names of Counties. London, Lester, (Leicester,) Blackburn, Wells, Poole, Hull, Carlisle, Lancaster, Warwick, Bristowe, (Bristol,) Winchester, Rochester, Lincoln, Lewes, Hastings, Hampton, Huntingdon—are derived from names of towns and cities. Battle, Coombs, Clayton, Deane, Preston, Newton, Norton, Sutton, Washington—from villages and towns. Eden, Trent, (also a Huguenot name,) Grant, Lund, Kennett, Shannon, Lea, Cam—from rivers. Nash is a corruption of Atten ash. Underhill from Hill, and Underwood of course from Wood.

The church of Llangollen in Wales is said to be dedicated to St. Collen-apGwy-unawg-apClyndawg-apCwrda-apCaradoc Freichfras-apLlynn-Merim-apEinion-yrth apCunedha-Wledig—which eclipses, in euphonious brevity, the Dutch name, Inkeervankodsorspanckinkadrachdern. Williams is William's son, Jones is John's, i. e. John's son, equivalent to Johnson. Harris is Harry's, that is Harry's son, &c. John Jones has numerous namesakes in Wales, the militia-roll of one county containing 35 John Joneses on it, which, it is supposed, must render the calling of that part of the roll rather monotonous. There was a large village said to be inhabited wholly by Williamses.

Bearne signifies a wood. Burg, Burke, Borrow, Burrows, are synonymous. Bottle Anglo-Saxon means House. Newbottle was the name of a place in Gloucester county, Va., said to have been sometime the residence of Bishop Porteus. There is a place called Newbottle in Scotland. It is equivalent to Newhouse. Booth in Cheshire signifies House, and is still in common use to signify a temporary structure of boards or boughs. Bottom is a valley. The romantic name of Shufflebottom is Shaw-field-bottom, shaw meaning a small wood or copse. Ramsbottom signifies valley of wild onions—a sort of valley which would, perhaps, not be very desirable for horti-



cultural or gramineous purposes. Higginbottom belongs to the same category. The introduction of Mr. Crookshanks to Mr. Sheepshanks was a contre-temps "scarcely paralleled in the history of the most barbarous ages." Briggs, and Bridges, and Bridgman are from bridge. Butts are marks or targets for archery. Camp from campus a field. Carr in British, wood—in Anglo-Saxon, a rock. Cobb, a harbour. Cotterel, in a cottage. Croft, a small enclosed field. Ravenscroft, Greencroft, &c. Crouch was a cross anciently set up at the intersection of cross-roads. Dean, a bushy vale or a forest. Dun or Dunn a down. Garnett a granary. Gill a small pebbly rivulet, a ravine or dell. Hall a great house. Hay a hedge. Holmes, flat land. Holt, grove or small forest. Malthus, malt-house. Hook is topographical, as Sandy-Hook, Paulus-Hook, &c. From Atte Hook is probably derived Tooke, the assumed surname of John Horne Tooke. Lisle from the Isle of Wight. Lee, Legh, Leigh, Lea—a pasture.

"The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the  
lea."

Lynch, a small hanging wood. Mead or Meade, a meadow. Moss, a moor. Penn, top of a hill. Peel, a pool, and on the Scottish border a moated fort. A peel-house was one built for securing the in-

habitants of the border in moss-trooping times. Pollard, a cropped tree. Trigg from At Rigg; Rigg, i. e. a ridge. Brown-rigg is Brown ridge. Sand, Sands, Sandys, Sandis—all the same name. Steele is taken from the name of a place. Street and Streeter; the French have the equivalent De la Rue, the Italians Strada, which is perhaps from same root with street. Stowe, a place. Temple,—the preceptories of the Knight-templars were often called Temples. From trees come Ashe, Beech, Birch, Hawthorne, Thorn. Townsend, Townshend, "At the end of the town." Vale—the French have Duval, Laval, &c. Venables from Vignobles, Vineyards. Weller is a hollow or gulf. Wyche, a salt-work, a salt-spring. Yates, an old word for Gates. Thwaite, a rivulet. Thweatt probably the same. From Wych comes Witcher. Chester from the Latin Castra. Hence Rochester, Winchester, Chichester, &c., supposed to have been sites of Roman camps. Litchfield, a field of corses. Stanley, Stonyfield. Quadrupeds furnish their quota of appellatives, as Hare, Fox, Lyon, Lamb, Wolf, Hart, &c.

Talbott is a mastiff. Clutterbuck a clear stream. Stott, a young ox. Coke is cook. Shakespeare, it has been of late conjectured, may be a corruption of Jacques Pierre or Jacquespierre.

C. C.

PETERSBURG, VA., Nov. 25th.



## SELECTIONS AND EXCERPTS FROM THE LEE PAPERS.

GENERAL ADAM STEPHEN TO R. H. LEE.

*Fort Ligonier, Aug. 26, 1759.*

I received yours with great joy, and acknowledge my obligation for your kind remembrance. You will easily believe me sensible of this when I assure you that no person exists whose friendship I esteem more. I am extremely angry at the ill-fortune of my letters. To test my gratitude and respect, I have wrote more than once to the Hon. Col. Philip, thrice to Col. Thomas Lee, and am sure that Capt. Bullet and Mr. Lawson wrote at my request to your honour. I am afraid that some malignant curiosity has prevented their coming safe to hand.

We had a very hard and difficult campaign, until the reduction of the Magara. Nothing was eaten or drank at that Post or Pittsburg but what was fought for.

The Virginia detachment, with which I begun the campaign, is shattered to pieces by the enemy and duty. Mons. D' Aubry, who commanded the enemy's force on the Ohio has been very active and pursued the best measures to distress us effectually.

I cannot help admiring the extensive views and great designs of the French. They are indefatigable in America, and most patient of hunger and fatigue. Their attempt on this Post was well designed, but ill-executed. Had they succeeded, all was wisdom. Pittsburg must have fallen of course for want of provisions, as there were no posts or magazines on the Virginia communication. With the artillery and stores found here, they would have immediately destroyed our magazines at Bedford (Ragstown) and spread desolation far and wide through the provinces,—the best troops being cut off at the advance posts, and on communication, and the new levies not complete. I imagine it would have occasioned a detachment to have been marched from Gen. Amherst's army to stop their career, and cover the provinces. To have carried Ft. Ligonier, was shortening their labours, and settling matters at once. But in case of miscar-

riage in that design, they had artillery ready at the Presquise, to be transported to Venango, and proceed against Pittsburg, in a slow manner, but more certain of success; and accordingly, the 13th of July, they had artillery, stores and provisions embarked at Venango, and were ready to fall down the river against Pittsburg with eleven hundred French regulars and Canadians, and 900 Indians, when the commander, Mons. D' Aubry, received positive orders per express to march his whole force to the relief of Magara.

A most lucky interposition for us! They would have certainly reduced Pittsburg, destroyed an escort, and made themselves master of a large convoy on the road, and by the assistance of the Howitzers at Pittsburg, would have soon made themselves masters of this place—when the consequences mentioned above would certainly have ensued. All our hopes, our labour, expense and fatigue for five years, would have been blasted and of none effect. To bring about all these ends, the enemy had collected a force greater than we had imagined, which shows their great attention to Ohio Territory, notwithstanding the enemy is in the midst of their country.

Their design on Oswego after the march of Gen. Prideaux, argues great military capacity. The supplies of the army before Magara, their communication and retreat would have been cut off by the defeat of the body of troops under the command of Col. Halderman.

When the enemy marched to the relief of Niagara, was our season to proceed against Venango, Lo Bœuf and Presquise. But we had no provision; the carriage is made to appear very difficult, but at last the General has agreed to have a communication opened with Virginia. The tempest has now subsided, all threatening clouds are dispersed, and we are in perfect tranquillity. We have certain evidence that the enemy's posts above mentioned are destroyed.

The Indians appear full of discontent and sorrow at our success. Had the at-

tempt on Niagara failed, they were resolved to have fallen on us again with more violence than ever. The firm attachment of the Delawares and the Shawnees to the French interest is daily more visible. They continue to murder some of our people, and steal all the horses they possibly can. They are extremely treacherous, and it seems to me that nothing but violent measures will answer our purposes with them.

If you imagine there was an occasion for an apology for the length of your letter, which consisted of a few lines, what must I say in excuse for troubling you with this scrawl. I beg you will present my compliments to all your Bros., with whom I have the honour of an acquaintance.

P. S.—The general leaves this for Pittsburg to-morrow. It is certain that Gen. Wolf, is in a fair way to destroy Quebec. I have heard from a brother of mine sent on that expedition.

—

Feb, 24th, 1760, *WmsBurg*.

I find the advantage of the Ohio lands despised, and the profits arising from a trade carried on with the Indians in that quarter, regarded as chimerical. I plainly foresee, that notwithstanding the blood and treasure that country has cost the colony in particular, that we will tamely set down without any of the advantages which would naturally arise from our labour, and by our remissness permit every good arising from our possession of that country to be directed into the channel of another province.

This, I think, is a great want of attention. Last summer the Pennsylvanians sold about £30,000 worth of goods to the Indians at Pittsburg, and I can demonstrate that, in three years' time there may be goods consumed on the Ohio to to the value of £150,000, and if such a trifling sum is worth the notice of our Colony, goods of that value may be carried up the Potomack or Rappahannock, and returns brought down said rivers in furs, skins and peltry. If this increased our number of shipping, there would be

an additional sum left yearly in the Colony, as every ship leaves some small thing behind. It is certain it would increase our waggoners, drivers, blacksmiths, occasion a demand for pack-saddles, forage and horses,—in short, it would increase our commerce, and consequently add to our wealth. Forgive me for mentioning this to you, who are more sensible of the advantages than I am—who pretend to enumerate them. But I am very near in a passion on finding myself mistaken in people who I thought knew the publick good, and made it their business to push it.

In following their example I have been so ardent after my private affairs, which have turned out of some moment at Hampton and York, that I have not had the pleasure of seeing Col. Ludwell. My call is so urgent at Winchester that I cannot see you, as I proposed on my way up. If the session is like to continue any time, I will return, and in the meantime send down Bullet. I hope if half pay, or a present to the officers is proposed, they will have the happiness to obtain your interest. I have now been six years in the service, and have bled for the colony, which I leave to the consideration of my friends.

The Governor is apprehensive we shall all go the rightabout. Be that as it will, I vow the continuance of a friendship so happily begun.

—

*Camp Near Fort Pitt., Sep. 1st, 1760.*

We have now about 18,000 men in Canada, besides Indians, and as the armies are now marched from their respective places of Rendezvous, Quebec and Oswego and Crown Pt., about eight and twenty days.—I am of opinion that the fate of Canada is determined by this time.

—

*Greenway Court (Lord Fairfax's }  
Seat) Sep. 11th, 1763. }*

I was thus far on my way to the meeting, but was unhappily detained by an alarm occasioned by some Indians being

trailed within ten miles of Winchester, after doing some mischief on Cape Capon. They have incessantly infested these two countries for three months, but it is with pleasure, I can assure you, we have always trimmed their Buffs,—I can't say jackits—and have killed more of them than they have killed or taken of us.

I am lately returned from an expedition through Hampshire, and our most advanced Frontiers, in the course of which I have the pleasure to inform sir, that the Parties of Militia detached by me on different occasions, brought in six Indian scalps, routed every party they came up with, retook four prisoners at different times, by whose account a great many of the savages were killed and wounded. They have taken from the Indians fourteen rifled guns, besides smooth bores and pistols. One party only has escaped, which made inroads into Frederick, and that was owing to the scarcity of provisions the militia laboured under, who pursued them. The Indians carry off all implements of husbandry, and have drove out a great number of horses from Hampshire, about thirty of which are retaken by the different parties of militia. The question arises, whose property are these horses. \* \* \*

I have received the honour of a letter from Gen. Amherst, in which he gives me great encomiums on Virginia, and declares that he wants words to express his indignation at the stupidly obstinate government of Pennsylvania. At the same time he requests me to employ some of the 500 men put under my command by the Governor in helping to keep open the communication with Fort Pitt. Now, sir, as this is contrary to our Constitution to order any of the militia on such duty, I communicate this to you as a secret and request your advice in answering that paragraph of the General's letter.

—

*Berkeley, 27th Dec., 1774.*

Immediately on my arrival from the Shawneese country, I wrote you, commit-

ted the same to the care of Hæstor Ross, to be forwarded to Chantilly by one of the Mr. Turbewell's, then at Leesburg. In it I gave you the cause of the Indian War.

I have only time to tell you that a few brave men, on the conclusion of Harvest, laid down their sickles and pitch-forks, took up their rifles and tomahawks, marched 500 miles without noise or parade, took post in the Enemy's country, chastised them; imposed on them more humiliating terms than before could be done by all the king's forces ever employed against them; established the peace of the country and returned again to the plough after the ancient Roman manner.

Let the Enemies of America hear this and tremble. All this was done without a farthing of money advanced, either for pay or provisions. \* \* \*

Saltpetre may be made in Virginia and Maryland sufficient to supply the Empire. Pray take it under consideration next Assembly; give a premium—nay, I wish every person who has a tobacco house were obliged to make some. Jeremiah Brown's process is very easy, and there is great quantity of Earth richly impregnated with Saltpetre over the great mountains, so that on the North side of a hill you can sweep up half a bushel of Saltpetre in one place.

—

*Berkeley, Feb. 4th, 1776.*

The two companies ordered to be raised in Berkeley, are raised, and armed and ready to march. If they are so active throughout the Colony the Levies will soon be completed.

I think the Congress should apply for foreign assistance, as the bloody violence of K——g and Ministry, and the apathy of the people of Britain seem to me incurable. Every sinew must be exerted; nothing but the plentiful bleeding by successful opposition will bring them to their senses. Indeed my affection is not only cooled, but I begin to be inveterate, and it is impossible that I can ever again have any attachment to the Mother Country.

I had an opportunity to write you last week. I mentioned that this time 22 years I was, first, captain in the Virginia troops by the death of Col. Fry, and resignation of Muse, I was made Lieutenant Colonel after the battle of the Meadows, July 3d, 1754. In the year -'58, upon my return from Carolina, I was detached to the frontier of Pennsylvania with 600 men, and commanded all their officers when I joined their troops, and indeed there was not one field officer of them at that time that could make a provision return or a report of the guard. They were but newly raised. The wise Pennsylvanians, seeing that officers of Virginia commanding would give great encouragement to their settlers and traders with the army, prevailed on Governor Denny to appoint three Colonels, and antedated their commissions. Of this I informed Governor Fauquier, and desired that I and the rest of the old Virginia officers should be advanced in the same manner and on the same account; but the poor mulish man was afraid to do a good action lest it should have been bad. The consequence was that the Pennsylvanians drew about \$200,000 on that campaign for dry goods, liquor, pack-horses and carriage.

Col. Hugh Mercer served but 58 -'59 -'60. I have served eleven campaigns, and have nothing to reproach myself with. Heaven was pleased to bless me with success. Were I not of abilities and experience equal to any who pretends to the command of our troops, I would not mention this to you, whom I look upon as concerned in my conduct. \* \* \*

P. S.—I would want no men from France, but agree to take what goods and manufactures we wanted of them for a certain term of years, and that they should furnish a Navy sufficient to protect our exports, and convoy them to the best markets in Europe, &c., &c.

—  
*Post Near Bonum Town, }*  
*May 11th, 1777. }*

I have the pleasure to inform you that yesterday afternoon, part of my division

attacked the Royal Highlanders and six companies of Light Infantry. It was a bold enterprise; they being posted within two miles of Bonum Town and about the same distance from Brunswick. The action continued about an hour and a half. The Continental troops behaved well, drove in the Pickets at Bonum Town, attacked and drove the Highlanders out of a wood they had taken possession of near to Piscataway Town.

The Enemy were reinforced, but again compelled to give way. They were reinforced a second time, when, upon due consideration of our situation in respect to the Enemy's different posts, of Brunswick, Raritan Landing and Bonum Town, it was judged advisable to retire. The retreat was made in excellent order, and our loss is inconsiderable.

I congratulate you on this advantage obtained over the Enemy's best troops. The Highlanders, obstinately brave, were too proud to surrender, which cost many of them dear.

—  
 FROM GEN. CHARLES LEE TO R. H. LEE.

*Camp, Dec'r ye 18th, 1775.*

MY DR. FRIEND :

One of our Privateers has just taken a despatch vessel from that impious scoundrel Dunmore to Gen'l Howe. Our General will immediately transmit to Congress the contents. You will see his plan and the assurances he gives of subduing your Colony. As everything goes on so smoothly to the Northward and Eastward, I must repeat that Virginia is now the chief object of attention. For God's sake lose no time; send a force sufficient, before it is too late, to kill this accursed snake before all his rattles are grown. Point out to the Congress the necessity of the most vigorous exertions. You may depend upon it, that if the war is continued, Norfolk will be the Boston—that is the chief place of arms—to your enemies the next year; and it is a place which in their hands will be infinitely more dangerous. Adieu; lose

no time: crush him this winter, tho' every nerve is strain'd.

Yours,

C. LEE.

—  
FROM THE SAME TO JOHN HANCOCK.\*

Baltimore, March ye 21st, 1776.

SIR:

At the earnest desire of the gentlemen of this place, I have pass'd this day in examining the works thrown up for the defence of the Town against shipping. I find 'em, according to the best judgment I am able to form, in general well concerted, and believe when they are completed, that the Town will (in military phrase) be *hors d'insult*.—As I was assured at Philadelphia by the Delegates of Virginia and Carolina, that there was not a single field Engineer in their Provinces, I have ventured to engage a Mr. Mossenbach, a young German, who, from the conversation I have had with him, seems to be a sufficient master of the business. I hope the Congress will approve of the step.

I must now, Sir, beg leave to express my concern that my conduct in administering an oath to the disaffected in Long Island should have brought down such a thundering stigma on my head. I myself saw and confessed the irregularity of the proceeding. There is likewise no man more sensible than myself of the necessity of bridling in time the impetuosity and license of the military. But as I had receiv'd orders from the Congress to take every step for the security of N. York, as I had reason to expect the enemy every hour, as I thought the least delay might be of the most dangerous consequence, and, above all, as I was conscious of neither being actuated by spleen, passion, caprice, nor prejudice, but merely and purely by apprehensions for the public safety, I postponed all considerations, and hazarded so irregular a measure. I confess that I expected a reprimand, but flattered myself that it might have been conveyed to me in a

less severe manner than by a public resolve.—As I consider the Congress as the most respectable sovereign in the world, (indeed in my opinion it is the only legitimate one,) their public censure sinks deep in my spirits, and I sincerely wish that a natural warmth of temper and (if I may so express it) an immoderate zeal for the rights and safety of this country may never hurry me a second time into any measure which may so justly merit reprehension.

I am, Sir, with the greatest respect,  
Your most ob't and humble ser't,

CHARLES LEE.

—  
[The opinion expressed in the following extract concerning the conduct of Gen. Lee at the Battle of Monmouth, was, as the writer asserts, that of many others at the time. A publication which, it is expected, may ere long issue from the press of New York, will, by its authentic and astounding disclosures, enable the Public to judge of that and certain other matters on which a doubt has rested heretofore. A hint only is here given when delicacy forbids a fuller explanation.]

FROM DR. WM. SHIPPEN, JR., TO R. H. LEE.

Camp, White Plains, }  
Sept'r 12th, 1778. }

We have wrote several letters to you on Gen'l Lee's situation, informing you that there are many very good officers in Camp who approve of his conduct on the 28th, and are surprised at the sentence of the Court Martial, such as Gates, Knox, Lincoln, Parsons, McDougal, &c. You have all the Testimony, &c., before you, and I am sure will not do injustice to so able an officer. Gen'l L. says he blames himself only for not ordering a *Retreat*.

Yesterday Gen'l Gates' division marched towards Danbury. We expect all to move in two or three days. The intelligence from New York induces us to think

\* Then President of Congress.



that city will be evacuated, and we hear 5000 men have landed at Dartmouth. What are our enemies going to do? Time will shew.

—  
FROM GEN. LEE TO R. H. LEE.

Mr. Thornton's, }  
April ye 12th, [1779 or '80.] }

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I have just received your letter by the boy, but must beg leave to differ from you in the main argument of it; for I confess that both as a Soldier and a Politician, I think the only time for a redress of grievances is the time of war; and I believe that no instance can be produced from history of a people who have waited for the time of Peace, ever obtaining any redress at all. *Rustici expectant dum defluat amnis*. Such, I am sure, was the persuasion of those glorious men who withstood the tyranny of Charles the 1st, and on this persuasion they regulated their conduct.

But I will venture to go farther, (you will perhaps think too far.) I think, then, that America had better be conquered,—at least in that degree she can now only be conquered; that is, that she had better be reduced to the necessity of accepting the terms which it is said G. Britain means to propose, than to endure any longer such an odious tyranny as the capricious arbitrary government [qu. of.] an unlimited, uncontrollable Assembly. Besides, the War is now worn down to so diminished a size and quality, that no danger can possibly be incurred insisting immediately on the remedy. Your favourite Junius says, after Locke, that there cannot be a more fatal doctrine to Liberty established than the omnipotence of Parliament. And this doctrine is certainly still less dangerous in G. Britain where the Parliament consists of three distinct branches, than in America where it consists of only one, for

from the constitution of the Senate, (as it is ridiculously called,) they must be made up of the self-same clay. For God's sake, then, do not talk of Liberty until you have established the fundamental points, the limitation of the power of the Assembly and the full freedom of the Press. Unless these points are settled, every understanding man will think the word Liberty (so sounded in our ears) a mere mockery, and will be very indifferent to the issue of the War.

You say there must be some abuses in all human systems of free Government, and you allow that ours abounds with 'em. But are not ours something more than abuses, and incompatible not only with free government, but any human society at all? Are they not rather the most damned acts of atrocious tyranny, crying injustice and felonious violence? For instance, the tender, the confiscation law which strips of their property (for no crime even pretended,) indiscriminately Tories and Whigs, Friends and Foes, men, women and children; to this may be added the tearing from the clergy their freeholds, which was certainly as lawfully theirs as yours or mine.\* Such are the abuses with which America's free system has been ornamented within so short a period as four years [of] self-government; abuses transcending all the enormities of all the worst Governments of Europe in four times that length of period. And I repeat, therefore, that no consideration on earth ought to deter us from putting some immediate restraint on the Powers of men who have been guilty of such accumulated villainy.

I have spoken freely to you, and I think I have as good a right to speak freely to America in the common cause of mankind, as I had to the British Ministry and Generals in the particular case of America. I have called it the common cause of mankind, because if ever really a free government should be established here, it might be the general Asylum.

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\* Is Saul among the prophets?

My paper is now out, and it is very late, so

Good night, and God bless you.

Yours, C. LEE.

—  
FROM GEN. WEEDON TO R. H. LEE.

*Camp, near Schuylkill, }  
Dec'r 16th, 1777. }*

DR. SIR:

We have three days ago moved on this side the Schuylkill, where we shall hut the army, for the purpose of affording more protection to the country during the winter. Destructive as the measure will, I fear, prove to this army, we are obliged to adopt it in preference to Winter Quarters, or leave a country plentifully supplied with provisions and forage to the ravagements of the Enemy. Our troops are exceedingly debilitated by the Campaign, and suffer much for shoes and other necessaries. I could wish we were so circumstanced as to afford them repose at a greater distance from the Enemy, in order to restore them to their former health and vigour; but so horrid is it to see the devastation which marks the route of the British Army, that to all hardships and sufferings we must submit in order to circumscribe them, and give as much cover to the country as is in our power.

P. S.—My command lays near Sweed's Ford, the Schuylkill on our left. Our Right extends towards Lancaster Road, a good open country in our rear, and by a bridge of communication thrown over the river, we shall be able to protect, in part, both sides.

—  
*Valley Forge, Feb. 1st, 1778.*

Many of our old troops, whose time of enlisting is now expiring, are leaving the service and going home. The want of those men will be sensibly felt in this army. I know not what our Assembly has done towards filling their Battalions, but whatever system they have adopted for that desirable purpose, should be steadily pursued and vigorously execu-

ted. Your account of the 10 regiments of volunteers to serve six months, is, I doubt, premature, as Gen'l Nelson writes me on the 19th Dec., "I have not succeeded in my volunteer scheme, the bill that I brought into the House for raising 5000 to serve six months being thrown out, upon a supposition that it would interfere with completing the regular Battalions." I wish they may have reconsidered the matter and would speedily reinforce us, for we shall lay exceedingly exposed when our 9 old regiments leave us.

—  
*Warrusquah Bay, Nov. 18th, 1780.*

I had the honour of addressing you the 16th inst. from Stoner's Mills, and then informed you of the Enemy's having finished their embarkation on the 14th at 2 o'clock in the morning. On the 15th and 16th they fell down Norfolk River, and stationed themselves under Sewell's Point, where they remained all of yesterday. Their movement occasioned us to take the present position as the most convenient to oppose them should they have come up James River, leaving a light corps below under the command of Col. Parker, with Pickets and Videts so disposed as to communicate the earliest intelligence of any movement they should make. We have a letter this moment from Colo. Parker, which is enclosed to his Excellency the Governor. To that I beg leave to refer you for particulars, and make no doubt you will with me be astonished at the Extraordinary conduct of the Foemen, having left behind them several captured vessels, as also most or all of the negroes they had taken, as well as those that went over to them. This might be turned to our future advantage if properly represented.

—  
*Fredericksburg, Feb. 21st, 1781.*

I last night returned from Chesterfield just before your favour of 19th inst. came to hand. Our friend the Colo'l's expedition against Georgetown was suc-

cessful. He carried the place by surprise, and I believe put the whole garrison to the sword, (officers excepted;)—this, by the bye, General Greene writes, "Few were taken and many killed." Two other posts have been carried since, in which were many stores; 30 prisoners were made at one of them,—the other was more complete. While Colo. Lee and Colo. Marion are breaking up the different Posts in Lord Cornwallis' rear, he immediately on Tarleton's Defeat, destroyed all his heavy baggage, double-mounted every horse he could collect, and like one seized with a phrenzy, pushed after Morgan to recover his prisoners. That old soldier, by a rapid march, gained the Yadkin, over which he threw his troops and trophies. His Lordship getting up in a few hours after, was stopped by a sudden rise of that River, as if Providence designed it. Before he could cross, Gen. Morgan had taken measures for their security, which is now happily effected. He afterwards formed a junction with Gen. Greene at Guilford Ct. House, where they were the 10th inst. Cornwallis at that date had penetrated as far as the Moravian towns, which is not more than 50 miles from Chiswell Mines. Gen. Greene, not being able to fight him, has fallen back, saving all his stores. I hope by this his hands are strengthened, as positive orders were sent the 14th to the counties of Botetourt, Washington, Pittsylvania, Henry and Montgomery, to march with a reinforcement of 1022 of their best Riflemen; and I understood as I returned that all the counties were in motion, so that I have full expectations his Lordship will catch a tartar. Your friend in Congress is not out in his conjecture; a 64 and 2 Frigates have arrived from Rhode Island. If nothing superior is detached from New York, I hope we shall be able to co-operate to effect. But can you believe it? Arnold was no stranger to their coming before the Baron was informed of it. He has drawn all his piratical fleet together in Elizabeth River, and is himself shut up in his fastnings at Portsmouth. The Baron has sent me back to assemble and arrange 800 men from the neighbouring

counties here, with whom I expect to march in a short time for service below. My letters from the Northward corroborate your foreign intelligence. Parsons has made a successful descent, but I fear not so important as you mention. However, it will count in the annals of 1781, which is certainly our year.

—

March 3d, 1781, *Fredericksbury*.

I have been kept here in a very disagreeable situation, waiting for the Loudon and Fauquier Militia. They have at last begun their march, and hope to be on my route towards the lower parts in two or three days more.

P. S.—Compliments to all friends. Act like a Warlike and Independent nation, and all is our own. Think not of Money; let Liberty be the predominant idea.

—

TO THE COUNTY LIEUTENANT OR COMMANDING OFFICER IN WESTMORELAND.

*Fredericksburg*, 20th Aug., 1781.

I have received information this morning that such of the Enemy as were at York have crossed over to Gloucester, where Ld. Cornwallis now is with his whole force. I do not wish to give your militia any unnecessary fatigue, and for this reason, in place of calling them into the field, only request that you will have them in a state of perfect readiness to act as service may require on the shortest notice. And this I hope, as the movements of the Enemy indicate mischief to this or some other quarter, where their service may be essentially wanting.

P. S.—Should you hear of the Enemy penetrating thro' Gloucester and Middlesex your troops must move upwards with all dispatch.

—

*War Office*, August 31st, 1781.

SIR:

From the very critical and important

situation of affairs, government have directed me to signify to you, that you immediately send to the Camp at Gloucester one-fourth of your militia, as well as such other proportion as can be equipped either as foot or horsemen. Government are fully sensible of the exposed situation of your county, and nothing but the certainty of the security you may expect shortly to be in, and the great advantage your militia will afford by instantly joining the camp at Gloucester, would induce them to issue this order. The moment your men can be spared, you may be assured, they shall be dismissed to their county.

WILLIAM DAVIES.

*Camp before Gloucester,*  
Oct. 12th, 1781. }

I should have done myself the pleasure of acknowledging your previous favour, but certain military movements put it out of my power, which I hope will sufficiently apologise. Our Batteries on the first parallel opened the 10th inst., and considerable advancement are made towards the second, under a most tremendous cannonade and bombardment, that has continued without the smallest intermission ever since we first broke ground. His Lordship has brought himself into exceeding hot quarters which he must yield ere long. His only chance is a push at this pass, which I at first fully expected: he has delayed it so long that I now begin to think it will not be his policy. They keep a pretty strong garrison at Gloster Town. We have not the means in our hands to make regular approaches against them; we, however, answer every purpose by keeping them completely circumscribed, as they must share the fate of their master.

I rejoice exceedingly at having it in my power to hand to you officially the success of my friend Green in the South. His excellency's secretary tells me by the General's order, that after a very obstinate battle, fought on the 18th ult., and which was very bloody on both sides; he obtained a very complete victory. The

loss of the Enemy in killed, wounded and Prisoners, he informs me, was 1000. An accident prevented the total destruction of their whole army, consisting of 2000. Our loss is but 500.

ROBERT MORRIS TO R. H. LEE.

*Philadelphia, Feb. 11th, 1777.*

DEAR SIR:

I received your favour of the 3rd Inst., and should very gladly have carried your plan of sending some citizens off the Capes of Virginia into execution, but really we have none in condition to send, as you will see by the account I have given to the Marine Committee. The vessels it's true will soon be ready, but it is the D—l to get men.

I ordered the "Wasp" round from Chester to you at Baltimore. Baldwin who has the command of her, is an active smart fellow. Fit him out directly and let him try to get past the Enemy's ships; he will perform that service well. I suppose the Lexington is blocked up. The vessels from hence shall be sent away as fast as possible.

I am, D'r Sir,

Your ob't Servant,

ROBERT MORRIS.

TIMOTHY PICKERING TO R. H. LEE.

*War Office, May 7th, 1779.*

SIR:

In answer to your request of this day, I have the honour to inform you, that notwithstanding the total disappointment of an ample supply of arms expected ere this time from France, yet enough were collected and repaired to answer the usual demands of the army, but the unlooked for and pressing calls from the Southward, has obliged us to send thither 2620 stands. The demand from Camp to supply deficiencies was for upwards of twelve hundred, for which and for recruits and draughts, 3000 were asked for, of which between 1800 and 1900 have been sent

on. Other necessary issues to different quarters will amount to upwards of 600. These various draughts have reduced our stock to a small number, not more than one-third of what will be necessary for the Virginia recruits now ordered to the Southward. All hands are indeed busily engaged in repairs; but we cannot promise an adequate supply for some time to come. It appears to me therefore, absolutely necessary to open the State Stores of Virginia, where I have heard there is a large quantity of arms laid up. I know of no other means of obtaining a speedy supply, without which the occasion for the most important services of those recruits may be lost.

I am sir, very respectfully,  
 your obedient serv't,  
 TIMOTHY PICKERING,  
 In behalf of y'e board.

—

COL. THEODORICK BLAND TO R. H. LEE.

1780, Feb. 6th. Yours of 26th ult. I received last night, with Postscript informing me of Arnold's having bent his force towards your River. If his intentions are really what he has declared them, and he executes them, it will heighten the blackness of his character and make it approach to Milton's description of that of Hell, "a darkness visible." But my dear sir, are we to be surprised at these things? Have we not been told by the British Commissioners as early as '78, that they would ravage and lay waste our towns and coasts, and have we made any one preparation for defending ourselves? Have we good, strong, and well constructed forts, at the entrance of all our rivers,—or at least in the most commanding and narrow passes of them—with a good Galley or two mounting 36 pounders to flank them? Have we proper boats, arranged in case of necessity, for throwing men rapidly from one side of the river to the other? Have we wagons, carts and draught cattle, enrolled to be called out in classes, as the militia are in case of alarm, to enable an army to take the field and move with speed and conveni-

ence? Have we regularly organized militia of Infantry, Cavalry and Artillery, arranged under experienced General Officers, with the superintendence of Arsenals and Magazines, erected in convenient places, sufficient to arm and equip one-tenth part of the militia at a moment's warning, and march them to a given point? These preparations I had the honour to propose to the Assembly in May last, thro' Col. Innis, then a member. They were then thought unnecessary. I have now repeated them to you, with the most ardent wish, that you would use your influence with the next Assembly, to have them or something effectual adopted. No stone have been left unturned to procure the aid you speak of, and I have some, tho' faint hopes, that it is now executing. But I much fear that we must be much more weakened, before we have effectual aid from that quarter. \* \* \*

Congress have come to a Resolution to demand of the States power to lay duties, not exceeding 5 pr. cent. on all foreign Imports, to raise a fund for a loan for carrying on the war, the necessity for which is apparent; and that it be general is not the less so. It is for this reason Congress desire to have the power vested in them, to avoid procrastination and partial impositions.

P. S.—I have sent a full detail of a Plan of Defence on the principles mentioned within, in a letter to Gen'l Nelson, with a request that you would join your forces for having it carried into Execution if it meets your approbation.

—

March 5th, 1781. We have been for some days past in the most impatient expectation of hearing, that the virtue and ardor of our countrymen had put a stop to the progress of Cornwallis, and a period to the handfull of men, with which that adventurous Knight Errant had dared to traverse the Southern States, and (as bidding defiance to our Patriotism and Courage) has with 3000 troops thrown down the gauntlet to forty thousand at least, who are nearer to him than



he is to any support. Good God! shall it be said that this man has dared to venture near three hundred miles from the sea coast, and about two hundred from any of his Posts, and shall be permitted again to return! I cannot believe it. It is said we want arms. Has not every peasant in Va. and N. Carolina a gun? With what weapons were the battles of Bunker Hill, Bennington, and King's Mountain fought? But I will not dwell on a subject which affords so much Chagrin. I will suppose that the Spirit of America has again roused, and that Saratoga is revived at Sauratown. I have been unwearied in my applications for a maritime force from Rhode Island, and should in my last have informed you that I had at last obtained it through the French Minister, but was afraid to trust it to paper, as it was so profound a secret that no one in Philadelphia, except him and myself, knew it had sailed until we had reason to expect it had arrived. Altho' it had not all the desired effect, it has at least been serviceable in transmitting about Eleven Hundred stand of Arms, some considerable quantity of Clothing, medicines and military stores, which were intended for Virginia, but taken, re-taken and carried into Rhode Island—which was done at the request of the Delegates. \* \* \*

—Before this arrives you will undoubtedly (without a sinister accident) be reinforced by 1000 chosen Regular Troops under the command of the Marquis de la Fayette.— \* \* \*

—The Confederation was signed and completely ratified on Thursday last, and was accompanied with every demonstration of joy by all ranks of people in this place. \* \* \*

Congress seems at this time more unanimous, and less torn by factions than (from the best information that I can obtain from the oldest members) it has ever been since its first meeting. \* \* \*

—We are informed that the Assembly has voted £3 Va. Currency, per day for the Delegates. If so, I can assure you

it will bring such as have families, and live in any manner suitable to their station, with the utmost economy, above one hundred pounds per annum in debt,—exclusive of travelling home once a year, which is a recess from business.—

—

FROM DR. WM. SHIPPEN, JR., TO R. H. LEE.

*Philad'a, 25th Aug., 1770.*

We are much disappointed in not seeing you here with your son or sons on your way to Dr. Witherspoon. Your Sister\* will be very happy when that time comes and prays it may be very soon. I am persuaded there is not such a school on the Continent. Your cousin *Henry Lee* is in College and *will be one of the first fellows in this country.*—He is more than strict in his morality; he has a fine genius and is too diligent.—Charles is in the grammar School and the Dr. expects much from his genius and application too.—If you will be here by the 24th of September I will escort you to the Commencement at Princeton, which will be on the 25th.—

—

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*Philad'a, 14th Aug., 1773.*

By this time you have received my letters by Lawyer Colston and I expect an answer by your son with Col. Henry Lee in Capt. Coburn. The Col. is coming to see his son take his first degree at Princeton College.

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EXTRACT FROM A LETTER OF GEN'L WEEDON  
TO R. H. LEE.

*Valley Forge, Feb. 1st., 1778.*

—Nothing extraordinary between the two armies since my last, except a *coup de main* attempted by two hundred Brit-

\* Mrs. Shippen.



ish Light horse on your relation Capt. Harry Lee. That little Hero is quartered about 6 miles below this Post; the Enemy formed a scheme of taking him by surprise, on the 20th Jan'y at night set out upon this Expedition, by a circuitous route of 20 miles eluded the vigilance of his Videttes, and arrived at his Quarters just at day light. By his activity he first secured the doors, which they made many fruitless attempts to force; he then mustered up his garrison which he found to consist of a corporal and 4 men, May or Jamieson, who happened there by chance, his Lieut., Lindsay, and himself, amounting to eight in the whole, and by his judiciously posting his men, tho' he had not a sufficient number to man each window, he obliged them disgracefully to retire after an action of near half an hour. Lieut. Lindsay rec'd a slight wound in his hand, four or five of his men who were out of the house got taken; five of the Enemy were killed, and several others are licking their sores. When they found forcing the doors was rather hazardous, their next attempt was to take off his horses that were in a stable some small distance from the House, which were enfiladed by the end windows, to which place he immediately drew his troops. Here he found it necessary to perform a manœuvre, and cheering up his men, called out aloud, "Fire away my dear Fellows, here comes our Infantry, we will have them all by G—." This produced a precipitate scamper, he sallied, mustered his troops together, which were stationed in different parts of the neighbourhood for the conveniency of Forage, and pursued, but to no purpose. This is allowed to be as brave a thing as has happened this war, and is confessed by all a piece of distinguished merit. Indeed his hidden impulses for military achievements are daily transpiring. \* \* \*

H. LEE, JR., TO R. H. LEE.

*Camp on Cape Fear River, }*  
3d, April 1781. *}*

—Lord Cornwallis is on his march to-

wards Wilmington; he left Cross Creek on the 1st inst.

Gen'l Greene moves to-morrow; our wants are so many and so pressing that I cannot indulge myself with a long letter.

One of my servants has orders to call on you, on his way to Philad'a with some papers belonging to me, which my servant neglected to send away in due season, and which it is necessary to preserve.—I take the liberty to request your care of them. They will serve to inform you more fully of the present, as well as past situation of affairs here than I can do in the compass of one epistle.

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*Camp on the High Hills of Santee, }*  
July 24th, 1781. *}*

I received your letter in answer to mine by Capt. Carns. The late reinforcement from England and Ireland amounted to 2500 men, and arrived at a most critical juncture. The siege of Ninety Six which had been pushed with the utmost vigor, was nearly at a period, as our approaches were nearly completed. Lord Rawdon lost no time on having his hands strengthened, in moving towards the relief of that most important post. If you examine the Map of this Country you will find Ninety Six especially valuable to the Enemy, as it is central to a rich and populous back country, and commands the settlements between the Saluda and Broad Rivers. At the same time it renders the possession of the Country on the Congaree more secure and communicates with Charleston without the intervention of any considerable River. To possess Camden the Santee or the Congaree must be passed: to possess Augusta the Savannah must be passed.

These were difficulties which our comparative situations forbid the Enemy to encounter. Every effort was used by Gen'l Greene to harrass the Enemy on their long march and thereby delay the approach. The Militia under Gen. Sumpter were collected: the small body of them which arrived in season were joined to the Cavalry of the Army and put under Lieut. Col. Washington, to meet and difficult

the progress of his Lordship. These measures availed naught: and the near approach of the foe obliged Gen. Greene to relinquish the siege. Previous to which, our works being far advanced, the General attempted a storm. This decision was taken on the wisest principles, and the operation was executed with the most brilliant gallantry. Our success was partial; and the ensuing morning our troops crossed the Saluda. Lord Rawdon was in fifteen miles and followed us rapidly. The pursuit was vain, and his Lordship after two days advance retired to Ninety Six. General Greene, having received a small reinforcement and gathered some militia, made a forward movement. The Legion was directed to lay close to the Enemy. In this posture of things Lord Rawdon determined to relinquish Ninety Six, and of course the whole back country. This was the great point for which we had been contending: to reduce his Lordship to which all of our measures were pointed. Lord Rawdon moved in two divisions, each equal to our collected strength, only in Cavalry, in which we had a superiority in number as well as quality. Col. Cruger commanded the rear division and continued at Ninety Six till his Lordship gained the Post on the Congaree, formerly fort Granby. Gen. Greene moved with the utmost vigilance to reach the Enemy before a junction could be effected.

While Lord Rawdon lay on the Congaree a squadron of the Legion Cavalry obtained a complete victory over the British horse, made fifty prisoners, and destroyed the whole body, five only excepted. Captain Eggleston has the honour of this enterprise. After this event, his Lordship renewed his march: Col. Cruger was obliged to file off to his right, taking his route on the south side of the Edisto River, Gen. Greene being so far advanced as to intercept the direct road. Our army crossed the Congaree, and followed his Lordship by forced marches, anxious to bring him to battle in his divided state. We came up with the Army at Orangeburg which is a small village on the north side of the Edisto, with a bridge over the River at the town.

The position is most strong, and has one uncommon advantage, a certain retreat by means of the bridges, which circumstance denies the least improvement to victory. A large brick jail commands the bridge, and the ground is so close and broken that Cavalry cannot act. These reasons obliged Gen. Greene to resign his intentions of attacking the Enemy in their Camp, and Lord Rawdon would not hazard an action by advancing on us.

Baffled in this favourite wish, it was necessary to adopt measures which promised to produce the same end; for altho' we had recovered all the back country, and had had the satisfaction of chasing Lord Rawdon from the Congaree, we plainly foresaw that on the junction of Cruger the enemy would advance, and that we should be under the necessity of yielding the Congaree, or risking an unequal action. We also wished to force them to leave Orangeburg and to confine them to Charleston and its dependencies, that our wearied soldiers might repose during the hot weather in a healthy country, and that the Enemy might be subject from their position to all the disadvantages of the Climate.

Monk's Corner and Dorchester are the two points which comprehend the Country necessary for the ready support of Charleston. The first is 30 miles distant from the town towards the Santee or Cooper River. The latter is in front of the town, 20 miles distant on Ashley River. At this time the Enemy had 550 infantry and 100 cavalry at Monk's Corner, and a Captain's command at Dorchester.

Gen. Greene determined, on being disappointed in bringing Lord Rawdon to battle, to move his army to Summer Quarters, and to form a detachment to strike at Monk's Corner. The Army accordingly moved to this place, the most healthy in the State; and the detachment formed under General Sumpter—of which the Legion was part,—marched towards Monk's Corner. To cover Gen. Sumpter fully, and to caution the Enemy as to leaving their interior possessions, I was detached with a body of horse, with directions to move towards Charleston, and

to act as circumstances should advise, afterwards to join Gen. Sumpter. The full execution of this enterprise ensured to us all our wishes. The troops moved off in high spirits, and the Enemy, as we have experienced, were totally in the dark as to our intentions.

Lord Rawdon continued waiting at Orangeburgh for Col. Cruger, who joined him two days after we moved. Orangeburgh is 80 miles and upwards from Monk's Corner. In my letter of this date to your brother, I will conclude the Journal of Affairs here to the present day.

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### "MASON AND DIXON'S LINE."\*

Among all the numerous sources of dispute and litigation which have made enemies of neighbours, filled court-houses with clients, and lawyer's pockets with fees, none have ever been more prolific than the boundary lines of property in real estate, and individuals and clans and nations have not unfrequently, from disputes of this kind, lived at open war with those whom it was their interest as well as their duty to conciliate, and, if necessary, to assist and protect.

In the ante-revolutionary history of this country, we have accounts of more than one dispute of this kind, involving protracted negotiations and compromises, sometimes resulting in bloodshed and even loss of life. New York and Connecticut, Virginia and North Carolina, Maryland and Virginia, Delaware and Maryland, and Pennsylvania with Virginia, Maryland and Delaware, have at various times indulged in negotiations and treaties and dissensions until their true boundary lines were decided: the representatives of each colony acting upon the maxim of Ilotspur, when he says,

"I'll give thrice so much land to any well-deserving friend,  
But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,  
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair."

But among all, none occasioned so much time, expense and trouble in its settle-

ment, or mathematical skill in its determination, as the adjustment of the line which forms the Southern boundary of Pennsylvania, and divides it from Maryland and Delaware, and it is of the *history* of this line that we propose here to speak.

The phrase, "*Mason and Dixon's Line*," has been echoing in our ears ever since 1820, when, during the excited debate in Congress on the question of excluding slavery from Missouri, that eccentric son of genius, John Randolph of Roanoke, was continually harping on the words, and those words were as constantly reiterated through every newspaper in the land. The phrase thus became as common and familiar among the people as that other used by old Felix Walker of North Carolina on the same occasion, who, when the "question" was impatiently demanded, declared that his constituents expected to hear from him, and that before the vote was taken he must make a speech for *Buncombe*—one of the counties of his district.

There is perhaps no line, real or imaginary, on the surface of the earth, not excepting even the Equator and Equinoctial, whose name has been oftener in men's mouths during the last forty years. In the halls of legislation, in the courts of justice, in the assemblages of the people, it has been as familiar as a house-

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\* The writer of this article begs to acknowledge his indebtedness to Mr. Latrobe's Address before the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, Vecck's History of Mason and Dixon's Line, McSherry's History of Maryland, and the volumes of Mr. Bancroft for the greater part of the material here made use of.

hold word. Not that any particular interest was taken in the line itself, but mention of it was always expressive of the fact that the States of the Union were divided into slaveholding and non-slaveholding, into Northern and Southern, and that those who lived on opposite sides of the line of separation, were antagonistic in opinion upon an all-engrossing question whose solution and its consequences involve the gravest considerations, and is supposed to threaten even the integrity of the Republic. Its geographical has thus become lost in its political significance, and men care little when they refer to it, where it runs, what is its history, or whether limited to Pennsylvania: or, as has perhaps been most generally supposed, was bound by the Potomac river. It suggested the idea of negro slavery and that alone was enough to give it importance and notoriety though only as a name.

The consequence of this state of things has been to perpetuate the memory of the old surveyors who established it. A rare good fortune as regards their fame, for, while the engineers who located the road across the Simplon, have been forgotten in the all-absorbing renown of the master whom they served—while of the thousands who sail past the Eddystone, not one perhaps knows who it was that erected on a crag, in the midst of the sea, the wondrous lighthouse that has now defied the tempests of a century; while oblivion has been the lot of other benefactors of mankind, whose works of every day utility should have been their enduring monument, Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon who, ninety years ago, ran a line through the forest until the Indians forbade the further progress of chain and compass, and whose greatest merit seems to have been that of accurate surveyors, have obtained a notoriety for their names as lasting as the history of our country. An inspection of the map of the United States shows the boundaries in most cases to be either rivers, the crests of mountain ranges, parallels of latitude or meridians of longitude. In but a single instance has the circle, with its geo-

metrical accuracy, been employed to indicate a dividing line of contiguous States, and the inquiry at once suggests itself, why the Southern frontier of Pennsylvania was not prolonged to the New Jersey shore; why the Eastern one of Maryland was not made to strike it, and why a circle should be the Northern boundary of Delaware—the odd result of which has been to leave so narrow a strip of Pennsylvania between Delaware and Maryland, that the ball of one's foot may be in the former, the heel in the latter, while the instep forms an arch over a portion of the Keystone State itself—then from the initial point of the latitudinal line, near the circle, it stretches away to the West through field and forest, intent only upon preserving its course without being deflected by either the channel of a river or the crest of a mountain. Climbing obliquely the summit of the Alleghanies, it turns its back upon the fountains which feed the Atlantic, and rushing down into the Ohio valley, stoops in its pathway to drink of the crystal waters of the Youghiogeny. Rising refreshed and with its eye fixed to the West, it hurries on regardless of the intersecting line of a sister sovereignty, and stalking across the Cheat and the Monongahela, stops amidst the Fish Creek hills, within half a day's journey of the river Ohio, as if exhausted by the rugged route it has traversed, and unable to reach that great natural boundary recognized by every other State than Pennsylvania which its current laves.

Upon a closer inspection, it will be seen that it is equally regardless of the established lines of admeasurement upon the earth's surface, conforming to neither of the limits of a degree of latitude, nor to any of its easily comprehended parts, and this without being forced into its anomalous position by any object or obstacle of nature, for at neither end does it terminate, nor in any part of its extended course does it touch upon any prominent natural landmark. It is wholly in every part and in all its forms an artificial, arbitrary line without a model or a fellow upon the continent. And yet

it is more unalterable than if nature had made it, for it limits the sovereignty of four States, each of whom is as tenacious of its peculiar systems of law as of its soil. It is the boundary of empire.

Whence came these peculiarities—this palpable disregard of the plain provisions of dominion? Is this singular line the result of compulsion or of compact, of noisy strife or of quiet agreement? How old is it? What is its ancestry? Whence its name? These, with many other curious questions which spring from the subject, take hold upon the past and find their solution only in history. Strange subject, too, for history, is a line defined to be "length without breadth or thickness." Yet this line has a history of a hundred years duration, spreading out over more than half the old thirteen States and sinking deep into the very foundation of their being. It abounds in curious conflict of grant and construction, in bold encroachments upon vested rights, in artful remedies for inconvenient limitations. Kings, Lords, and Commoners, English, Swedes and Dutch, Quakers and Catholics, figure conspicuously in the narrative with dramatic effect.

Upon much of the disputed margins of the line have been enacted scenes of riot, invasion, and even murder, which want only the fanciful pen of a Scott or a Cooper to develop their romantic interest. In the strife and negotiations which led to its establishment, endurance and evasion were put to their highest test. In tracing it, science achieved one of its most arduous labours. In intricacy and interest, if not in importance, the subject is inferior to few connected with American history. We regret that we can give to it only a condensed exposition. That which without undue expansion would fill a volume, must here be limited to a brief statement of why, when, and how the line was established, accompanied only by such illustrative details as impart an interest to the subject, and which will be given as we progress with the narrative.

In 1606, King James I. of England, leaving ample margins at the North and

the South for disputed dominion, granted 11 degrees of latitude on the Atlantic to two companies of corporators; one of which, called the London Company, was to possess the South, the other, called the Plymouth Company, was to possess the North, with an intervening community of territory between them from latitude  $38^{\circ}$  to  $41^{\circ}$ . Virginia was the common name to both, but it was soon exclusively appropriated by the Southern Company which was the most efficient. Under its auspices the first enduring English settlement upon the continent was planted at Jamestown. Even the Puritan Pilgrims, who landed from the Mayflower in cold December, 1620, sailed from Holland under a grant from this Company.

The old North Virginia Company was short-lived. It accomplished nothing towards colonization. It, however, did one good thing. The Southern Company having by maltreatment driven from its service its father and defender, Capt. John Smith, its Northern rival gave him employment and sent him out to explore and map its territory. He had proved his competency by having performed similar labours upon the region around the Chesapeake. Having accomplished the work assigned him by the Plymouth Company, he returned to England in 1614, drew out a map and an account of his explorations, which he presented to the King's son, Prince Charles, who thereupon named the territory New England. Here ended the old North Virginia Company, whose territory was from North latitude  $41^{\circ}$  to  $45^{\circ}$ .

We have been thus particular in developing the foundations and territorial juxtaposition of these two old parent colonies, New England and Virginia, for the purpose of determining with precision at what point or line they united. The materiality of the inquiry will soon be apparent. Manifestly their common boundary was the  $40^{\circ}$  line of North latitude. There we leave them together in peace, resting upon the bosom of Pennsylvania, while we go back to trace up the strife soon to be begun.

Ere yet these two old parent colonies



had solemnized their nuptials at 40° in 1609, Sir Henry Hudson, an Englishman in the employ of the Dutch East India Company, sought to find a North-west passage to China. Driven out of the Arctic inlets by ice and fogs, he turned Southward and visited the Chesapeake and Delaware Bays, and afterwards anchored within Sandy Hook. Before he left for Holland, he passed the Narrows, sounded his way up the river, which now bears his name, beyond the Highlands, and in a small boat went above Albany. The States General of the United Netherlands quickly availed themselves of Hudson's American discoveries, and seated themselves upon the island of Manhattan, where they abode in strength, founding there, by the name of New Amsterdam, what has become the greatest commercial city of the New World.

Although in the grant of New England in 1620, there was an express exception of territory then in the possession of any other Christian Prince or State, yet England and New England ever regarded them as intruders, and omitted no opportunity of attack and annoyance. They however by policy and prowess were enabled to maintain their possessions for half a century "beset with forts and sealed with their blood." They were there by sufferance, but in the pages of one of our richest American classics, and in the names of men and places upon both shores of the Hudson, they were there forever. It is however to one of the most thoroughly effaced vestiges of their power that our subject is most nearly related.

The Dutch continued to keep an eye on the shores of the Delaware. Cornelius May, one of their sea captains, divided his name between its capes, calling the stream South River, as they had called the Hudson North River.

In 1629, Godyn, a Hollander, bought from the natives a tract of about thirty miles front on the Delaware Bay. In 1631, he and his associates made a settlement near the present site of Lewistown, and planted the colony of Swaanendale. Wheat, tobacco and furs, were the ob-

jects of the settlement. At the end of a year he left it, begirt with the forest and the ocean, in peace and prosperity. The next year he returned and found its site marked only by the blackened huts and bleaching bones of his countrymen. But this short-lived colony was the cradle of a commonwealth. The seed thus buried in blood and ashes, ere long germinated into the State of Delaware. Small for its age, but good for its size.

In June, 1632, Charles I. granted unto his trusty and well-beloved subject, Cecilius Calvert, Lord of the Barony of Baltimore in Ireland, all that part of the peninsular, or chersonese, lying in the parts of America between the Ocean on the East, and the Bay of Chesapeake on the West, North of a line drawn Eastward from the mouth of the Potomac through Watkins' Point to the Ocean. The young proprietary grantee being of the same faith of his father, and of Charles' aspiring Queen, Henrietta Maria, she named the grant Maryland. At the date of this charter, save Claiborne's trading settlement upon Kent Island, in the Chesapeake, the whole territory within the confines of the grant was a waste of woods and waters, uninhabited by a civilized man.

Charles I. was beheaded in 1649, and during the troubles of that period the lords proprietary of Maryland were less anxious about its *boundaries* than its *existence*. The Catholic colony grew slowly and was weak. Hence no decisive efforts to dispossess the Dutch, who had re-possessed themselves of the Delaware shore, were made until after the Restoration in 1660, and then it was too late. Possession gave confidence if not power. And to all the arguments and entreaties of Lord Baltimore, the Dutch East India Company answered, "We will defend our South River possessions even unto the spilling of blood."

Charles II. came to the throne of his father in 1660. Proud, profligate, prodigal, he cared less for the preservation of his dominions than for the gratification of his passions. He was justly caricatured in Holland with a courtesan upon each arm and courtiers picking his



pockets. Stung to the quick by this truthful picture, he made war upon Holland, attacking their settlements first at New Guinea in Africa, then at New Netherlands in America, and after granting the latter to his brother, the Duke of York, afterwards James II., he sent out a squadron, commanded by Col. Nichols, and too easily, owing to intestine divisions, achieved a bloodless conquest of the New Netherlands on the North River, and now the Anglo-Saxon dominion upon the Atlantic coast was unbroken from the St. Croix to Florida.

We are now ready to introduce the last great actor in this complicated boundary drama, the founder of Pennsylvania, William Penn. The ostensible consideration of the grant of Pennsylvania to William Penn, was a debt for services and of gratitude to his father, Admiral Penn. But the son was not the less careful about the terms of his charter because it was given in payment of an old debt.

Great precaution and formality were used in acting upon Penn's charter; it was held up for consideration for nine months, and when the petition and draft of the charter were presented to the King he referred them to the Duke of York's Secretary and Lord Baltimore's agents, in order that they might report how far the petitioner's pretensions would consist with their boundaries. Both agreed to his proposals, provided his patent might be so worded as not to effect their rights.

On the 4th March, 1681, King Charles II. granted unto our trusty and well-beloved subject, William Penn, Esq., the territory of Pennsylvania as follows: "All that tract or part of land in America, with the islands therein contained, as the same is bounded on the East by Delaware River, from twelve miles Northward of Newcastle town unto 43° North latitude. The said lands to extend Westward five degrees in longitude; the said lands to be bounded on the South by a circle drawn at twelve miles distance from Newcastle, Northward and Westward unto the beginning of the 40° of North latitude, and then by a straight

line Westward to the limits above-mentioned."

When Penn's trusty kinsman, Markham, had landed his first emigrant party at Upland, his early care, under instructions from the King and the proprietary, was to confer with Lord Baltimore upon the interesting question of boundary. They met in the Spring of 1682, and then first discovered, from a careful astronomical observation, what neither knew before, that the true line of 40° was more than twelve miles above Newcastle. Lord Baltimore's eye dilated—Markham's fell. What was to be done? They parted in peace, and Markham reports the annoying discovery to Penn, in London.

This discovery frosted his expectations but did not freeze his energies. The Duke of York was his friend, and Penn importuned him for a grant of the West Delaware dependencies. True, the Duke had no title from the crown and Baltimore had. But the Duke had possession. It was power against parchment, and Penn wisely concluded that power would prevail. This proceeding we can hardly fail to regard as faulty and ambiguous, or regret the proportions in which its attendant blame must be divided between a prince distinguished even among the Stuarts for perfidy and injustice, and a patriarch renowned even among the Quakers for humanity and benevolence.

Thus panoplied, Penn made his first visit to his Delaware domains with twenty-six sail of colonists, in the autumn of 1682. After transacting some governmental affairs, he repaired to Maryland to confer with Charles, Lord Baltimore, about boundaries. The interview was friendly but formal. At a subsequent interview at Newcastle, Penn offered to stand to the 40° line, provided Lord Baltimore would sell him some territory South of it, on the Chesapeake, at a gentlemanly price, so much per mile, in case he could not get it by latitude so as to have a back port to Pennsylvania. His Lordship offered to barter some territory in that direction for the three lower counties on Delaware Bay. "This," says Penn, "I presume he knew I would not do, for his royal highness had the one

half and I did not prize the thing I desired at such a rate." But his lordship was inexorable and here, friendly negotiations were suspended for half a century.

Lord Baltimore now assumed offensive attitudes. He first made forcible entry upon Penn's territories and appealed to the King to sustain him. Before it was decided Charles II. died, and the Duke of York ascended the throne as James II. As might have been expected, the decision was against Lord Baltimore: this, however, settled but one of the questions at issue, the rights of the parties upon the Delaware Bay, leaving them still to find the 40° degree as best they could. The order of the King was that that part of the Chesapeake and Delaware peninsular, which is between the latitude of Cape Henlopen and 40°, be divided by a right line into two equal parts—that the Eastern half should belong to His Majesty and the other half remain to Lord Baltimore, as comprised in his charter.

Thus was Maryland dismembered, while the seed, sown at Swaanendal and covered up and trodded upon by the Indians and watered with blood, had germinated; and a fair tree, with spreading branches, which neither the Utie nor the foray of 1673 had been able to uproot, had arisen from it and Penn was reposing in its shade on the banks of the broad river that flowed past it, and thus Delaware was lost to Maryland.

Except an ineffectual order from Queen Anne, in 1708, to enforce this decision, nothing was done under it. Both ends of the divisional line were in dispute, and until they were fixed the execution of the orders in council was impracticable and useless. In the midst of these and other troubles, harrassed by debt and persecutions, his colony mortgaged to money-lenders and half sold to Queen Anne, in 1718 William Penn died. His grave is in England, but his monument is in the system of laws upon which he founded the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

Penn was almost as unfortunate in his will as in his charter, for it too gave rise to contention as to whom his proprietary estates now belonged. After some ten

years of doubt, it was finally settled that they went to his three sons, John, Thomas, and Richard; the last named being a minor until 1732. All that was done relating to the strife during this abeyance, was an agreement between Mrs. Penn and Lord Baltimore to preserve peace on the borders for eighteen months, in the expectation that during this time the boundaries could be settled. But border feuds are not to be staid by parchments, and things seemed to have reached a pass that rendered a speedy adjustment necessary; and accordingly, on the 10th May, 1732, a deed was executed between the children and heirs of Penn and the great grandson of the first Lord Baltimore. Its most remarkable features are that it adopts the order of 1685, halving the peninsular, and supersedes all reference to the 40° by resort to fixed land-marks. The boundaries provided for by this important agreement are those which subsist to this day, stipulating for a line due West from Cape Henlopen across the peninsular—from the centre of which line another should be drawn until it was tangent to a circle twelve miles from Newcastle, while from this tangent point a line should be run due North until it comes to a point fifteen English Statute miles South of the latitude of the most Southern part of the city of Philadelphia, and from that fifteen mile point should be traced the parallel of latitude Westward that was to divide the provinces. This parallel of latitude is the *Mason and Dixon's Line* of history. Attached to this agreement was a small map, well-known as Lord Baltimore's map. It represented the general features of the country in relation to the boundary—and the outline of the State of Delaware is marked on it in red lines, supposed to have been drawn by Lord Baltimore himself.

One looks with some interest on these red lines, and recollects their potency. A King, remarkable in history mainly through the circumstance of his death upon the scaffold, had granted to a subject what it cost the monarch nothing to acquire—the homes across the sea of a free and brave people, whose hospitality and unsuspecting confidence alone made

the grant available, and with royal magnificence had bounded his gift by parallels of latitude, the courses of mighty rivers and the head-lands of Ocean; and subject with scale and compasses apportioned his territory with his neighbours, settled the lines of what were to become adjacent sovereignties, and thus accelerated the progress of those events, which at length extinguished the council fires at which his ancestors had warmed themselves when they were strangers in the land, and whose last faint blaze was fed with the unstrung bows and blunted arrows of the forest princes of the peninsula.

One looks with interest on handiwork so trifling in itself when it becomes so potent for results, and the map in reality subsequently became of great significance.

Commissioners to run and mark the lines were duly appointed. They met at Newcastle, and began and ended in fruitless contention. In the first place, there was a difficulty in fixing the point in Newcastle that was to be centre of the circle. In the next place, Lord Baltimore's Commissioners contended that the twelve miles distance, at which the circular line was to run from Newcastle, meant its periphery not its radius, and that the Cape Henlopen intended was the upper Cape opposite Cape May, the agreement to the contrary notwithstanding; thereupon the Penn Commissioners happening to come one day a few minutes behind time, the Marylanders declared the penalty forfeited and the agreement avoided. And now Lord Baltimore did what neither improved his cause nor bettered his reputation. Treating his own deed as a nullity, he asked George II. for a confirmatory grant according to the terms of the charter of 1632. It was very properly refused, and the parties were referred to the Court of Chancery, and here Lord Hardwicke decided in effect, that the true Henlopen was the point insisted on by the Penns—that the centre of the circle was the middle of Newcastle as near as could be ascertained, and that the twelve miles were a radius and not a periphery. This was in 1750. Other difficulties now arose. It was important to Lord Baltimore, if possible, to shorten the Statute

mile, and the mode his friends proposed, was to measure it on the surface, following the irregularities of the ground, and not horizontally. So Lord Hardwicke was again applied to, and horizontal measurements were ordered. This was in March, 1751. Still things were not clear. The shorter the line across the peninsular—its beginning on the Delaware side being fixed—the better for Lord Baltimore, and so here again his friends came to his aid, and insisted that Slaughter's Creek, a channel separating Taylor's Island from the Chesapeake, gave the Western terminus. But the Penns demanded that the line should be continued to the Bay shore itself, and again Lord Hardwicke was referred to. But in the meantime Lord Baltimore died and the suit abated. When it was revived, and the heir (Frederick) of Lord Baltimore was made a party, he refused to be bound by the acts of his ancestor. If, however, there was anything that could equal the faculties of the Marylanders in making trouble, it was the untiring perseverance with which the Penns devoted themselves to the contest, and followed their opponents in all their doublings. And they had their reward, for on the 4th of July, 1760, another deed was executed, under which the controversy was finally closed. The claim of the Penns were yielded to in every particular. The agreement of that date is an embodiment of the history of the dispute; and Mr. Latrobe says: "It is a treatise in itself, and whether for technical accuracy as a rare piece of conveyancing, legal learning, or historical interest, is not surpassed by any paper of its kind." The agreement provides for a speedy joint commission to determine, run out, and mark all the lines between the parties, without let or hindrance—that the agreement itself shall be acknowledged and enrolled in Chancery, and thereupon be humbly submitted to His Majesty in council for his gracious allowance and approval. This done, the proprietaries are at peace. Frederick, Lord Baltimore, goes upon a tour to the East, and the Penns remain in London to protect their private and provincial interests.

There is in the collection of the Maryland Historical Society, a map showing the boundaries of Maryland, on which is the following endorsement: "The Lords Baltimore in their disputes with the Penns had long and deep head to contend with, and did not get their full rights. If Lord Frederick, who signed the deed of 1760, had come over to Maryland and lived among his tenants instead of running about the Continent of Europe, and threading the labyrinth of the Grecian Archipelago, having pictures drawn of the females of the different islands, it would have been better for himself and his province, and he would have escaped the censure of Sterne, who in his *Sentimental Journey*, has given him under the name of Mundungus to the world in no enviable light."

The writer had, doubtless, in his mind a work called, "A Tour to the East in the years 1763-'64, with remarks on the City of Constantinople, and the Turks also select pieces of oriental wit, poetry and wisdom, by F. Lord Baltimore, London, 1767."

The temptation is strong to fill up the meagre outlines here given of the boundary controversy between Pennsylvania and Maryland, with some details of the period previous to this final adjustment. The Marylanders denominated the Pennites "quaking cowards," and these retaliated by calling their assailants "hominny gentry." All sorts of outrages were perpetrated. Even the softer sex became furious in the strife. The deadly rifle told its aim on man and beast. The solemnities of funerals became occasions for revenge, and rapine gloated in arrests and prisons. Fortunately for the peace of the two provinces, Governor Thomas Penn was at the helm in person. His policy was patience under a confident hope of triumph in the august tribunal to which he and his brothers had appealed. So rife and rampant had these border feuds become, that in 1737 the king and council had to interfere. The result was the adoption of a temporary line, which ended the trouble for a time. The prose and poetry of Scott have made the borders of Scotland immortal. The

same great novelist would have found in the feuds of the peninsula and along the northern confines of Maryland, as ample materials for his genius to combine, as much diversity of character, and as thrilling incident, as magnificent scenery and wild adventure as were furnished him by the history of his native land. The Catholic gentlemen of Maryland, gallant, brave and impetuous, his battle cry: "Hey for St. Mary's," the stern uncompromising puritan, shouting as he fought, "In the name of God fall on," the Swedes and the Hollanders, and among the Indians the Susquehannahs and the Minquaas and the Delawares were all active in the strife that prevailed for a long series of years. Cresap's quarrel involved the provinces in what was almost open war, and it is charged that, on the death of Gordon, the Governor of Pennsylvania in 1736, the *invasions* from Maryland became more terrible and more frequent. From this digression we return to the history of the line. The commissioners on the part of each province having been duly appointed, and their surveyors selected, they met at Newcastle in the November following, and went to work in earnest with unwonted harmony. Three years of almost uninterrupted labour were expended in running, measuring and marking these troublesome lines, and even then the work was unfinished. The proprietors, residing in England, grew weary of this slow progress, which they set down to the incompetency of artists. To this groundless suspicion do we owe their supercedure and the introduction of Mason and Dixon, who, unwillingly, have immortalized their memory in the name of the principal line. Furnished with instructions and the most approved instruments, they sailed for Philadelphia, where they arrived in November 1763. They go to work at once—they adopt the radius as measured by their predecessors, taking the steeple of the Courthouse in Newcastle for the centre of the circle, and after numerous tracings of the tangent line, adopt also their tangent point, from which they say they could not make the tangent line pass one inch to

the East or West. So that if the proprietors had thought so, the rude sightings and chainings of the American Surveyors would have been all right. They thereupon cause that line and point to be marked, and adjourn to Philadelphia to find its Southern limit on Cedar or South Street. They then extend that latitude to the West, so as to be due North of the tangent point. Thence they measure down South fifteen miles to the latitude of the great due West line and run its parallel a short distance. Then they go to the tangent point and run due North to that latitude, and at the point of intersection, in a deep ravine, near a spring, they cause to be planted the corner-stone, at which begins the true Mason and Dixon's line. Returning to the tangent point where the due North line cuts the circle, forming the corner of three dominions, the exact position is well ascertained and marked by another stone. This brings them to the end of 1764.

They resume their labours upon the great West line in June 1765. By the 27th of October they were 95 miles West of the Susquehannah, and they then returned to winter quarters.

Early in 1766 they are again at their posts. By the 4th of June they had carried the line 160 miles from its beginning. The Indians, into whose ungranted territory they had deeply penetrated, grew restive and threatening. They thought this army, though bannerless, meant something. Their untutored minds could not comprehend this mighty gazing into the heavens, through gun-like instruments, this measuring upon the earth, and this daily felling of the trees across their hunting paths. They forbid any further advance, and they are to be obeyed. The artists return leisurely and note as they pass the beauty of their vista, which they say very apparently shows itself to be a parallel of latitude.

The Six Nations, whose council fires blazed upon the Onondago and Mohawk in Western New York, were the lords of the territory yet to be traversed. To obtain their consent to the consummation of the line, the Governors of Mary-

land and Pennsylvania, at an expense of more than £500, procured through the agency of Sir William Johnson a grand convocation of the tribes of that powerful confederacy. The application was successful, and in June 1767, an escort of 14 stroud clad warriors with an interpreter and a chief, deputed by the Iroquois council, met the surveyors and their camp at the summit of the great Alleghany to escort them down into the valley of the Ohio, whose tributaries they were now to cross. The line was now pushed on vigorously. Soon the motley hosts come to the meridian of the first fountain of the Potomac, the Western limit of Maryland. Here their functions should have terminated; but they pass it by unheeded because unknown, resolved to reach the utmost limit of Penn's five degrees of longitude from the Delaware. By the 24th of August they come to the crossing of Braddock's road. The escort now becomes restless. The Mohawk chief and his nephew leave. The Shawnees and Delawares, tenants of the hunting grounds, begin to grow terrific. On the 27th September, when encamped on the Monongahela, 236 miles from the Delaware, 26 of the labourers desert, and but 15 axe-men are left. Being so near the goal, the surveyors evince their courage by coolly sending back to Fort Cumberland for aid, and in the meantime they push on. At length they come to the Warrior Branch of the Catawba war-path in Greene County, and there the Indian escort say to them that they are instructed by their chiefs in council not to let the line be run beyond that war-path. Their commands are peremptory and there the line is staid.

Mason and Dixon, with their pack-horse train and attendants, returned to the East without molestation, and reported their discomfiture to the gentlemen commissioners, who approved their conduct, and in December, 1767, granted them an honorable discharge.

The commissioners, in conformity to the agreements of the contract, proceeded to have the lines well marked. All the corners and intersections were ascertain-



ed by firmly fixing one or more remarkable stones, on which were graven the arms of the proprietors. This done, they on the 9th of November, 1768, made their final report to the proprietors, and here the labour upon the line ends, until after the titles of Baltimore and the Penns are wrested from them by the strong arm of the revolution.

There is another chapter, however, in the history of this celebrated line. Many years ago, the remarkable stone which marked the South-West corner of Delaware, was dug up by the hunters for Capt. Kidd's money, and at a later period the stone, near the Spring, which marked the North-East corner of Maryland, having been undermined by floods and fallen, was taken by a neighbouring farmer for a chimney-piece, and a post planted in its place. Surmises sprung up that some others of the stones which defined the limits of the little State, had been displaced.

Many of the dwellers around the notch and circle, seemed not to know to whom they belonged. These doubts and dilapidations induced the three States, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Delaware, in 1849, to create a joint commission to retrace the lines in that vicinity and replace the missing monuments. The commissioners procured Lieut. Col. James D. Graham, of the corps of Topographical Engineers of the United States, to execute the work. He of course had to review much of the labours of Mason and Dixon and their predecessors. Generally he found that remarkable accuracy characterized those early displays of geometrical science. The post near the spring was in the right place and the courses all right. Some errors were, however, detected. Some of the miles had been made a few feet too long. The radius was found to be two feet, four inches too short, and by some errors in locating the tangent point and the junction of the three States at the point of the notch or bead, it was found that Maryland had got back from Delaware a little over one acre and three quarters of what she had lost by King

James' order in 1685. Even these trifling errors, proved the wonderful certainty of mathematical science. Col. Graham's labours wrought a change in the allegiance of several gentlemen residing near the circle, who had supposed themselves citizens of Delaware. A Mr. Wm. Smith, a member of the Legislature of that State, was found to be full half a mile in Pennsylvania, which also took in the old Christiana church by a hundred yards.

And thus having brought our narrative down from 1629, when the purchase by Godyn furnished the remote cause of Mason and Dixon's appointment to 1850, when Col. Graham made his report, we have arrived at the end of our history.

To comprehend the subject of this sketch we have had to course through three centuries of this world's history, halting here and there to gather up and arrange the events which relate to it. It is more than two hundred years since the seeds of the strife was sown of which the line is the harvest, and nearly a century has passed since the surveyors were running its thread through the forest. Within those periods, what great events have transpired. Civilization, science, freedom, religion and population have rolled their resistless tides over this continent. Empires have risen and fallen. Dynasties have sunk into nothingness. Yet this line stands. The limits of empire which nature alone establishes are ever varying. Rivers change their channels. The soil of one State becomes the delta of another, and ocean takes away from continents, to be compensated by new islands in the watery waste. An assurance of permanency may be derived from the purely arbitrary origin of the line and may we not hope that while the Mason and Dixon's Line of geography will ever continue to be that whose heraldic insignia are still to be found in field and forest, the Mason and Dixon's Line of politics will be forgotten, until as cloud-shadows pass, leaving earth in sunlight, we shall be seen of all to be a united and homogeneous people!



## THE BROOK.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

But yesterday this brook was bright,  
And tranquil as the clear moonlight  
That woos the palms on Orient shores;  
But now, a hoarse, dark stream, it pours  
Impetuous o'er its bed of rock,  
And, almost with a thunder-shock,  
Boils into currents fierce and fleet,  
That dash the white foam round our feet—  
A raging whirl of waters, rent  
As if with angry discontent.

A tempest in the night swept by,  
Born of a murk and fiery sky,  
And while the solid woodlands shook,  
It wreaked its fury on the brook.  
The evil genius of the blast  
Within its quiet bosom passed,  
And therefore is it that a Tide  
Which used as lovingly to glide,  
As Thoughts through spirits sanctified,  
Shows now a whirl of waters, rent  
As if with angry discontent.

I knew of late a creature bright  
And gentle as the clear moonlight,  
The tenderest and the kindest Heart  
God ever sent a loving part  
To act on earth—across whose life  
A sudden passion swept in strife,  
With wild, unhallowed forces rife—  
It stirred her nature's inmost deep  
That nevermore shall rest or sleep,  
Remorse its rugged bed of rock,  
O'er which for aye with thunder-shock,  
The tides of feeling, fierce and fleet,  
Are dashed to foam or icy sleet,  
A raging whirl of waters, rent  
By something worse than discontent.

## THE STORY OF BLANNERHASSETT.

While ascending the Ohio river in a steamboat a few weeks since, I found myself accidentally brought into contact with an old gentleman who had been born and "brought up" in the immediate vicinity of a spot since made famous as the scene of the intrigues and machinations of the Great Filibuster,—the man who, living half a century too soon, plotted treason, in a scheme similar in many points to those wherein his successors have only been counted as the instruments of "Manifest Destiny." Steamboats, like poverty, "make strange(r)s bed-fellows," and the old man and myself found ourselves joint tenants of "Number 22," wherein, each roosting upon his narrow shelf, called by courtesy a berth, he discoursed, while I listened, of the early days of pioneer enterprise, and the trials, dangers, privations, and pleasures of the predecessors of the community whose farms now border the banks, or whose cities are enriched by the commerce of "La Belle Rivière." My old room-mate had been in earlier life a participator, and a not inactive one either, in many scenes which seem strange and wild, when described to us of this day. He had been engaged in many a bear-hunt on the site of now populous towns, had carried the chain for a surveyor's party through a wilderness where the steam-horse now snorts a score of times each day, and remembered how one of his friends had desperately cheated another in a horse trade, by swapping for the said horse a not inconsiderable slice of the present city of Cincinnati, which now rents for ever so many dollars a front foot.

But the old man had been concerned in less peaceful matters. He had brought his rifle and blanket to a point on the banks of the Ohio, below the present town of Gallipolis, in company with two or three others, and had there "camped out" on the shore for certain days and

nights, awaiting the arrival of boats which, he was assured, were being loaded at Pittsburg, Marietta, and other points above, with pork, powder, guns, whiskey, fiddles and filibusters, to subjugate the rich fields of Mexico, and to divide silver mines, golden crucifixes and dukedoms, among the adventurous few who were admitted to a share in the gallant enterprise. But the old man, I imagine, had never gone much farther than a mere *intention* to enlist implies. Burr was arrested in Kentucky, and a *posse* from "The Point," now Parkersburg, took possession of Blannerhasset's Island, then generally regarded as the Headquarters of the expedition, and the whispered words "Treason," "Dissolution of the Union," and others of like import, which seem to have been more suggestive in those days than now, had aroused vague apprehensions, they scarcely knew of what, amongst the rough and unlearned participators in the enterprise. At first excited by undefined rumours of grand undertakings and rich gains, the hardy backwoodsmen hurried eagerly to participate, and then, intimidated and deterred by equally shadowy ideas that they were enlisted for the perpetration of some enormous crime, of the exact nature of which they were profoundly ignorant, they one by one shrank from the undertaking, and "denied their Master."

The old man, however, spoke up stoutly in favour of "The Irishman." Whatever Burr's intentions or plans might have been, he vehemently asserted that Blannerhasset had no lot nor part in anything criminal: nay, that in all he did or proposed to do, he was advised and encouraged by officers high in the confidence of the General Government. This, and the romance connected in my mind, with the name of Blannerhasset "set me a-thinking," and examining, with what result the reader must judge.\*

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\* NOTE.—While engaged in seeking material for this sketch, the writer had the pleasure of meeting W. H. Safford, Esq., of Chillicothe, the author of a most interesting biography of Blannerhasset, to which work, and the kind and courteous permission to use it, freely accorded by him, he is largely indebted.

Harman Blannerhassett was born in England in the year 1767, of a family standing prominent amongst the untitled gentry of Ireland, and was originally educated for the bar, to which he was admitted in 1790, but at which he never practiced. The Emmetts, Currans, and Grattans were his cotemporaries, and the Emmetts particularly ranked among his warm personal friends. Though he first drew breath on English soil, he was of an Irish family, and sympathized warmly in the opposition to "The Union," which numbered among its leaders the names of those Irishmen whose forensic talents and dialectic abilities have made them and their efforts familiar as household words, wherever our common language is spoken. When about twenty-five years of age, he courted and married Miss Agnew, daughter of the Governor of the Isle of Man, and grand-daughter to the General Officer of the same name in the British army, who fell at Germantown during our Revolutionary struggle. This lady is often still spoken of by old citizens of Marietta and Parkersburg, in the vicinity of her former residence, as of extraordinary beauty, and her mental attractions are said, by the few living persons who were her cotemporaries to have been fully commensurate with her physical charms. Singularly enough, many of those who knew her in her younger days, speak of her as a "Frenchwoman," and the old man whose garrulity first induced me to pen this sketch, referred to "the Irishman and his French wife." As a Manxwoman, it is not impossible that her accent, or idioms at least, were somewhat different from the ordinary English spoken in the West, and her complete mastery over the French and Italian languages, doubtless led her to use them often in her conversation and correspondence.

In the year 1797, Blannerhassett and his wife emigrated to the United States, bringing with them a large sum of money for those days, estimated at eighty thousand dollars, and sojourned for a time in the city of New York, while looking out for a suitable place to set up their tent permanently. At that time the valley of the Ohio, which now counts its

population by millions, and its wealth by thousands of millions, was an almost unbroken wilderness. A few settlers, availing themselves of the protection afforded by the garrisons scattered here and there along what was then the frontier, had founded villages at various points on the river, and had already become so numerous, and had acquired such strength from their superiority in arms and experience in the tactics of savage warfare, that the aboriginal inhabitants falling back, as they have always done, before the advancing tide of civilization, had yielded to the Pale-faces a possession of the country adjacent to its banks, which they no longer attempted to dispute. But with these exceptions, and the scanty "openings" and "clearings" made here and there, along the banks of the "Beautiful River," and some of its tributaries, the country was in a state of primeval wildness. The rich alluvial bottoms and islands of the river were generally still covered with a dense and luxuriant vegetation, through the matted undergrowth of which the elk and the deer made their paths to drink at the stream, while the bear and the panther still prowled as of yore over the hills bordering the flats, or crouched amid the branches of the royal trees which crowned their summits. Wondrous tales of the beauty and fertility of this enchanting region were borne back from the earlier emigrants to their friends in the East, and allured by the rumours of present cheapness and the prospects of future wealth, Blannerhassett and his young wife determined to ride with the tide which, overleaping the barrier of the Alleghanies, was pouring down into the rich valley of the Ohio. Accordingly, in the latter part of the year 1797, we find them at Pittsburgh, making preparations to descend the river.

In those days steamboats were not. Flat-boats and keel-boats, great floating arks, roomy and capacious enough to hold several families, with all their furniture, stock, implements and provisions, constituted the principal mode of conveyance for emigrants descending the stream

in which, abandoned to the current, they floated by day, and moored to the shore at night, until they reached their point of destination, or as chanced quite as often, until the eye of the head of the family was particularly taken with the advantages, real or fancied, presented by some "location" along the shore, where he forthwith "tied up," "blazed out" on the tree-trunks his "præemption claim," or "deadened" a few acres, and probably the next season sold out, or traded his claim and "improvements" to the owner of another "flat," arriving in his footsteps, and receiving the new-comer's dollars, and probably certain salted provisions and "red-eye" to boot, embarked on the self-same craft which had just disgorged the purchaser of his recent home, and started again "out West," a point by the way which none of his successors have ever yet reached, and which is now believed (at San Francisco and Astoria) to mean the Sandwich Islands and Japan!

The winter of this year, 1797, was spent by Blannerhassett and his wife in Marietta, at the mouth of the Muskingum river, where his antiquarian tastes were so much interested by the famous mounds, built by that unknown race of whom they constitute the sole existing memorials, that he at one time contemplated taking up his permanent abode there, and erecting a castellated mansion upon the summit of the most conspicuous of those singular *Teocalli*, if such they really are, which commands an unrivalled view of the river and adjacent valley. But soon afterwards, struck with the appearance of the island which now bears his name, then known as Backus' Island, he purchased the upper half of it, and erected thereon a mansion, of which at present hardly a trace remains. Old neighbours of his, however, who have a vivid recollection of the improvements made by Blannerhassett, speak of this embowered spot in terms so enthusiastic, that there can be no doubt of its surpassing everything of the kind then known in the Western country. The mansion itself, with wings projecting curvilinearly from the ends of the main building, one of which was arranged as

a conservatory, was spacious and roomy, with high ceilings and gilded cornices; while the grounds were laid out and planted with every available species of ornamental and fruit trees. Gravelled walks, bordered with choice shrubbery, led through their shady recesses, rustic seats invited to rest in umbrageous nooks, and a tastefully arranged boat-house, with gaily painted boats moored alongside, afforded convenience for crossing to the main land, or floating for amusement on the tranquil bosom of the Ohio. Under the tasteful direction of his wife, Blannerhassett expended a large sum of money,—large at least for those days and that region,—probably sixty thousand dollars, in developing the natural beauties of this sylvan Paradise, and adding new ones.

Blannerhassett himself was a man of refined taste and liberal education, and especially had devoted much attention to the physical sciences, particularly Astronomy and Electricity. His apparatus was costly and select, and in the prosecution of his various experiments and investigations, he excited no little the wonderment of his ruder neighbours. Many queer tales are told of the sights he exhibited through his telescope, and of the shocks administered to those whom overcuriosity induced to handle his mysterious wires, or approach uncautiously the tin-lined jars in which *he kept his thunder bottled*.

Thus, in improving his property, in the society of his charming wife, and the two children who had blessed their union, and in the cultivation of his literary, artistic and scientific tastes, eight happy years rolled over his head. With sufficient store of wealth for all the comforts and even elegancies of life, with no desires which he had not the means to gratify, he seemed content to dream away existence, among his books and instruments, and none would have ever supposed that the secluded and quiet home of the peaceful, indolent and retired scholar, would one day become, for the time being, the most noted spot on the continent. Yet so it was. The tempter and the temptation were coming. Dreams of boundless

wealth, of rank and empire were to supplant the air-drawn visions of the poet, and the theories of the philosopher. A scheme, nurtured in the busy and teeming brain of one of the most daring spirits of the age, so profound and complicated, that no man, save one, ever knew or ever probably will know it in all its ramifications, yet so comprehensive as to hold out at once proffers of glory to the soldier, wealth to the avaricious, social pleasures to the refined, and empire to the ambitious, was unveiled, in part only, it is true, but sufficiently, to enlist this quiet, peaceful student in its prosecution, and finally to absorb him, his family, fortune and fame into the vortex wherein scheme and schemer sink together.

In the spring of 1805, (Aaron Burr, Ex-Vice-President of the United States, who had contested with Mr. Jefferson, and almost successfully, the Presidential chair,—with a mind embittered against his countrymen for the odium with which they had visited upon him the recent slaughter of Hamilton, and soured more deeply than he cared to shew by the prostration of his political aspirations, his fortune bankrupt at the same time and by the same means through which his political and social standing were ruined, visited for the first time the Western territory. His plans, in their fulness of conception have never been divulged, but they embraced several objects. One was, the acquisition and colonization of an extensive territory on the Washita, another, the revolutionizing of Mexico, with the design of separating that Vice-Kingdom from the crown of Spain, and erecting it into an independent power, with himself at the head. Another and a darker scheme has been imputed to him; namely, to take advantage of the weakness of the bonds by which the inhabitants of the Valley of the Mississippi were attached to those of the older States East of the mountains, to dismember the Union, and to place himself at the head of the seceding territory. However this may be, our present business is with the plans of Burr, so far only as Blannerhassett himself was connected with them.

One pleasant afternoon in the spring of

1805, the attention of the hostess of our Island was attracted to a party of ladies and gentlemen, who had landed near the mansion and were rambling through the grounds, admiring the shrubbery and flowers. Although visitors to her little Eden, with that object in view, were not unfrequent, the lady sent a servant attached to the house, to offer the strangers its hospitality. One of them, on behalf of his companions, declined the courtesy, but sent his card, with their reason for intruding, "that they had only landed to enjoy what was one of the 'sights' of that new country," &c. The card bore the name of Aaron Burr. Impelled by a desire to discharge the sacred duties of hospitality, and especially to show honour to the personage who had just filled one of the most exalted stations in the nation, Mrs. Blannerhassett in person came out to urge the distinguished party to enter under her roof. Better had she applied a torch to it then and there. From the hour that dark and incomprehensible man, who seems to have filled all bosoms with distrust by his reputation, but to have charmed and fascinated every one with whom he came in personal contact, crossed the threshold, the doom of that house was written.

Burr stayed on this occasion but a few hours at Blannerhassett's Island. The master of the house was then absent from home, having been called to New York to renew his acquaintance with Thomas Addis Emmett, whom recent political events had forced to become an exile from Ireland. From his wife, however, he doubtless heard enough of the grand schemes projected by Burr to strongly excite his curiosity. He shortly after received a letter from the intriguer, which though vague and indefinite, and worded with great caution, so powerfully wrought upon his imagination, as to induce him to lend a ready ear to further propositions, which were not long delayed. In December, Burr wrote to him again, regretting the absence of the latter from home at the time of his visit, alluding to the talents of Blannerhassett, which, he insinuated, were being unprofitably wasted in the listless life he was then leading, and hold-



ing out hints, not the less tempting that they were couched in obscure and guarded terms, of grand enterprises then on foot, offering a field worthy to be trod by a man whom destiny and his own talents had intended and fitted for an active part in shaping the fortunes of this Western world. Burr alluded artfully, too, to another matter more immediately affecting his correspondent. He reminded him of his wife and growing family, that an important part of his means had been expended in mere luxuries, to gratify the eye, without increasing in a corresponding ratio, the intrinsic value of the property in which he had invested it, and held out hopes of wealth for himself and his descendants, which a man of nerve need only stretch forth his hand and grasp. Captivated by these glittering visions and never dreaming that the man who had just filled a position second to but one in Christendom, would or could sanction or propose treason, Blannerhassett wrote to Burr soliciting "a share in the risks and glories of whatever enterprise he had on foot." There is no doubt that Burr had been explicit enough with his correspondent to show that his enterprise aimed at Mexican conquest, but the peculiar relations of our government with that of Spain at the time, and the strong probabilities of a war with that power in assertion of our claims, combined to convince Blannerhassett that, in any thing he might undertake, Burr was acting with the approval of the Administration. In fact it was more than once so asserted.

The correspondence thus commenced, was kept up on both sides, and resulted in the reserved and quiet scholar becoming one of the foremost and most enthusiastic in the cause, so far as he then understood it, and probably when its details were still further unfolded to him, the prospects so temptingly displayed to his eager gaze, of wealth, rank and fame, were so dazzling as to blind him to the full enormity of the crime he was about to perpetrate. At all events, his Irish spirit once aroused, Blannerhassett shewed himself second to no one in his zeal for the cause he had espoused. He embarked all, fortune, fame and life, and the

domestic happiness, dearer to him than life, in the adventure, and wrecked them all together. The words of William Wirt, on the trial of Burr, still spouted on many a country school-house floor, may be appropriately quoted in this connection. "Innocence is ever simple and credulous; conscious of no designs itself, it expects none in others; every door and portal of the heart are thrown open, and all who choose may enter. Such was the state of Eden when the serpent entered its bowers. The prisoner, in a more engaging form, winding himself into the open and unpractised heart of Blannerhassett, found but little difficulty in changing the character of that heart, and the objects of its affections. By degrees, he infuses into it the fire of his own courage; a daring and desperate thirst for glory; an ardour panting for all the storms and bustle and hurricane of life. In a short time, the whole man is changed, and every object of his former delights relinquished. No more he enjoys the tranquil scene, it has become flat and insipid to his taste. His books are abandoned, his retort and crucible thrown aside, his shrubbery blooms and breathes its fragrance upon the air in vain, he likes it not; his ear no longer drinks the melody of music. It longs for the trumpet's clangor, and the cannon's roar. Even the prattle of his babes, once so sweet, now no longer affects him, and the angel smile of his wife, which hitherto touched his bosom with extasy so unspeakable, is now uncared for and unseen. Greater objects have taken possession of his soul—his imagination has been dazzled by visions of diadems and stars and garters, and titles of nobility—he has been taught to burn with restless emulation at the names of Cromwell, Cæsar and Bonaparte."

That Aaron Burr *may* not have been so utterly false, selfish and hollow as the popular feeling of that day, and since, paints him, I readily concede; still, I cannot see the virtues of his character, (if he possessed more than the one so touchingly displayed in his affection for his daughter,) so ably elaborated by Mr. Parton in what is unquestionably otherwise one of the best biographies of the



day. His character in childhood, as drawn by his mother, shows the germs of the developed man. The "dirty, noisy boy; sly and mischievous,—handsome, but not good tempered,—very resolute—and impatient of control;" grew up into the bold, bad man, who fixed his glistening eyes on whatever object in the distance he would gain, and strode on to its attainment, reckless of the hearts of women that he crushed, or the honour of men that he blighted in his career. *Self* was his only idol. The fame and lives of those that stood in his way, or were necessary to him as his instruments, were ruthlessly blackened or crushed out. Female chastity and manly honour, were to him words of no import, weighed in comparison with his own wishes. I do not even believe in the "remorse" with which he is said to have been self-tormented for the slaying of Hamilton. The latter stood in his way, and *must* be crushed out, and words subsequently let drop by Burr, more than once in alluding to the subject, indicate that, so far from entertaining "remorse" for his victim's death, he held it to be but a feeble and insufficient atonement for the offence of having opposed the course of his ambition. Washington himself, with that intuitive sagacity which never failed him or his country, mistrusted the dark and ambitious man. The profoundest intellect of that day,\* when "there were giants" in the land, though not entirely able to fathom his plans, pronounced him "dangerous," "an embryo Cæsar," "a cold blooded and determined conspirator," even before he had taken a single step forward in that career which was destined to end in so much ruin and devastation.

In his disgust and disappointment then, at the overthrow of his schemes for political elevation at home, Burr turned his eyes on the Spanish province of Mexico, whose rich and fertile soil, teeming with all the gorgeous luxuriance of a tropical vegetation, and whose exhaustless mountains, pouring annual ship loads of golden and silver tribute into the else empty

treasury of Spain, seemed a rich and fitting prize. The crown of that embryotic empire offered itself to his eager grasp, and would worthily deck the brows of himself and his posterity. The age seemed suited to such an enterprise. The glories and triumphs, the ambition and success of Napoleon filled the world with wonder and admiration. Why should not he too, found a new dynasty in this Western World, and construct an Empire? The hour and the opportunity were both at hand. What, to him, were the fortunes and happiness of Blannerhassett, the allegiance which Wilkinson and his army had sworn to the Republic, the lives of the rough and unlearned, but brave and resolute settlers of the backwoods, so he could but make them his instruments, and through them, attain his ends? He would surround his throne with Dukes and Marshals of the Empire. The pomp of Chivalry, the splendours of the East should be revived in his Court. Realms equally rich, and even more easy of spoil opened to the South, to whose conquest his successors might aspire. Perhaps nothing would check his victorious career, until he had traversed the Continent, and stood on that bold and stormy promontory, where the contending waters of the Atlantic and Pacific lash around Cape Horn.

In August, 1806 then, Burr, accompanied by his daughter, Mrs. Alston, that Theodosia, his love for whom seems, selfish as it was, to have been almost the only redeeming trait in his character, visited Blannerhassett's Island. The ball was at once set in motion. Boats, arms and provisions were purchased. Men were enrolled or enlisted, and instructed to rendezvous at various designated points on the banks of the Ohio. My aged room-mate on the steam-boat was one of them. He was to receive a hundred acres of land on the Washita, and money enough to stock his farms, at the end of the campaign, and this, he was assured, was but an earnest of the rich reward he might ultimately expect. Special agents

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\* Hamilton's Correspondence, &c.

were despatched to some points, to enlist recruits, others were visited by Burr in person. General Wilkinson, commanding the troops of the United States in the South West, was written to, but more openly and unreservedly than Blannerhassett and others had been approached. The correspondence with Wilkinson was conducted in a cypher\* known only to him and Burr, and the confidential nature of the intercourse between these two men indicates a very strong *probability*, if not more, that Wilkinson fully understood and approved all of Burr's plans. The inference that he was a double traitor, if treason against the United States ever had any real existence, seems inevitable, and Burr, to the day of his death, always asserted, in terms that admit of no ambiguity, that Wilkinson's complicity with him in all his plans, was absolute. Burr, too, be it remembered, was so utterly devoid of shunning the responsibility of any of his acts, and in his latter days, so absolutely indifferent to public opinion, that we cannot but yield our belief to his assertions on this point. It seems not improbable, too, that the British Ministry, of which Mr. Pitt was then the head, were not unfavorable to the project, and if a force under Burr had once succeeded in making good a foothold in Mexico, that material aid in ships and money might have been safely counted on.

About the time when these preparations were on foot, one of those now obsolete occurrences, a "General Muster," was held at the village of Marietta. Thither the stalwart sons of the backwoods congregated, with their wives and sweethearts. The regiment of militia paraded, and Colonel Burr, who took care to be present, was invited to conduct some of the evolutions. The rough backwoodsmen, to whom the details of Indian Warfare, and the rude scenes of a hunter's life were familiar things, but who were ignorant of regular tactics, were profoundly astonished at the knowledge

and acquirements of that man, who seemed to have at his fingers' ends, the military pedantries, and unintelligible technicalities of Baron Steuben. By the way, not a few men of more education than they, to this day, are astounded at the uncouth and affected phraseology in which the science of military operations is uselessly wrapped. A rough, but hearty frolic, characteristic of the time and place, with rustic "jigs" and "hoe-downs," and profusion of "pine-top" succeeded, and numbers of the hardy and adventurous youth of the country round-about, exhilarated by the frolic and the whiskey, and excited by the tempting rumors of wealth to be acquired, gladly enrolled themselves with the band destined for so alluring an enterprise. About this time Burr wrote to Wilkinson for "the commissions of four or five of his officers," to be gotten on any pretence he could invent. His object in this has never been divulged, but it has been conjectured that he proposed by their exhibition, in possession of certain of his associates, to convey the impression that his army of force was made under authority of the Government of the United States.

Soon after, Burr started on his way down the river to put in motion the boats and recruits engaged at various points, leaving Blannerhassett on the Island to expedite matters there, push on the men and provisions from Marietta and its vicinity, and join him at the mouth of the Cumberland River. But these movements had been conducted on so grand a scale, and their object had been so much discussed through the medium of the press, as to excite a general feeling of uneasiness and apprehension in the public mind. *Filibustering* was not so much in vogue then as it has gotten to be since, and met with by no means so much countenance from the public. Apprehensions too of an attempt at forcible dismemberment of the Union were rife, and whispers of treason on behalf of Wilkinson

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\* A specimen of this cypher may be seen in Safford's Life of Blannerhassett. The report current in the days of Anti-Masonry, that it (the cypher) was one of the secrets of the Brotherhood, is scandalously false.

and his troops added to the general uneasiness. The strong arm of the Federal Government was stretched out, its heavy hand laid upon the plot and the plotters, and under its weight the whole fabric crumbled into dust. Burr was arrested in Kentucky, released for want of evidence, and proceeded to the lower Mississippi to find Wilkinson, on whom he so much relied, who was to be "second to Burr alone" in the New Empire, among the most active of his foes. After various attempts to free himself from the toils now closing in on him from every side, he one dark night threw into the turbid flood of the Mighty River the chests of arms collected for the use of his command, and in the disguise of a waggoner, made his escape. His arrest in Alabama and conveyance to Richmond, his trial and technical acquittal, are familiar to all our readers. We will now return to the Island, and follow the course of events at that point.

A number of the citizens of Wood County, Virginia, were called out as militia under Colonel Phelps, to seize the stores and arms on the Island, and to arrest all parties connected with the enterprise of Burr. A portion of the militia of Ohio were also called into service in the vicinity of Marietta, and cannon were planted on the banks, to cut off the forces expected from above, with orders to seize the boats and stores of every kind, and to stop all suspicious craft descending the river. The *posse* from Virginia, who visited the Island, gave way to a spirit of the most lawless riot. Mrs. Blannerhassett was, at the time, absent from home, at Marietta, endeavouring to secure the means to rejoin her husband. The militia men broke into the cellars, which were abundantly stocked with choice wines and liquors. Free and unrestrained indulgence in these soon aroused the mischievous and destructive propensities of the lawless mob. They piled up into fantastic heaps, or broke to pieces, the costly furniture. They wantonly mutilated and defaced rare and valuable books

and paintings, shattered the broad mirrors and discharged their rifles into the ornaments of the ceiling. One brawny, whiskered fellow, of six feet high, was seen\* with a delicate French hat of Mrs. Blannerhassett's stuck atop his fiery poll, and a richly figured shawl thrown across his broad shoulders, while a stripling of seventeen, his eyes bloodshot with unwonted drink, and his unsteady feet scarce upholding him as he staggered about, was aping with drunken gravity, the gestures and protestations of an enamoured lover to the pseudo lady. The rare and well cultivated shrubbery was trampled down or torn up by the roots, horses were picketed amidst the flower beds, the fences and rails were torn down for firewood, and the spirit of wanton destruction was at its height, when Mrs. Blannerhassett suddenly appeared upon the scene. She had been unsuccessful in her attempt to recover possession of the private boat of the family, which had been seized with the others by the troops at Marietta, and in which she had purposed proceeding down the river to rejoin her husband. Such was her uneasiness at the peril impending over his head, that the wanton destruction of the home, and desecration of the hearth endeared to her by past years of happiness, scarcely excited any apparent emotion in her bosom. But the dignity of her bearing, and that national respect for her sex, which so often succeeds in checking American rowdyism before reaching the stage of ruffianism, restored a certain degree of order to the wild and riotous throng. They slunk back abashed and shame-faced, before the strength of her weakness, and her anxious and care-stricken beauty. The tall "Red-top" whisked the female finery off from his muscular limbs, and the drunken lover staggered into the bushes, to sleep away his debauch. At this juncture too, Col. Phelps, from "the Point" (now Parkersburg), the commander of the garrison of the Island, arrived from Wood County. Mortified and disgusted at the outrages perpetrated by his

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\* These particulars were communicated by an eye-witness.

command, he hastened to re-assure the lady, to apologize for the conduct of the men, and to promise hereafter protection and reparation. He also offered to do everything in his power to enable her to rejoin her husband, as she ardently wished. Her own boat having been seized by the authorities, as before related, Messrs. Nevilie and Robinson, two young gentlemen whose adventurous spirit had been aroused by the romance connected with the expedition, and who had descended the river from Pittsburg for the purpose of joining it, offered to fit up a room on their boat for Mrs. Blannerhassett and her children, which offer was eagerly and gratefully accepted, and she turned her back on that home which was home no longer.

The game was now played out. Burr and Blannerhassett, as well as other parties suspected of complicity with them, had been arrested and brought to Richmond for trial. The history of that memorable event is familiar to all our readers, and in this case we need do no more than allude to it cursorily. Notwithstanding the fiery eloquence of Wirt, the ingenuity and indefatigable exertions of Hay, and all the influence of the General Government, which was used unsparingly to secure a conviction, no overt acts amounting to treason, within the meaning of the Constitution, could be proven by the prosecution, and though the prisoners were held to bail to answer a charge of misdemeanor to be tried in Ohio, no subsequent steps were ever taken, and the matter which, for months, had agitated the country, was suffered to drop.

But the subject of this sketch was now a ruined man. He had advanced his means to their full extent in the purchase of arms, provisions, boats and necessaries for the expedition, and had placed considerable sums of cash in the hands of Burr, in some cases receiving his notes of hand, with the endorsement of Mr. Allston for the amounts so advanced; but generally without any security whatever. He had also incurred heavy debts in his own name, in the vicinity of his home, as well as in Ken-

tucky and Mississippi for the benefit of the enterprise, and these liabilities now came upon him altogether, and with crushing weight. His fortune, already much impaired by the expenditures upon his island, was totally inadequate to the demands upon it, and his numerous creditors, armed with all the enginery of legal warfare, pursued him with rapacious vigour. His library and philosophical instruments and other property were attached and sold, and under the Virginia Statute in such cases, by a writ of *elegit*, the estate on the Island, the scene where his family had enjoyed so many happy years, was "extended," that is, taken in possession by one of the Kentucky creditors until his claim should be satisfied out of the rents and profits, who planted the lands in hemp, using the mansion house itself, now dismantled and defaced by the mob who had recently held possession of it, as a store-house for the crop. One winter's night, several of the negroes employed on the farm in the culture and subsequent manipulation of the hemp, proceeded with a light to the cellar in search of whisky. By some accident they communicated fire to the inflammable material with which the rooms were stored, and in a few hours the beautiful mansion was a heap of smouldering ruins. A few fruit trees, a rose bush or two, descendants of the number which once loaded the atmosphere with fragrance, and a small pile of stones, probably remains of a chimney, are all that now serve to point out the spot, where was once the dwelling of genius and refinement which, left to produce its natural effect upon the ruder society that surrounded it, would have leavened the mass, and made the name of Blannerhassett widely known and respected.

Reduced from opulence to indigence, unfitted by his previous pursuits and habits of life, for the rough struggle with the world now necessary to existence, with a helpless family looking to him for support, and deprived by the last fell stroke of fortune, of the means lately so ample, Blannerhassett knew not which way to turn. Burr and Allston, to whom and for whose benefit he had used his

means and credit with an unsparing hand, utterly ignored his claims for relief, or at least, that they should sustain their proportion of the pecuniary losses of that enterprise, in the success of which they were to have been the principal gainers. So far as Burr was concerned, payment of a debt, of any nature whatever, was utterly hopeless. Bankrupt in purse as in character, he had never, even in his prosperous days, been noted for fidelity to obligations, or gratitude for services. Allston indeed was wealthy, and to him Blannerhasset wrote, demanding that the sum of \$35,000 for which Allston had pledged himself on Burr's behalf should be paid, coupling the demand with threats of a more public *eclaircissement* than had yet been made of "the details of the conspiracy." To what extent he was successful, we do not certainly know, but it is certain that a few thousands of dollars were paid to him, which he invested in the purchase of a cotton plantation in Mississippi.

To this he retired, in the hope of repairing his cruelly shattered fortunes. His faithful wife, who seems to have been much the superior of her husband in the energy and elasticity of her temper, as well as in tact and management, devoted herself untiringly to the supervision of their new interests. In the field or in the household, her activity never wearied, her exertions never relaxed, and fortune seemed about to smile once more upon the family. But the war of 1812, and the famous "O-Grab-Me," as the wags of that day ana-grammatized the embargo measures of Mr. Madison, interposed, and amid the convulsion which swallowed up the general agricultural interests of the country, Blannerhasset was wrecked again, along with thousands of much stronger men than he, and after a few abortive and aimless efforts to sustain himself, he folded his arms, in despair, not in resignation, to sink beneath the waves which opened to engulf him.

A friendly hand however was stretched out to his aid, and the unfortunate man was again rescued, for a time. An old friend and comrade, holding then a high official position in Canada, offered Blannerhasset a judgeship in a petty Court, which he accepted. But a change of ministry at home removed his friend from office, and on his arrival in Montreal, Blannerhasset found himself again destitute of means or opportunities. Broken in health, and now hopeless of success on that continent where, a quarter of a century before, rich in mind, body, and estate, in the flush of youthful enthusiasm, he and his young wife had hoped to pass many years of tranquil happiness, the wanderer determined to return to the land of his birth, and in 1822 he sailed for Great Britain, with the intention of prosecuting some claim which had long lain dormant in his family. The hope however proved fallacious.

His old associate and friend, the Marquis of Anglesea, who had reaped laurels and substantial honours on the recent field of Waterloo, was then at the head of the Board of Ordnance in England. To him, as a last resort, Blannerhasset applied for patronage and assistance in bringing some real or fancied invention to government notice.\* But the Circumlocution Office existed then, as now, and his application met the usual fate. Sickened by delay, disheartened by repeated failures, and hopeless of the future, the weary wanderer at length retired to the Island of Guernsey, and there, in 1831, "in the sixty-third year of his age, with his head softly pillowed on that bosom which for thirty-four years had throbbed in perfect unison with his own," the ruined, worn-out exile, at last found a permanent resting place.

Thus ended the career of a man, whose talents and opportunities, better directed, might have made his life honoured and his death regretted. But the fatal weakness of his character, and, perhaps, a

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\* Blannerhasset had been engaged, during his residence on the island, in experiments for the purpose of converting animal muscle into *adipocere*, under the impression that he could make a preparation of the latter substance available as a substitute for spermaceti.



lack of that strong principle which can alone render talents or opportunities valuable to their possessor, made him the blind instrument of an unscrupulous and selfish traitor. His biographer, Mr. Safford, to whose kind courtesy I am largely indebted for many of the facts recounted in this sketch, seems to have comprehended the character and career of the man better than any one else who has touched upon it, and to his interesting book I would commend my readers.

Shortly after her husband's death, Mrs. Blannerhassett determined to return to the United States for the purpose of claiming indemnity from the Government for the wanton and unnecessary destruction of her husband's property, while in the occupation of the militia. Her claim was certainly just. Her memorial for relief is touching in its simple dignity and meekness. Her statement of damage done, and destruction committed, by the act or under the authority of the United States, was amply substantiated. Mr. Clay, in presenting her petition, made one of his most eloquent appeals. The Committee, to whom it was referred, made a favourable report, and doubtless tardy justice would have been done, but Death interposed, and the hands of a few simple but kind-hearted Irish emigrants laid the remains of the once loved and envied favourite of Fortune in a nameless grave.\*

But even here, her memory was not permitted to rest in peace. A false, unfounded and cowardly attack was made a few years after her death upon the good name of Mrs. Blannerhassett, in the columns of an Ohio newspaper. Her reputation was assailed in the grossest terms, and her husband's association with Burr imputed to her influence over him, exerted on account of a criminal connection with Burr on her part. A fouler slander was never penned, nor one more wanton and unprovoked. I have now before me letters from various gentlemen, whose names, were it necessary to publish them, are sufficient guarantee for their reliability. These gentlemen were

intimates of Mrs. Blannerhassett and her family, and knowing to all the facts of their acquaintance with Burr, and their indignant refutation of the calumny sets the matter absolutely at rest. Says one of them, "At the time that Blannerhassett became involved in the treason of Aaron Burr, it was rumored that Burr had seduced Mrs. B., and that through her influence her husband was induced to join his projects. Burr was a man disposed to, and capable of committing such a crime, but in this case he had no opportunity of so doing. During his first visit to the West, he was but an hour or two on the Island, and during the second, Mr. and Mrs. B. were East of the mountains. When I heard Mr. Wirt deliver the speech in which he described Mrs. B., the Island and its inhabitants, although his style was somewhat poetic, I was impressed with the truthfulness of his delineations."

It is unnecessary to say more upon this subject, but it would be doing injustice to the memory of a lady who, in all the relations of life, as a faithful wife and devoted mother, was worthy of admiration and imitation, to have said less. Her honest name was all, out of her former abundance, that she had to leave her sons, and it was a foul and unworthy act to rob them of that. A complete and elaborate refutation of the calumny was prepared in 1850, by her husband's biographer, but never published. He has kindly placed it in the writer's hands, "to use in whole or in part, as he may desire," but this sketch has already grown to an inconvenient length.

Although somewhat irrelevant to our purpose in preparing this paper, we may as well here refer to certain paragraphs which have been lately going the rounds of the press, relative to the alleged death-bed confession, quite recently, in Texas somewhere, of a sailor who is represented to have stated that he was present as one of a private crew that plundered and scuttled the vessel on which Theodosia, the daughter whose love and fidelity almost redeems the father's infamy, had

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\* Mrs. Blannerhassett was buried in an obscure cemetery in the city of New York.



taken passage from Charleston for New York. Whether this be true or not, such a rumour is not new. An execution of pirates took place at Norfolk, some score of years since, at which one of the sufferers made a similar confession. Such a supposition, or rumour, also had currency at the time of Mrs. Allston's loss. Burr discredited it: so does his last biographer. Whether these several rumours are from independent sources, and as such tending to corroborate each other, or whether they are all repetitions or variations of the same original, we cannot probably ever decide.

Half a century has passed over our history since the days of which we write. Two generations of actors have successively occupied the stage since the men and women connected with "Burr's treason" played their parts upon it, and to most of us it is a forgotten story. But it is well to tell it over again, if for no other reason, to make us ask ourselves the question, wherein do we differ from our grandfathers? Then the rumour that a man, or a party, proposed as one of the steps in a projected enterprise, anything which could be construed into a scheme for dismemberment of the Union," filled the land with horror and consternation.

The whole nation stood erect as one man, to overthrow and crush the "Treason;" and not one of those, once high in the Senate or the Camp, who were tainted with this plague-spot of suspicion, was ever again placed by his countrymen in a situation of honour or trust. How is it to-day? We daily hear the value of the Union estimated, see its laws nullified, the decisions of its highest legal tribunal scoffed and derided by every fanatic or demagogue whose pet "isms" they may interfere with, and we are not horrified. Were our ancestors better men and purer patriots than we, or has over-familiarity with the features of the monster, so hated and dreaded by them, glozed over their repulsiveness and converted their hideousness into beauties?

Years and generations, since the period of our theme, have been numbered with the past, but its traces may still be read by the observant eye. Thus does generation after generation roll and break upon the shores of Time; yet each wave in the ceaseless tide leaves its ripple-mark indelibly impressed upon the beach, and the political geologist of the future will be able to trace each one in the sands laid down by the past.

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## SONNET.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

The West is one great sea of cloudy fire,  
 Above the horizon flaming in a flood  
 Of such thick glory, that the Autumn wood  
 Towers in the splendor like a burning pyre  
 Built in the heat of sacrificial ire,  
 In honour of some fierce Divinity,  
 Some barbarous god of dreadful brow and eye  
 Red with the fumes of slaughter, and the dire  
 Designs he fosters in his evil might;  
 It burns and burns from shadowy mountain base,  
 Slow smouldering upwards to the loftiest height,  
 Whereon the feigned flames with sunset die,  
 But not in darkness, for the radiant grace  
 Of Eve, and Eve's calm Planet shame the night.

## Editor's Cable.

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Another volume of the MESSENGER is brought to a close with the present number, and the occasion invites us to address a few words to our readers, to some of whom (we rejoice that the number is small) the magazine will hereafter ceased to be forwarded. In taking leave of the latter, let us confidently express the hope that they have not found the *Messenger* unworthy of their approval, though this is no longer to be substantially bestowed. In reviewing our pages for the past year, (albeit the Editor could wish that his own department were wittier and wiser,) we have reason to feel that we have afforded our subscribers a fair equivalent for their money, and while we therefore disclaim any obligation to them arising out of the relation of patron and publisher, we have none but the kindest wishes to express for them, in the way of *l'envoi*. A merry Christmas to you, dear discontinuing reader, and may the issue now sent to you inspire you with a lingering respect for the periodical you have determined to stop, last impressions, according to some authorities, being even more durable than first.

With so much of farewell, we may profitably improve the opportunity of disabusing the public mind of an idea, which our excellent friends of the newspaper press, with the best possible intentions, have largely assisted in making prevalent. That idea is this, that the *Messenger* appeals to Southern support solely on the ground of its Southern character, without reference to its literary excellence, and even with a consciousness of its inferiority to other publications of a similar kind. Now we desire to be distinctly understood as disavowing all claim to the favour of the Southern people because this magazine is published in a Southern State, and its proprietors are Virginians. Our aim has been to maintain an organ of Southern sentiment intrinsically deserving the patronage of our people, and we refer to the volumes of the *Southern Literary Messenger* for ten years past to show that we have not failed therein. We ask no one to subscribe to the *Messenger* as a matter of charity; if the

work is really not worth Three Dollars a year, surely it is no longer creditable to our Southern culture, and we wish the *Messenger* to live not one moment beyond the day when it may fair challenge the respect of even unfriendly criticism and stand before the world as a fit representative of the Southern intellect. Let the work drift quite away from human recognition into the shadowy Hades of departed periodicals, before it becomes a mere pensioner upon literary almsgiving, and in so doing ceases to reflect the independent tone, not less than the educated opinion, of the South. We neither defer to other magazines as worthier recipients of public regard than our own, nor do we arrogate a superiority over any, Mrs Malaprop herself was not less tolerant of comparisons than we are, but it would be doing injustice to the thoughtful and gifted men and women who make up the *matériel* of the *Messenger* did we hesitate to declare that the work is eminently worthy of the generous encouragement of the Southern public. And claiming this, we submit that it should be supported, unless the people of our section of the Union are content to remain forever in mental vassalage to the North.

And now having placed the magazine upon its proper footing, we salute our ancient constituency with cordial good will in anticipation of the festive season which will come round before we shall again pay them our customary respects. Personally, the Editor has reason to be grateful for the uniform kindness and consideration with which his own efforts to make the magazine attractive have been received, and to those many unseen but well-beloved friends in various parts of the country, who have given him assurances of their sympathy and support, he would return his best thanks. The *Messenger* has never been surrounded by abler writers than at the present moment, and if no long list of distinguished names is paraded in its prospectus, the fact is due to a conviction on the part of the proprietors that the real merit of a literary magazine should be sought rather in itself than in the *prestige*

of great reputations or in lavish professions of future excellence. *En Avant!*

✓ It was said not very long ago, by a member of the British House of Commons, of Mr. Lowe, the worthy member for Kidderminster and one of the Editors of the *London Times*, that he was easily enough managed in debate on the floor, but that when he went back to Printing House Square, after a discussion, and made his speech over again to the public in the editorial columns of his powerful journal, he had greatly the advantage over his Parliamentary opponents. In like manner, the editors of the *New York Tribune* enjoy a certain very decided advantage in having the use of a widely-circulated newspaper to defend all their vagaries and offences, in politics or literature, out of the legitimate sphere of journalism. We do not consider the *Tribune* by any means as puissant as the *London Times*. It is not altogether as terrible or as tonitrous as the great Olympian across the water. Yet, as it speaks to a very large number of the people of the Northern States, it furnishes its directors with a most convenient medium of replying to hostile criticism or damaging comment. We have heretofore seen repeatedly the effect with which they employ it for this purpose, and we are not surprised therefore when Mr. Dana comes forward as editor of the *Tribune* to uphold Mr. Dana as compiler of the *Household Book of Poetry*.

In a long editorial article in that newspaper for November the 20th, the practised and dexterous journalist endeavors to shift the issue between himself and his critics, by maintaining that the *Household Book of Poetry* is a valuable collection of the best poems in the English language. Now this proposition, so far as we know, has not been disputed. A volume which contains *Comus*, *Alexander's Feast*, *The Cotter's Saturday Night*, the *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, *The Deserted Village*, the *Ode on Immortality*, and several hundred other pieces endeared to the heart of all who can enjoy English literature, and which commends itself to us by beautiful typography and the judicious arrangement of its contents, must be valuable—*cela va sans dire*. Nor has any one called in question

Mr. Dana's scholarship and general fitness for the task of compiling such a work. What we and others have declared is this, that possessing the requisite knowledge, and having at his command all the materials for a satisfactory performance of the labour he had voluntarily assumed, Mr. Dana has permitted his bitter sectional prejudices to influence him in the selection and rejection of American poetry, whereby he has unjustly ignored a large body of poetical writers in the slave-holding States, and altogether failed in his purpose "to comprise within a single volume whatever is truly beautiful and admirable among the minor poems of the English language."

We have already noted some of the omissions of Mr. Dana, and perhaps it is not necessary again to refer to them, but we may observe that by excluding a writer from the "*Household Book*," according to the terms of his own preface, he virtually declares that he has written nothing "truly beautiful and admirable." Now we submit that this is a most sweeping and unwarrantable sentence against many gifted men and women in the slave-holding section of the Union who have gladdened the world by the outpourings of genuine inspiration. According to Mr. Dana, there is not a line of excellence, not an image of beauty in the lyrics of George D. Prentice, nothing worthy of preservation in the numerous poems of Wm. Gilmore Simms, no ray of genius in the compositions of Albert Pike, no glory or joy in the fine Sonnets and noble Odes of Paul H. Hayne. We appeal from Mr. Dana to the mass of American readers against such a proscription. "The Closing Year," the "Hymn to the Gods," the "Ode to Sleep," and the "Songs of the South" *passim* conclusively establish its injustice. We might multiply instances of this sort in the names of other Southern poets, but those we have mentioned are enough to show the narrow spirit in which the *Household Book of Poetry* has been compiled.

Mr. Dana says in the *Tribune*, with delightful *naïveté*,

"Since the outcry was raised against 'The Household Book' we have looked through it with some care, and find in it at least forty-nine of every fifty pieces of which we would have such a work composed."

Is it possible? Remarkable, truly, that a volume which the journalist himself has edited should, upon examination, prove to be just what that journalist would desire it! Strange that Mr. Dana in the editorial rooms of the *Tribune* should have the same tastes and preferences among the poets which he had in his private library! But the editor goes on to submit a test by which we may ascertain the impartiality of his judgments. He would have a jury of negro-traders in Charleston examined upon belles-lettres, and the relative claims of Bryant and Simms submitted to their decision. Scarcely one of them, he asserts, but would be able to hum a stave of "Marion's men," or recite a few lines of "Thanatopsis," while none would have ever heard of their native poet. We strongly incline to the opinion that among such a jury as little would be known of any poetry, foreign or domestic, as among twelve Yankee pedlars collected at a Southern Court House, and constrained for a season to leave their "notions" in the wagon, while they should respond to a Professor of æsthetics in a catechetical examination upon English verse. Doubtless the latter set of traders would exhibit an ignorance of Mr. Longfellow's hexameters as utter and as deplorable as the former's want of familiarity with Mr. Simms' songs, and would rejoice when the questioning was over and they could get back to their Connecticut time-pieces and their ligneous nutmegs. Admitting for a moment the fairness and efficiency of a jury test, we should like to select a dozen school girls, in their teens, from any part of the Northern States, either Massachusetts or Minnesota, the oldest or the youngest member of our confederacy, and ask them if they had ever heard of a certain little ballad, beginning

Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?

upon the wager that all of them would instantly begin to sing it. And when they had shown their acquaintance with this 'household' song, we should like to take Mr. Dana a box of Partaga cigars and a dozen of Cabinet Johannisberger that not a girl of them had seen a certain Egyptian Serenade which, as it is not a very long affair, we will give here in full—

Sing again the song you sung  
When we were together young—  
When there were but you and I  
Underneath the summer sky.

Sing the song and o'er and o'er,  
Though I know that nevermore  
Will it seem the song you sung  
When we were together young.

We trust our readers are duly impressed with the grace and pathos of this wonderful effusion, which Mr. Dana thinks so much more "truly beautiful and admirable" than "Ben Bolt," that he has given it a place in the "Household Book" to the exclusion of that sweet and popular ballad. Possibly the reader will agree with us in attributing sectional bias to Mr. Dana, when we tell him that the Egyptian Serenade, (why Egyptian? oh my How-adjil!) was written by Mr. George William Curtis, a person who commends himself to Mr. Dana's consideration, poetical, æsthetical, journalistic, and otherwise, in having spoken of the Southern people, on repeated occasions, in terms of the most vulgar and rancorous abuse. But the reader may, perhaps, ask in painful anxiety, whether this Serenade is the only evidence of Mr. Curtis's poetic ability, and, if not, where the other emanations of so "truly beautiful and admirable" a poet may be found? We are happy in being able to answer the eager inquiry and dispel the distressing doubt. Mr. Curtis's Complete Poetical Works may be seen flapping from the Park railings and disposed for sale around the Tombs in New York City. He is credibly the gifted man that turns metropolitan sorrows into poetic form for the benefit of the million, and versifies the sad story of John Dean and His Mary Ann for the tuneful ear and delicate sensibilities of the Bowery. Bravo, Mr. Curtis! Write more of the same sort, oh lotus-crowned laureate!

Sing again the song you sung  
When poor Rogers he was hung,  
Which it was a gallows strain—  
Give it to us, George, again.

Sing the song and o'er and o'er,  
Though we know that nevermore  
Will it seem the song you sung  
When poor Rogers he was hung.

But recurring to the jury test of Mr.

Dana, from which for a while the contemplation of "a thing of beauty," such as the "Egyptian Serenade," has diverted us, we must say that in general the degree of popularity which a poem attains in the United States is, by no means, the criterion of its merit, and that because the large majority of our people are unacquainted with a poet we cannot fairly decide that he is wanting in "the vision and the faculty divine." And why? The answer is simple. For many years, the making of school-books has been in the hands of Northern men, who have industriously filled the Compendiums of Literature, the Rhetorical Readers and the Elocutionist's Manuals, with selections from the Northern poets, never admitting into their pages a line written by a Southern pen. The result is that the poets of the North are known, while the poets of the South are unknown even to the school-children of our own latitude. The verses of many New England bards are recited at Academy Exhibitions, and held up, with the pieces of Collins and Gray, as models of poetical composition, while the minstrels of South Carolina may in vain expect to obtain a hearing. If the poems of Bryant are far more widely esteemed than those of Simms, the result is due, therefore, not to their superiority so much as to the fact that they are in the hands of every school-boy in the country beneath the lids of his Common-place Book, while the only circulation enjoyed by the South Carolina verses, apart from the volumes in which they are brought out, is in the columns of the Southern newspaper.

But we have said, perhaps, more than enough about the *Household Book of Poetry*. That it is an agreeable and valuable work, we were among the first to admit, but that in compiling it, the Editor did not purposely shut out Southern poets, the *New York Tribune* can never make us believe.

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The recent Annual Fair of the Virginia Mechanics' Institute was signalized by the opening of a new Hall in the City of Richmond. The building is a commodious one, and is designed, in addition to its specific purposes as a place of exhibition for the Institute, to accommodate the Richmond

Library Company and the Virginia Historical Society with suitable apartments for the preservation of their valuable collections. The very large crowds that thronged the Fair room during the three weeks the beautiful industrial and mechanical show of 1858 was open to the public, attested the growing prosperity of the association. For a series of nights, towards the close of the Exhibition, addresses were delivered by Ex-President Tyler, Rev. Mr. Duncan, Rev. Mr. Peterson of Petersburg, T. H. Wynne, Esq., of Richmond, and others. From one of these interesting efforts, by A. J. CRANE, Esq., and as yet unpublished, we have been permitted to take the following eloquent passage—

Horace sang with some strain of sadness—whom Longfellow has followed—"Art is long and Life is fleeting;" but had Horace lived until this day he would have changed the burden of his song and said: "Life is fleeting—Art eternal"—eternal as the winds, progressive as the waves. Right earnestly then, and full joyously may we accord honour to labour, praise to skill, and homage to art. Honour then, and peans of song to the studious mind, that laboriously struggles to conceive, through long and wearisome nights and oftentimes through days of privation and neglect, new combinations of useful, beautifying and ennobling art. Honour and anthems of praise to the laborious and cunning hand that fashions into useful form the conceptions of creative genius which bless and humanise, and civilise, and Christianise mankind. Honour to the earnest thinker and useful worker of every age and every land: from the half brutalised Tubal Cain, the Latin Vulcan and first artificer in metals and inventor of musical instruments, to the humane and persevering Fulton, who forced through the invisible pores of the iron giant the electric might of steam and made it move with the precision of automatic life, and beat the ocean with its ponderous wheels, or skirt the valleys and skip the mountains with its viewless footsteps; from Archimedes to Morse, from Aristotle to Bacon, from Copernicus to Galileo, from Franklin to Daguerre, from Moses and Herodotus to Macaulay and Bancroft, from Homer to Shakspeare, all honour and praise and ever grateful remembrance to the brain or hand of him who has thought or toiled for mankind. All reverently I say it, these and such as these are the saints and martyrs of the church where art and science and mechanism so meekly commune. They



are the Russells and Hampdens and Washingtons and Madisons of the Great Republic of intellectual and physical progress. How little do we recognise our constant obligations to these pioneers and martyrs in science, learning and mechanic arts; we accept most commonly the good the persevering labour and skill of antecedent generations have secured for us, as a matter of right, and while we enjoy with avidity and zest the physical comforts or intellectual pleasures their genius and toil have transmitted to us, we little care to reckon how we came by them, beyond the paltry pence we pay as a present price, from day to day, for them. We disdain, or are too reckless to remember, standing as we fancy we do, upon the very apex of social and physical civilization and refinement, that from the first history of man till now, our progress in civilization and art has been a succession of slow and painful marches, step by step, from the first floor of herb-carpeted earth for a bed, with a roof of boughs for a covering, to the splendid many-chambered houses now so common; from the first stone-baked roots and plants, or half-roasted flesh, with bark or leaves for dishes, to the rich viands with their amplitude of costly and beautiful appliances under which our modern tables smile; from the rude hut, or cave, to the neatly furnished modern house. We scorn to think that our dwellings, be they of wood or brick, or stone, are just so many advanced gradations from the common earth, out of which, either primarily or in a secondary form, they came. We disdain to remember that all our furniture and cattle, and jewels and fine goods, and all that we are proud to call our wealth, came either directly or indirectly out of the very earth we tread under our feet, from its surface or its bowels—and that to Providence first, and to the slow and painful marches of human intellect, and to the persevering labours of human hands afterward, we are indebted for these so common and yet so indispensable appliances of life. Look around you.—This stately building! It came from the earth—it is but a highly improved modification of the cairn of the Gael, or the kraal of the Hottentot, or the wigwam of the Indian. Its wood-work, its iron work? they came from the earth. These various things of hardy use or luxurious ease; whether of gold or silver or precious stones, whether from animal or vegetable life. Nay, my fair young Miss, or my brisk young gentleman, the very clothes you wear and the adornments of your person which you bear so complacently—all, all—all you see, all you eat, all you wear, sprang from the great fecundating mother of us all, the very earth we trample on with so light and careless a tread. Everything which we call pro-

perty—everything we use from necessity, or praise for beauty, all are the children or grand-children of our mother Earth. Is it, Miss, the ring you wear, that glitters with a brilliant stone? Long before Tubal Cain welded the glowing copper or brass of which his implements were made, or cut and trimmed the reed to the utterance of sweet sounds, the gold of it lay hid amid the clay and gravel of the soil—and the stone helped to form the bed of some gurgling brook in India or Brazil, or lay with the coral under the briny wave. The goldsmith and the lapidary have *created* nothing for you; they have only learned from the skill and labour of past ages how to fashion it to fit your tiny, rose-tipped finger; and Nature, older than Art, has bidden some young gentleman, or kind papa, to place it there. Or this picture above me? the canvas and the wood, through vegetation, came from the earth; the paints from the earth, either in mineral or vegetable form; the gilding from the mines; the skill that fashioned it alone was man's. From the earth then comes all the raw material for art and mechanism to employ themselves upon; and alas, though *art* is eternal, the objects of it are not so in their present estate. They obey the great law, and whether of iron or stone, or wood, they crumble slowly or speedily back to earth. This is the law of the present dispensation of the world. Reproduction, from age to age, of ideas and plastic forms, and mechanical implements, must go on to keep alive the eternity of art. Generation follows generation. invention follows invention, ever crumbling and reproducing. Man adds nothing, not an atom, to the sum of material things upon the globe. To dig, to cut, to quarry, and to delve, to fashion, to mould, to remodel and furbish and retouch what he finds beneath and around him, is the allotted limit of his genius and his strength. The generation that precedes him prepares his cradle, the one that succeeds him furnishes his tomb, whether he employ himself upon the improvement of his powers within, or upon the objects of sense that lie without him, cultivation and improvement are alone his privilege. Here his pride and his power are stayed. His vainest wishes and his proudest thoughts are fettered to these limits.

No, no, plume ourselves as we may upon our art, deck ourselves as we may in our fine fabrics, glory as we may in our skill, we can create nothing. All existed in Nature before us. In the realm of natural substance, or in the domain of thought, we are but tardy settlers of a later day. All truth emanates from God; all Nature preceded our coming. We only borrow for a while from the one, or appropriate for a day from the other. Said La Harpe, in



expressive French: "All subjects are in Nature; they belong to those who treat of them the best." To this I add, whether in material or intellectual life, we only appropriate and modify forms of substance, or of thought, the existence of which antedates the advent of man upon the earth.

This view, though tending to humble, tends not also to degrade us. To the eye of reflection, it points out the almost illimitable expanse of man's capacity. It intimates eternal progress as the law of his future state, knowing and yet never ceasing to know, thinking and admiring yet never ceasing to think and admire. If then we may rightly give honour and praise to the human thinker and worker, though this place where I stand be not consecrated ground, and the lips which utter it are not hallowed, the occasion befits, and may I not appropriately close with the sentiment, "Supreme Honour and Praise and thanks be to Him, the *only Creator*, God over all. Blessed forever!"

There is a strain of mingled sweetness and pathos in the lines which follow, like that which subdues us in funereal music or in the finest elegiac poetry. They came to us from a contributor of long ago, with the request that they should be published in the place they now occupy—a column of our Editor's Table—

#### REST.

Lay him gently to his rest—  
Fold his pale hands on his breast;  
From his brow,  
Oh, how cold and marble fair—

Softly part the tangled hair :  
Look upon him now !  
As a weary child he lies,  
With the quiet dreamless eyes  
O'er which the lashes darkly sweep,  
And on his lip the quiet smile  
The soul's adieu to earthly strife,  
And on his face the deep repose  
We never saw in life.  
Peaceful be his rest, and deep ;  
Let him sleep !

No tears for him—he needs them not.  
Along life's drear and toilsome road  
Firmly his manly footsteps trode  
Striving to bear his weary lot,  
With such a pride upon his brow,  
With such a pain within his heart;—  
The firmness of the manly will  
Veiling the secret smart.  
Oh, it is well the strife is o'er,  
That thus so peacefully he lies,  
Unheeding now the bitter words,  
The cold un pitying eyes.  
Fold his mantle o'er his breast—  
Peaceful be his sleep and blest.  
Let him rest !

No sigh to breath above his bier,  
No tear to stain the marble brow.  
Only with tender, pitying love,  
Only with faith that looks above,  
We gaze upon him now.  
No thought of toil and suffering past—  
But joy to think the task is done ;  
The heavy cross at last laid down,  
The crown of glory won.  
Oh, bear him gently to his rest—  
Oh gently heap the flowery sod,  
And leave his body to the dust,  
His spirit to his God !

## Notices of New Works.

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE,  
or *Every Man his own Boswell*. By OLIVER  
WENDELL HOLMES. Boston: Phillips,  
Sampson & Co. [From A. Morris, 97  
Main Street.

Criticism is not demanded by this genial, witty, wise, scholarly and truthful volume, it calls for praise only. We need not trouble ourselves with assigning it the rank it should occupy by right in the literature of the age—the work will assert for itself its proper position, and its author will live among the kindly and humorous essayists of all time, the Montaignes and Lambs whom after generations delight in admiring. If Swift was said with reason to be the soul of Rabelais dwelling in a dry

place—*anima Rabelaisi habitans in sicco*—the Autocrat is a more decorous and sympathetic Sterne, the Sterne of Uncle Toby and the Story of Le Fevre, walking in the haunts of the muses and the Poet's Pleasaunce, and gifted with the vision of the true poet to discern the beautiful everywhere around us, in town and country, in solitude and society, in books and painting and music; for whatsoever is pure and honest and lovely and of good report is recognized by him and commended in his charming prose and exquisite poetry. The author's command over the language is truly autocratic; his style has all the pomp of De Quincey and all the quaintness of Carlyle—he clothes a thought in magnificent drapery or he presents it in a

form as severe as sculpture, according to the necessities of the subject or his own passing caprice. If we should be asked what has impressed us most in the work, we should say its subtle illustrations of mental philosophy wherein the author has exhibited his keen insight into human character and interpreted the emotional side of life without employing the jargon of the schools—teaching our relations to time and place without the constant introduction of those horrid words, the *conditioned* and the *unconditioned*, *subjective* and *objective*, against the use of which there ought to be a pledge of total abstinence among literary men. As an example at once of the Autocrat's descriptive powers and of his success in revealing the significance of natural objects, let us give a short passage (we are sorry our limits will not permit us to make it longer) concerning the Ocean and the Mountains—

"I have lived by the sea-shore and the mountains. No, I am not going to say which I like best. The one where your place is, is the best for you. But this difference there is: you can domesticate mountains, but the sea is *feræ naturæ*. You may have a hut, or know the owner of one, on the mountain side; you see a light half-way up its ascent in the evening, and you know there is a home, and you might share it. You have noted certain trees, perhaps; you know the particular zone where the hemlocks look so black in October, when the maples and beeches have faded. All its reliefs and intaglios have electrotyped themselves in the medallions that hang round the walls of your memory's chamber. The sea remembers nothing. It is feline. It licks your feet—its huge flanks purr very pleasantly for you; but it will crack your bones and eat you, for all that, and wipe the crimsoned foam from its jaws as if nothing had happened. The mountains have a grand, stupid, lovable tranquillity; the sea has a fascinating treacherous intelligence. The mountains lie about like huge ruminants, their broad backs awful to look upon, but safe to handle. The sea smooths its silver scales until you cannot see their joints; but their shining is that of a snake's belly, after all. In deeper suggestiveness I find as great a difference. The mountains dwarf mankind, and foreshorten the procession of its long generations. The sea drowns out humanity and time; it has no sympathy with either; for it belongs to eternity, and of that it sings its monotonous song forever and ever."

Of the poems in the volume, which are numerous and varied enough to establish a reputation for any man, we must say a word or two. Some of them seem to us

quite perfect, as for instance, the little gem of "Stars and Flowers," others—we are referring to the serious one—are marred by the very quality which constitutes the chief excellence of the author's prose, compactness, losing thereby both melody of rhythm and clearness of meaning. "The Two Armies" is a case in point. In this charming poem, a desire to make the antithesis in arraying the forces of Love and Valor as terse as possible, has rendered the 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th stanzas a little obscure and unmusical. A circumlocution, which should have avoided the pronoun, would have made them more immediately intelligible and more agreeable to our own ear. We say nothing here of the humorous poems, because of all who write verse with fun in it, Dr. Holmes is *facile princeps* in the English language. Passing by, therefore, the "One Hoss Shay" and "The Prologue," let us, before dismissing the Autocrat, quote a stanza or two with which our brain has been sweetly haunted since the first reading of these papers in the *Atlantic Monthly*. "The Anatomist's Hymn" is beautiful exceedingly both in conception and execution. The poet versifies, with great descriptive felicity, the Scriptural truth that we are "fearfully and wonderfully made," and drawing from the contemplation of that strange and sublime organism of veins and arteries, sinews and muscles, nerves and tissues which so many eminent men have studied undevoutly, a more vivid idea of the Master of all, he thus reverently pleads—

"O Father! grant thy love divine  
To make these mystic temples thine!  
When wasting age and wearying strife  
Have sapped the leaning walls of life,  
When darkness gathers over all,  
And the last tottering pillars fall,  
Take the poor dust Thy mercy warms  
And mould it into heavenly forms!"

Surely this is very noble, but the lines on the "Chambered Nautilus" please us more than any other of the Autocrat's poems. We should like to quote it entire, but space forbids. The poet describes one of those little inhabitants of the deep which build year after year a new chamber to the spiral shell they occupy, and thus moralizes upon it—

"Thanks for the heavenly message brought  
by thee,  
Child of the wandering sea,  
Cast from her lap forlorn!  
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born  
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn!  
While on mine ear it rings,  
Through the deep caves of thought I hear  
a voice that sings:—


"Build thee more stately mansions, O my  
soul,  
As the swift seasons roll!  
Leave thy low-vaulted past!  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more  
vast,  
Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's un-  
resting sea!"

Let us be thankful that we live in the same age and country with an author so competent to instruct and cheer and improve us as *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*. We should be glad to have his conversations at the dinner table as well, and we hope to hear from him ere long again.

The past month has been a season of comparative quiet in the Book Trade, few new works, except those designed for the holidays, having been issued from the press. We may notice in a single paragraph, for convenience' sake, what has reached us of interest and novelty. To Mr. Geo. M. West, 145 Main Street, we are indebted for *The Four Sisters*, a fresh domestic story by Frederika Bremer, which has just been published by T. B. Peterson of Philadelphia. Miss Bremer's admirers, and she still has many, will be glad to greet her once more as a writer of pure fiction, in which she succeeds much better than in the domain of travel, where her sketches were mingled fact and fancy. Mr. West has also sent us a very entertaining book, entitled *Peasant Life in Germany*, by Miss Anna C. Johnson, from the long established house of Charles Scribner of New York. The writer is an enterprising New England girl who, without any acquaintance with the language of Goethe and Schiller, went by herself right into the heart of Fatherland to see how the Germans lived, and she has recorded her experiences in a straight-forward manner which at times verges upon coarseness. The peasantry of Germany, according to Miss Johnson, are by no means as refined and intelligent people as the labouring classes of the Northern States of our Union. This we knew before, but we were hardly prepared for some accounts she has given us of the domestic habitudes of the interior.

From Mr. A. Morris, 97 Main Street, we have three handsome volumes lately brought out in the beautiful typography of Messrs. Rudd & Carleton of New York. Of these, the delightful novel of *Vernon Grove*, which continues to sell by the thousand, has already been noticed by us. Another of them is *Isabella Orsini*, a Historical novel of the Fifteenth Century. by the popular Italian novelist, Guerrazzi. Like the former work of this author, *Beatrice Cenci*, it has been translated by Professor Luigi Monti of Harvard University, a fellow-countryman, and may be considered on this account a faithful counterpart in English of the original. Guerrazzi is a sensationist in novel-writing and may be regarded as the Reynolds or George Lippard of Italy. We therefore incline less to this story of love and crime than to the third volume from the same publishers—*The K. N. Pepper Papers* which has afforded us a great deal of wholesome merriment. Jacques Maurice, whoever he may be, is a philosopher who acts upon the principle that 'tis good to be merry and wise, and we feel indebted to him hugely. The pages of this book show some of the clearest and most admirable printing ever done in America. From Mr. Morris we have also received *The Ministry of Life*, a novel by an English lady whose name is new to us, Maria Louisa Charlesworth. Though not belonging strictly to the class of what may be called religious novels, the story is designed to impress the lessons of gospel truth and it may be commended to all classes of readers.

Our thanks are due to Mr. T. J. Starke, 202 Main Street, for a package of the recent publications of that well-known firm, Crosby, Nichols & Co. of Boston. Among them are some pleasantly illustrated books for the juveniles of which we may mention an admirable *Life of Washington*, By E. Cecil. *Seed Time and Harvest*, and *A Will and a Way*, from the German, will be likely to attain a large popularity. *The Age of Chivalry* is a book of rather loftier aim and may be profitably read by persons of mature years, who would become acquainted with the legendary lore of the Middle Ages. A work on Book-Keeping, issued by Crosby, Nichols & Co., seems to us to possess the merit of great simplicity of arrangement. All these publications are for sale by Mr. Starke at the Baptist Book Concern.

 Newspapers publishing this Prospectus will receive the Magazine in exchange.

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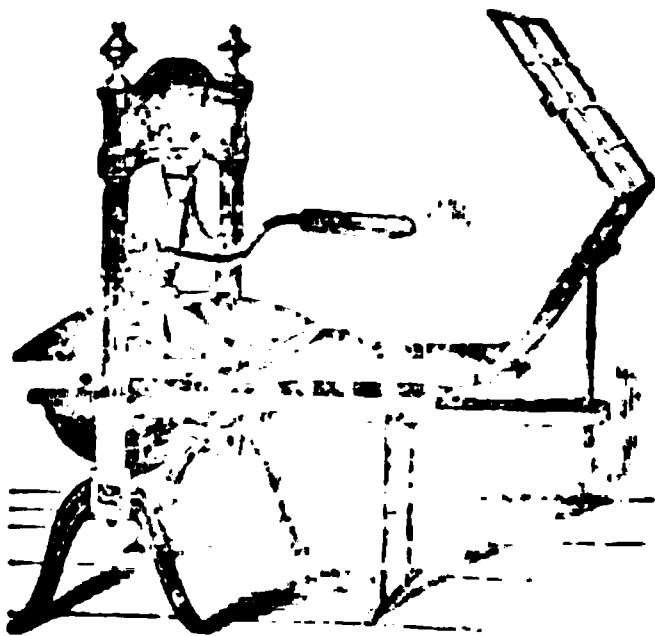
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Dr. J. C. Ayer: I do not hesitate to say the best remedy I have ever found for  
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years has shown it to possess superior virtues for the treatment of these com-  
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We of your fraternity in the South appreciate your skill, and commend your medicine to our  
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We might add volumes of evidence, but the most convin  
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Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER, *Practical and Analytical*

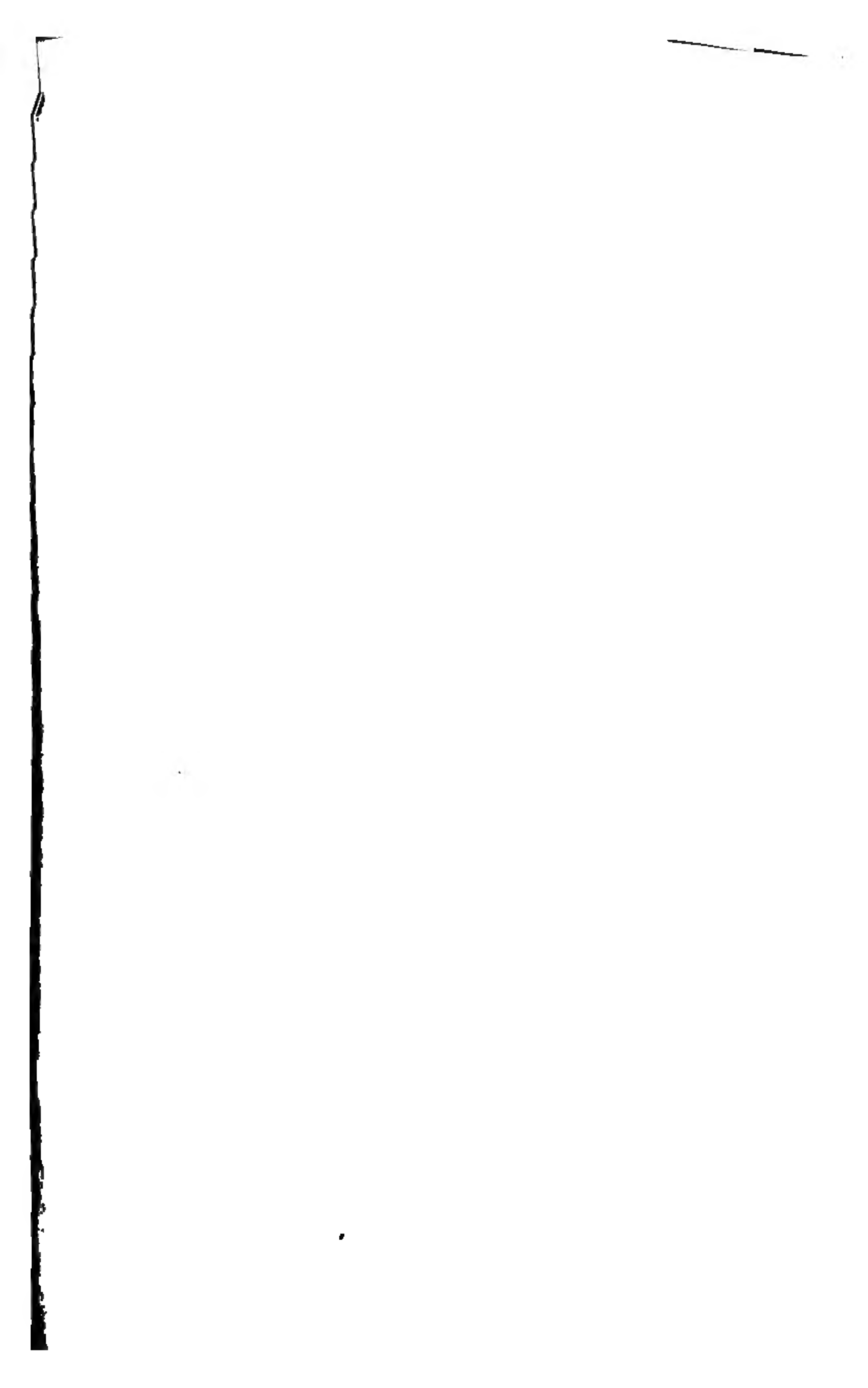
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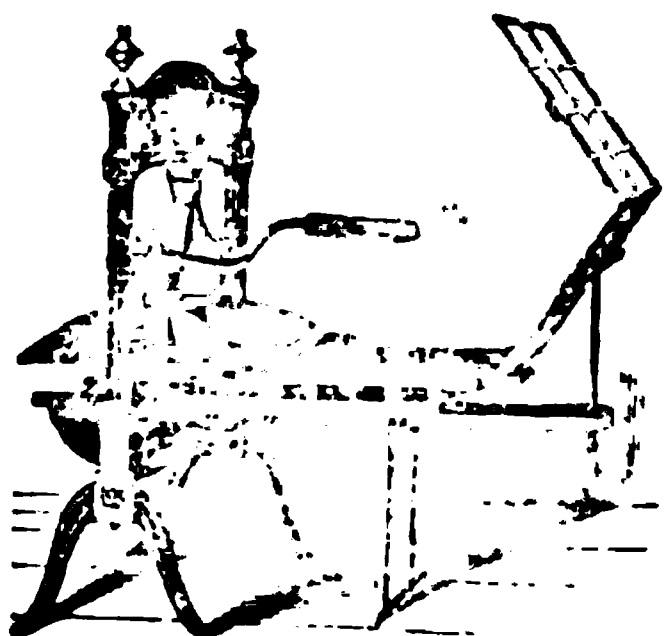


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